

JAMES AT THE AGE OF 29

National Gallery of Scotland

JAMES I
OF ENGLAND

THE WISEST FOOL IN CHRISTENDOM

Clara and Hardy Steeholm

cf

COVICI · FRIEDE · PUBLISHERS

NEW YORK

COPYRIGHT, 1938, BY CLARA AND HARDY STEEHOLM

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced in any form without permission in writing from the publisher, except by a reviewer who may quote brief passages in a review to be printed in a magazine or newspaper.

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
DESIGNED BY ROBERT JOSEPHY

To the memory of

DR. EMANUEL F. SNYDACKER

*This is the story of a timid man, unkindly born
king of a pugnacious people. It is also the story
of an eccentric man forced to stand between two
of the most glamorous Queens who ever ruled.
The tragedy of James's life was that his mother
was Mary Queen of Scots, and his predecessor,
Elizabeth of England.*

NOTE

TO ALL who have shown friendly and helpful interest in the preparation of this book, the authors extend their thanks. In particular do they wish to avow their indebtedness to Dr. Henry Meikle, Mr. Dobie, and Miss Calderwood of the National Library of Scotland; to Mr. Henry Paton, of H.M. General Register House, Edinburgh; to Professor Emeritus Albert Knight Potter of Brown University; to Dr. George Morgenthau of Chicago; to Mr. C. F. McCombs of the New York Public Library, and to Mr. Roger Howson, Librarian of Columbia University.

A very special expression of gratitude is due Miss Fanny Borden, Librarian of Vassar College, and the members of the Vassar Library staff, who have been most patient and courteous.

Salt Point, New York.

February, 1938.

Contents

I. MARY STUART AND HER "FAIR SON"	15
II. THE TROUBLED BOYHOOD OF A KING	37
III. JAMES STUART COMES INTO HIS OWN	59
IV. ADOLESCENT ROYALTY	79
V. GENTLE JAMIE GOES OVER THE SEA	110
VI. "DOUBLE, DOUBLE, TOIL AND TROUBLE"	138
VII. LONG LIVE THE KING!	175
VIII. JAMES'S DREAMS COME TRUE	213
IX. HOLY WRIT, MONEY, AND GUNPOWDER	254
X. JAMES WAILS WITH JOB	302
XI. WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?	348
XII. THE INFANTA SCREAMED AND RAN AWAY	391
XIII. ECLIPSE	455
<i>Appendix: Basilikon Doron</i>	477
<i>Select Bibliography</i>	501

Illustrations

James at the age of 29	<i>Frontis</i>
James about 1573	50
Rough draft of a sonnet by James, 1616	93
Mary, Queen of Scots	106
James's tutor, Peter Young	114
Holyrood Palace	136
A page from the Basilikon Doron	200
Letter from Queen Anne to James I	222
Anne of Denmark	264
Stirling Castle	402
Letter from the Duchess of Buckingham to James I	423
Letter from Charles and Buckingham to James I	441
Letter from James to Charles and Buckingham in Spain	450

JAMES I OF ENGLAND

I. MARY STUART AND HER "FAIR SON"

C^ASTLE guns thunder, bonfires already piled on ramparts are exultantly touched off. Edinburgh, expectant, on tiptoe, hears the reverberation of the artillery, sees the flames shoot up, and shouts for joy.

James, son of Mary Queen of Scots, has been urged into an unwelcome world between ten and eleven o'clock of the morning of June 19th, 1566.

All over Scotland toasts are drunk, fires blaze, and little boys are taken to the tops of tall steeples by their fathers, to see the happy conflagrations from afar.

Sir James Melville, Mary's messenger, posting with all speed to London, spreads the good news southward along the Great North Road. By dint of terrific riding he is able to tell Cecil, Elizabeth of England's minister, only four days later, that now her Majesty can name the new-born Prince "second person" (heir to the English crown). She is also invited to stand "gossop" at his christening. Elizabeth is not ecstatic in her delight as Cecil whispers the glad tidings to her in the midst of a ball at Greenwich. She sits down with her hand upon her cheek, and bursts out to some of her ladies that the Queen of Scotland is lighter of a fair son, and she herself but a barren stock.

Another person is not agog with joy—one who might reasonably be expected to have joined in the thanksgiving and merriment. That is his dissipated Grace, handsome Prince Harry, Lord Darnley, father of James. He is not in the best repute in Scotland, this blond drunkard, and has been skulking in the background during his wife's accouchement.

Mary, still weak and pale, knows she must scotch the vicious rumors

he has been setting afloat about her. Therefore she summons the Lords of the Privy Council to her, and in their presence holds out to Darnley the shriveled red lump of week-old humanity that is Prince James.

"My Lord," she says to her husband, "here I protest unto God, as I shall answer for it at the Great Day of Judgment, this is your son, and no other man's son. I am desirous that all here, both ladies and others, bear witness, for he is so much your son that I fear it may be the worse for him hereafter."

Darnley, strained and ill at ease among the grave lords crowded into the tiny paneled birth chamber, stammers that she has promised to forgive him all his past sins and excesses. Mary, with a Stuart flair for the dramatic, and out of her great grief and disillusionment, says wearily, "I think, my Lord, that you have broken my heart."

James's first meeting with his father has not been auspicious.

So, eagerly awaited as he was, the infant who wails in his swaddling clothes and paws feebly at the breast of his "nourrice," Mistress Helen Litell, is scant comfort to his distraught mother, utterly disregarded by his rancorous father, and a bitter vexation to such lords of Scotland (and there are several) who, but for this crying infant, might stand closer to the throne. Wanted, yet hated, cherished, yet neglected from the very day of his birth, this princeling begins life against inherited and bitter handicaps.

Even his christening presents a problem.

Foreign courts are planning to send illustrious guests, and for Scotland's sake, there must be a brave show put on for them, although the treasury is, as usual, pitifully empty.

By the second of November, the emissaries of his Most Christian Majesty of France have arrived—the Count de Brienne with thirty gentlemen in his train, anxious, apparently, to be in plenty of time for the great event.

On the tenth of December, the Earl of Bedford, with forty English horsemen and forty others in his entourage, comes riding up through the Nether Port of Edinburgh, sent as an ambassador from the barren Virgin Queen. He is delegated to choose some lady of the Scottish nobility to act as godmother-by-proxy for Elizabeth, who would as soon

think of sliding down to hell as of stepping over the English-Scottish border. Lady Argyle, Mary Stuart's half-sister, basely born, is nominated and presented with a ruby ring in token of her authority to act for the Queen of England. Also my Lord of Bedford brings with him a font of "fyne gold" weighing two stones, which Elizabeth has sent with the tactful message that if it is too small for James, it can do for the next child. The inference is, that if Scotland were not so poor, the christening could have been held earlier, and the prince might not be in danger of outgrowing a font made for him at the time of his birth. Elizabeth is perfectly capable of presenting a gift with just such a spiteful remark.

Mary and Darnley go to Stirling, where the baptism is to be held, with, of course, the baby. He has been shuttled back and forth between Edinburgh and Stirling all summer, but seems none the worse for his travels, and is described as a goodly prince and a very fine child.

Darnley's temper is again not of the best. There have been quarrels and reconciliations, quarrels and reconciliations, between him and his wife, ever since the birth of James. They result first of all from his own weakness and evil disposition, and second from the interference of Lennox, his father, who still urges him to try for the Crown Matrimonial, which would give him an equal share with Mary in the government of Scotland, and which the Parliament continues to withhold. As an added irritant, there is the malignance of the bastard Earl of Moray, Mary's half-brother, who views his sister's husband as a mortal enemy. It is the usual web of plot and counterplot, sinister influence and hatred, to be found at the Scottish court, with Moray sitting in the center as the spider, weaving his filaments about the fate-hounded queen and her irresponsible spouse.

Mary, in spite of a bruise which she got on her horse, riding out of Edinburgh, is determined that this week of baptismal festivities shall go off gaily. She has ordered new corded "taffettie" suits for three favored nobles. Moray is to wear green, the Earl of Argyle red, and the Earl of Bothwell will appear bravely decked out in blue, with shoes of rayed cloth-of-silver. There is some talk of Darnley's appearing in cloth-of-gold, but it never comes to pass. This is not because the tailor fails to appear with the suit, as some say, but because the Earl of Bedford, even then thundering up the Stirling Road from Edinburgh, has been in-

structed by Elizabeth, who is furiously jealous of the whole proceeding, "under pain of royal indignation not to make the Lord Darnley any reverence nor to show him more respect in any way than to the simplest gentleman present." Never sweet and patient, Darnley's disposition is not improved by watching the preparations for gay goings-on, in which he knows he cannot participate without fear of insult.

But here comes the noble English earl himself, at the head of his forty horsemen, spurring up the last sharp incline to the Stirling castle gates, over the drawbridge, clattering into the courtyard, where he is received by Moray.

The so-called palace at Stirling, a florid building, ornamentally achieved by Mary's father and an Italian architect, is crammed full of visiting nobles. Men-at-arms scuttle ceaselessly over the courtyard stones. Every window blazes with light in the December dusk, and from the kitchens rises the rich steamy smell of mutton broiling and capons roasting. Frenchmen, Englishmen, Scotsmen mingle with each other, and for the moment forget old hostilities. The entire roster of nobility is present. Earls, lords, barons and ambassadors spill out of every corner.

On the fourteenth of December, the Earl of Bedford has audience with the queen, and presents the famed font, which turns out to be not gold, but silver gilt. And upon the seventeenth, at four in the afternoon, the actual ceremony takes place, with all the display of rank and courtliness of which Scotland is capable.

Mary, in her robe royal of purple velvet embroidered with gold and furred with spotted ermine, takes her seat on the throne in the Chapel Royal. Out of the carved doorway of the Palace, between two rows of Scotland's bluest-blooded knights, holding lighted wax tapers which prick the late December afternoon with flecks of yellow, is borne the Prince—Charles James, James Charles, son of Mary, by the Grace of God, Queen of Scotland, and his absent Highness, the mighty Prince Henry, who is sulking in his rooms. Lady Argyle carries the child on a little pillow of white taffeta laced with silver. At his infant head walk the French ambassador, M. le Comte de Brienne, on the right, and M. le Croc, messenger of the Duke of Savoy, at the left. Behind this minute sprig of royalty solemnly stalk the premier peers of Scotland, carrying the symbols of their ancient offices; my Lord of Athole with the great

christening taper of wax; my Lord of Eglinton with the salt fatt, a deep bowl of silver; my Lord Semple, with the christening veil, a huge square of crisp embroidered with gold and silver; and lastly my Lord Ross, bearing the basin and the laver.

At the door of the chapel the procession is met by the Archbishop of St. Andrews in full pontificalibus, his chasuble of cloth-of-gold figured with blue velvet, his staff, miter, and cross richly jeweled. He is flanked by the Bishops of Dunkeld, Dumblane, and Ross, sided by the whole college of the Chapel Royal in copes and habits. There is a blare of clarions, and a deep blast on the organ—at the sound of which my Lords of Moray, Bothwell, and Bedford, the Englishman, stand rigid at the door. This is to be a Roman Catholic baptism, to which no good Protestant may lend his presence, and they refuse to enter. Without their aid the chilly little James is sprinkled from Elizabeth's silver gilt font, the archbishop blesses him "without spittle," and the heralds, with a flourish of trumpets, three times proclaim Charles James, James Charles, Prince and Steward of Scotland. There is singing and organ-playing and the thick sweet odor of incense; the candles flicker and shine on the gold of the altar cloth, on the jewels in the queen's crown, on the beautiful English font, on the embroidered arms of Scotland blazing with gold and scarlet on the wall. At last the ceremony is over. Charles James, James Charles, is proudly displayed to the guests—the entire assembly having all passed to the great hall of the palace—and is then whisked off to his private chamber by my Lady Mar, into whose care he has been given, and who as a reward for his behavior during the damp rite of baptism may give him a sip or two more wine than usual.

Now the festivities begin in earnest. The guests sit down to a supper, the menu of which has not been preserved, but which in gorgeousness and formality outdoes anything Scotland has seen since Margaret Tudor rode her palfrey north to marry the Scottish James IV at the command of her brother, Henry VIII. There is music—violas, trumpets, lutes—and singing by the light of torches carried by the lords, barons, and nobles in "great abundance and well ordered"; and there is an "abundance" of dancing and playing, also, in which the queen takes part and captivates all her guests by the sweetness of her manners, the beauty of her face, and the charm of her bearing. Here is no tart Elizabeth, ready

with the quick thrust of an acid tongue, demanding sticky-sweet quantities of flattery. Here is a lovely woman, regal in her purple and ermine, auburn-haired, wide-eyed, affable and gracious, who speaks to M. le Comte de Brienne in French as pure as his own, turns to laugh with the Earl of Bedford and says something pleasant in a pretty Scottish accent. Heavy her heart may be—the rumor goes around that her husband is drunk, is raging because the gaiety is taking place without him and he is not being missed; yet no one can tell from watching the queen that she has reached a desperate pass in her married life and cannot think beyond the morrow with anything but fear and dread. Tonight she is carefree and gay—gay as she has not been since the first year she came back to her native land from France.

But this is not all—a Prince of Scotland is not christened and feted at one paltry banquet. Two days later, the queen's Grace invites the ambassadors and lords to another feast, before which there is masquerading and playing "in all sortis"—to say nothing of fireworks made by artillery, with "shot fire balls, fire spears, and all other things pleasant for the sight of man"—all to honor a six-months-old baby who, in spite of ambassadorial praise, is already beginning to show distressing symptoms of rickets.

As the last touch of rank and regality, after the fireworks, his mother, in the presence of her nobles and the visiting foreigners, invests the young Charles James with the hereditary titles of a Prince of Scotland, ear-filling names which ring like music: Duke of Rothesay (a coronet for the baby head!), Earl of Kyle Carrick and Cunningham (a belt and a gold ring for the tiny hand!), Lord of the Isles (a Highland bonnet with eagle feathers for the Chieftain!), and Baron of Renfrew.

To wind up this round of gaiety, at the banquet which is scheduled to follow the investiture there occurs one of the truly ridiculous incidents in history, illustrating, or perhaps even giving rise to, the various theories concerning the English sense of humor.

Bastian, the queen's French master of revels, has designed a climax for this last supper in the shape of a masque. He brings into the hall a number of men dressed as satyrs, long-tailed, with whips in their hands, to run before the meat, which is brought in upon "a trim engine," marching, as it appears, without assistance. Either because the tails are

heavy, or out of natural satyrishness, the maskers put their hands behind them and wag their appendages as they frolic. Od's blood, but no Englishman can allow that! What! Wagged at by a Scottish satyr's tail? Mr. Christopher Hatton, who thinks well of himself anyway, Mr. Lyggon, and other gentlemen in the Earl of Bedford's train, get up from the table and sit down on the floor with their backs to the performance, in order not to see themselves scorned, and Mr. Christopher Hatton goes so far as to say that if it were not for the queen's presence, he should put a knife into the heart of the French knave Bastian. There is considerable commotion, which at last calls the attention of the queen and the English earl to the outraged floor-sitters, who have never liked the French and do not esteem the Scotch. Peace is at last patched up. The innocent cause of all the fuss sleeps peacefully in his oaken cradle, under a coverlet of furred velvet. Thirty-seven years later, it will be *his* task to restrain the war-like passions of the English.

Now the ambassadors, sated with wine and food, although somewhat chilled by the gusty winds sweeping down from the blue hills which ring Stirling, prepare to take their leave. There is a great giving and receiving of presents. Diamonds and rubies change hands. The English gentlemen are loaded with fine gold chains; the Earl of Bedford alone departs the richer by a chain worth two thousand marks, set with pearls and diamonds. The christening font which he brought from Elizabeth calls for expensive retaliation.

By the twenty-second of December, the visitors have gone, and Mary and Darnley try to set their kingdom to rights and scrape up enough money to pay for the baptizing of their son. But Darnley, whose deportment is incurable, permits the armistice between himself and the queen to last only a day. When he learns that Mary is going to allow the Earl of Morton, one of the conspirators in the murder of Rizzio, Mary's secretary, to come back into the country, his faint heart sinks and there is an ashen taste in his mouth. If Morton comes back, Darnley's own part in the murder will be apparent—Morton will produce a bond signed in Darnley's own hand, promising the murderers aid if they will help him to the Crown Matrimonial. In rage and fury he leaves his wife and child at Stirling without saying good-bye, goes

James I of England

to Glasgow, and, according to history, promptly catches smallpox. It seems more likely, in view of what is known today about venereal disease, that His Grace the king was suffering from a bad attack of inflammatory syphilis.

Mary goes to Edinburgh, where she leaves the prince in the Castle, and she then sets out for Glasgow to see how her sick husband does. She finds him recuperating, and as a change of air is recommended, she bethinks herself of a house which she has had furnished in Edinburgh, to which she has occasionally retreated rather than return to Holyrood apartments, upon the floor of which a dark stain still shows where Rizzio's body fell. To this *pied à terre* in Kirk o' Field she takes the blemished Darnley (a taffetie mask over his face) by slow and easy stages.

The result has come ringing down the pages of history—how Darnley was found, less than a month later, lying naked and dead under a tree in the garden without a mark on him, while the house was blown up with gunpowder so that not one stone was left standing upon another. Whether the queen's finger was in this murderous pie is still a moot question. That James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, the queen's hard-riding, hard-drinking, loud-swearing Lord High Admiral, and her aspiring brother Moray, had all four fingers and a thumb in the affair, cannot be doubted.

There is no need to go searching into ancient records and drag out abstruse data; to speculate or argue about Mary's motives or intentions after this national and political, but hardly personal, tragedy. A simple recital of her movements, of the movements of those about her, tells the whole story with clarity and intensity.

For four days, then, after the murder of her husband, the queen stays in seclusion in her rooms, moving about among the black-draped furniture, thinking God knows what. It is plain from the rumors in the streets what most of Scotland and half of Europe think. They point to Bothwell as the murderer.

On the fifteenth of February, the treasurer gets a warrant for the purchase of ten ells and a half of serge of Florence, to be a gown, a cloak, mules, and shoes for mourning for the queen—one day after Darnley's expeditious interment in Holyrood Abbey. On the twentieth

of February the queen receives the English ambassador, Mr. Killigrew. He brings a message from Elizabeth. She writes that she is shocked, distressed, and appalled at the horrible report of the abominable murder, and goes on to warn Mary that she is far more concerned for her than for Darnley, if she does not apprehend the murderers swiftly.

There is such a terrible logic in the sequence of events! On the nineteenth of March, James, Prince of Scotland, "departed of Holyroodhouse to the castle of Stirling," to be delivered to John, Earl of Mar, in keeping; and is conveyed by George, Earl of Huntley, and Archibald, Earl of Argyle. His white knittings and various bits of material for his use—white Spanish taffaty, white armoise taffaty, and white Florence ribbons—are ordered for My Lord Prince and sent on after him.

On the seventh of April, James, Earl of Moray, ever mindful of his own safety, and seeing breakers ahead, "because of the great trouble seeming to come to the realm," tactfully departs, ostensibly for France. Remarkably enough, he turns up in England, with the avowed intention of staying there five years.

On the twelfth of April, Bothwell is brought to trial for the murder of the king. The affair passes off very quietly, since Bothwell has mustered every able-bodied friend he can find to stand by him in this legal unpleasantness. He is "made clean of the said slaughter," although it is "heavily murmured that he was guilty thereof."

A week later, in a tavern in Edinburgh, ten earls and ten lords, guests of my Lord Bothwell at a sort of victory banquet given upon the occasion of his being acquitted of the murder of the king-consort, drink too much. As a result of their too-ardent wooing of Bacchus, not to mention the persuasive attention with which Bothwell has placed his soldiers about the inn, the ten earls and ten lords sign a bond, declaring themselves to be heartily of the opinion that their sovereign's widowhood is bad for the realm, and pledging themselves to further, advance, and set forward a marriage between her Highness and their noble—and coercive—host. The Earl of Huntley, whose sister, Lady Jane, is at the moment married to the same noble host, seems not to think this incongruous, and agrees with Bothwell that a papal dispensation would easily accomplish a divorce and remarriage.

All unwitting, the sovereign lady of these blue-blooded earls and

highborn lords rides off to Stirling on the twenty-first of April, to see her child. According to contemporary accounts, Charles James, James Charles behaves atrociously as his royal mother comes in to see him, holding out her arms and offering him a kiss. The prince, pettish, or perhaps frightened by the heavy black mourning which swathes the queen, utters an unprincely howl, and with his baby fists tries to thrust her face away. Mary vainly tempts him with an apple, and in order not to make her charge seem too unmannerly, good Mistress Litell, the nurse, accepts it for him.

The time which Mary can allot to the role of mother is brief—there are pressing engagements to be filled in Edinburgh. Reluctantly she says good-bye to the baby on the morning of the twenty-fourth, and, with a last look at the silver thread of the River Forth winding its way in a long spiral on the plain below the Castle, sets out from Stirling, back to Edinburgh.

What Mary says, what she does during those two days—how she plays with the baby; if he got over his fright at the sight of his mother in black; if she tells him of the death of his father—no one knows. Since at the time it is beyond human knowledge to guess that this is to be the last Mary Stuart shall ever see of her son, there are no quick-penned secretaries, no eagle-eyed diarists ready to set down the queen's conversation, no ladies-in-waiting ready to tell how she looks and if she drops a little tear upon the baby's cheek.

It is only certain that she leaves strict instructions with the Earl of Mar to keep James safe for her, as her dearest jewel, and never to give him up without her consent. There is more than a hint of uneasy suspicion in this admonition. After five years, Mary knows all too well the temper and disposition of her nobles—their gobbling greediness for money and position, their treachery, their double dealing. She knows, although she cannot stop it, that every important occurrence in Scotland is detailed to the English secretary, Cecil, before it actually occurs. And she knows, too, that if anything should happen to the prince . . . !

Within sixty days this breath-taking drama plays itself out. On her very ride back to Edinburgh from Stirling, Mary is met and captured by Bothwell. He is divorced. The banns of marriage between them are published. They are married on the twelfth of May, and by the tenth

of June his enemies, for whom this latest coup has been too flagrant, are hot after the reckless Lord Admiral. Four days later he and Mary are defeated at Carberry, he flees, and she is dragged back to Edinburgh to be lodged in the Provost's house while the populace dances with rage upon the streets and shouts, "Burn the whore!"

On the sixteenth of June she is taken to Lochleven, there to remain at the will of the Lords.

The warrant for that incarceration, preserved in the records of the Privy Council, makes particular mention of the danger to the prince's innocent person in the event that his mother and Bothwell are permitted to continue at large. It is the belief of the Council, as well as of all substantial citizens, that Bothwell has intended to murder Darnley's son.

On the twenty-seventh of June a proclamation is read at the Mercat Cross, offering a thousand crowns for the apprehension of Bothwell—ravisher of the queen's Majesty.

Four days later a "demiſſion" is wrung from the queen at Lochleven, turning over the Crown and Throne to her dearest son, the prince. And as a last step in humiliation, she is forced to appoint her conniving half-brother, Moray, as regent.

Mary, held prisoner in the gray castle of Lochleven, marooned by the Loch's green lapping waters, knows that this is the coda to the bright-hued symphony of her life as queen; there are not many more bars left.

* * * * *

James, Prince of Scotland, was accordingly crowned king in the parish church at Stirling on the twenty-ninth of July, 1567. Down from the high rock of Stirling he was borne in the arms of his good Lady Minny, Annabelle, Countess of Mar, to the bleak, gray stone church, bare and austere. Adam, Bishop of Orkney, the same who had married Bothwell to his mother, was waiting at the altar to anoint him king. Although the July sun blazed upon the procession which followed the Countess of Mar down the steep path from the Castle to the church, the air in the edifice was cool and damp—damp with the chill of all Reformed churches in Scotland—unhealthy, penetrating. There was no candlelight to warm it, no incense to make it thick and sweet-smelling. There was no flash of gold or scarlet to light up the gray walls, no crowd

James I of England

of nobles in doublets slashed with cloth of precious metal, feathers in their hats, jewels about their necks, to warm the atmosphere with a blaze of gala color. There were only the Earls of Morton, Athole, Mar, and Glencairne; Alexander, Lord Hume; John, Lord Lindsay; William, Lord Ruthven. The last two, his mother's jailers, stood silent and tight-lipped, in dark cloaks, white-ruffed, while the bishop anointed the baby's head and John, Earl of Athole, placed the crown—how big a crown for such a tiny skull, how heavy!

Moray was not there. He was away in France, listening to the blandishments of Charles IX. But—John Knox, the iron man of God, was present to preach a coronation sermon, choosing his text from the second Book of Kings, which tells how Joash was crowned, how Athaliah, his mother, cried "Treason, treason!" and was then slain by the sword!

No trumpets blared, no organs played, no scarlet heralds proclaimed Charles James, James Charles's new titles. The Earl of Mar took the child in his arms and silently passed back to the Castle, the Earl of Athole with the Crown, the Earl of Morton with the Scepter, and the Earl of Glencairne bearing the Sword of Honor before the new-crowned, whimpering king.

It was a bitter heritage that Mary Stuart bequeathed to her son. She left him Scotland, that is to say a country largely mountainous and unfit for agriculture, fringed around with rocky islands and divided from England only by the puny natural boundary of the river Tweed.

She left him the kingship over a ferocious assortment of chivalrous savages, undisciplined noblemen, and half-starved farmers, together with a sprinkling of Border thieves and unhealthy city-dwellers.

She left him John Knox, the most cantankerous zealot who ever stirred up religious intolerance; and finally she left him, through her great-grandfather, Henry VII of England, an indisputable claim upon the English Crown.

These four legacies explain in great measure the sixteenth century's mare's nest of poverty, intrigue, and civil war which Englishmen today are pleased to call "North Britain."

Any feeling of satisfaction at the use of this term has come about chiefly because in the course of three hundred and fifty years, man has

been able to overcome the disadvantages presented by a difficult geography. In 1550, the glens and craggy hills still formed an ideal barrier behind which the hardier of the two races inhabiting Scotland might withdraw itself, and devote its energies to the pleasures of mutual extermination.

Thus it was that in an age when Sir Thomas More was writing his *Utopia*, when Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo were blazoning their names greatly in paint and marble, when rivers of riches were flowing from the Americas across the Atlantic into Spain, while Elizabeth of England was perfecting her skill upon the virginal, only a scant six hundred miles from London whole families of bare-kneed barbarians were sticking daggers into each other's ribs over so paltry a pretext as the disappearance of two lean cows.

Locked safely behind the hilly spurs of the Grampians, the Ochils and the Trossachs, the Scottish Celts, an unbelievably bellicose people, carried on savage wars against their neighbors, first, it must be assumed, because the primitive structure of the Highland society was built upon the clan system, and second because there was literally nothing else to do but fight. The Celts subscribed to the feudal belief that the only honorable occupation for a gentleman was slaughter, and the Scottish bonnet lairds were honorable to a fault.

This clan organization was founded upon blood relationship and freed the individual from all obligations except those of family ties. Love and obedience to a kinsman chief were considered far more sterling virtues than fealty to a remote king, and loyalty to the family was the keystone upon which the clan was reared. Whatever wrong, therefore, that was offered one, was offered all, even down to the most humble and distant cousin. It was never a MacDonald against a Campbell, a Cameron against a MacLean. It was the Clan Ranald against every Campbell who could swing a six-foot, two-handed sword, Clan Cameron against every proud MacLean who answered the shrilling pibroch's call.

And so, in every glen and brae from Kintyre to Pentland Firth, the bagpipes blew up the clans and rival families were at each other's throats. Not once a year, but once a month, on the dark shores of Loch Ettive, or beside the unfathomable waters of Loch Ness, there was the sharp word, the flash of a dagger, the rallying cry of clansman, and another

James I of England

feud blazed out. Cattle were driven swiftly and furtively from their home pastures; the roofs of crofters' poor cottages snapped and crackled, set afire by avenging raiders. And in the morning, at the bottom of the next dark glen, Highlandmen lay stark, wrapped in their heather-colored plaids, stabbed with a whinger, hacked by a broadsword.

The ruler and council in Edinburgh made hideous threats and poured forth floods of proclamations in sharp black Gothic script. They might have saved the parchment, the ink, and the clerks' fingers. No king since James IV, the last Stuart monarch to have the Gaelic, had been stout enough to beat order into the Highlands. Wardens of the Marches were sent to the fractious Borders, so that at least a tactful pretense might be made to England that the government was not too feeble to enforce the law—in spite of the nightly sound of drumming hooves and pistol shots. The Highlands remained unmoved by a king who could not speak their language and a council not strong enough to keep its word.

Donald of the Isles and followers, decreed the Council, was to be put to the horn for burning, harrying and slaying. This picturesque custom (which by three blasts of a herald's horn at the market place branded the culprit as a fugitive from justice) had no more effect than any other spirited burst of sound. Certain Kers promised faithfully that they and their followers would keep the peace toward certain Turnbells from the twenty-second of January until the fifteenth of April. On the sixteenth of April, if indeed they kept their word so long, assuredly certain Turnbells were found dead on the moors, blood-stains dark on their yellow linen shirts.

A childish desire for revenge and an unquenchable resentment were at the bottom of most of these small private wars. So slight a cause as a lady rejected in marriage, or a difference of opinion over a wife's dowry, could fan the spark of that resentment until whole countrysides were laid waste.

The Clangregor, for example, were cited as "her Highness' [Mary's] rebels and at her horn for divers horrible attempts committed by them, not only having massed themselves in great companies, but also having drawn to them the most part of the 'broken' men of the whole country, which at their pleasure burned and slayed the poor lieges of the realm,

reeved [stole] and took their goods and corns, and oppressed them in such sort that they were able to lay waste the whole country and to bring the same to be uninhabitable."

Gregor McGregor, alias Lard McGregor, chieftain of the clan, despite the avowed intention of the government to hang, draw, and quarter him at the market cross in Edinburgh, thereafter to expose the more unsavory sections of his body in public places, was again cited five months later, together with a large assortment of McGregors, for the same offenses.

The names of the mighty marauders ring like the music of a gaelic harp—the MacKenzies, the MacLeods, the MacDougals, the Frasers, the Rosses. The very sound calls up pulse-quickenng pictures of tall, strong-limbed men, wrapped in belted plaids, wearing the Highland chain mail, hands at their dagger hilts, ready to fight at the cock of a bonnet. The same names appear on some of the bloodiest pages in European history, and stand inscribed at the head of the most shameful Scottish records.

The remedy for these petty wholesale murders lay in the hands of the great nobles on whose lands such outrages were taking place. They were charged with keeping order and scourging the rebels. But here, alas, lay one of the tragic weaknesses of Scotland. Her nobles, her lords and earls, were too busy on their own nefarious affairs to care a fig what went on in some remote Highland shire.

The matters which occupied them so pressingly were largely financial. Since Scotland was so poor, and there was no money to be wrung out of the peasantry, these gentlemen were forced to defray the costs of crimson velvet and gold buttons, of a rich diet of French wines and capons, of castles and stimulating trips abroad, by other and slightly less legitimate means. There was always England. However niggardly Elizabeth may have been in other respects, it had always been her policy to allow a steady stream of English gold to trickle into Edinburgh in exchange for information which was useful in London.

There were also various ways of obtaining money by betraying confreres and making certain of their forfeited property. In an era when no one could afford to be too nice about such things, there was, finally, the prospect of gouging money out of whatever harassed ruler or regent

held the nominal strings to the Privy Purse. If by any chance a belated justice overtook these arrogant gentry and they were brought to trial for palpable treason, the practice known as "backing of parties at the bar" was invoked, and the accused had merely to appear with such a stout and well-armed company of followers that it appeared highly expedient to hand down a decision in favor of the defendant.

Among a hundred such power-thirsty earls and lords, two men achieved a signal success in self-seeking dastardy. First and overtopping all the others stood James Stuart, Earl of Moray, Mary Stuart's half-brother, bastard son of James V and Lady Margaret Erskine, daughter of John Erskine, Earl of Mar. Of all that has been written of this lowering, black-browed man, not one sentence hints at any lovable human quality. He was efficient, and true to the Protestant cause during the religious eruptions of his time—the only two commendations which can be offered in his behalf. His proximity to the Crown of Scotland ("full of precious stanes and orient perle") led him into most deviously treacherous ways. Pretending to be his sister's friend, he spied upon her for the benefit of Elizabeth, and ended by "extremely hunting her life and honour."

One other Scottish nobleman approached this baseborn traitor in perfidy. James Douglas, fourth Earl of Morton, squinting, snubnosed, blond-bearded, was equally ready to sell out his friends and betray his queen. Ironically, he died by the "maiden," a new kind of guillotine which he himself had imported from England, for complicity in the murder of Darnley, his king.

George Gordon, Earl of Huntley, crafty and ambitious, John Erskine, Earl of Mar, with one eye always cocked toward England, Francis Hay, Earl of Errol—they all had their price and fluctuated gainfully in their sympathies. Lacking the grim force, brutality, and treacherous capabilities of Moray and Morton, their activities left a less sinister blot upon the history of their times.

It is usual to offer the moral fashion of the age in which they lived as an excuse for the unpleasant behavior of the more conspicuous historical villains. Of these Scotsmen, their own contemporary, the famous Mr. George Buchanan (later tutor to little James VI) wrote with tremendous courage that they were "for the most part of insatiable greed-

ness, intolerable arrogance, without faith in promises, piety to the inferior, obedience to the superior, in peace desirous of trouble, in war thirsty of blood, nourishers of theft and raisers of rebellion, concealers of traitors, inventors of treason; with hand ready to murder, mind to deceive, heart void of truth and full of felony, tongue trained in deceit and words tending to false practise without verity."

Since Scotland was actually a feudal country until well toward the close of the century and even later—and a feudal country is good only for those who bear arms—such of her citizens as were neither Highland clansmen, Border fighters, or of sufficiently blue blood to practice graft and intrigue had a very thin time of it.

No century views its own conduct with enlightenment. In Scotland, therefore, it was naturally not perceived that because the peasantry and merchants were so oppressed there was never enough money or food to go round.

The honorable raiders and reevers of cattle could never see the connection between "continual spoilation of corns" and national poverty. Only too anxious to annex the lands of the Earl of Huntley and punish a few of this staunch Catholic's adherents, my Lord of Moray, for all his shrewd reasoning, failed to grasp the economic significance of political and social instability.

It is a splendid tribute to the sturdy independence of the Scottish peasantry that under such a regime there were any left who tried to make a living by agriculture. And yet some thousands of farmers raised hopeful but scanty crops of oats and barley and optimistically tried to tend such sheep and cattle as were left to them, after the periodic raids of their nobles and more savage lords.

There is wafted to us from the prosperous Tudor times a fresh and lusty picture of the English countryman in his half-timbered cottage, his days enlivened by profitable labor and occasional bear-baitings, his diet enriched with copious drafts of ale and roast fowl on holidays. His brother agriculturalist in Scotland lived for the most part in a one-room hut with no windows and a hole in the roof to let the smoke of the peat fire escape. His fare was oat cakes and kale, eaten out of a horn spoon habitually kept in his blue bonnet, and his clothing was the coarsest woolen stuff woven by his barefoot wife. A bit of fish or mutton was his sole gustatory excitement, and starvation, oppression, and tyranny

were his general lot. There was no redress at the law for his wrongs, no escape from the damnation preached by his Church, no hope that his children would fare better than he. He had not even the temporary blessing of a pleasant climate, for Scotland spreads for the most part under gray skies and drizzling rains. No wonder the Scottish character began to take on something of that quality called "dour."

The city-dweller of humble origin had an equally cheerless outlook. His worst enemy was also that shadowy specter of starvation just around the corner, and he too lived in constant, horrible juxtaposition to a violent death, not from the sword and brand of his betters, but from the destructive smiting of disease.

No sixteenth century city in any land was a bower of roses and a model of sanitation. The mud-caked streets of London were so deep no man could pass on foot; the walls of Paris were spotted with unhealthy mildew and eternal damp, but of all the cities in Europe, surely the Scottish capital, Edinburgh, was the most noisome and the foulest.

By some strange glacial whim there are in Scotland three spurs of rock jutting toward heaven out of a level plain. Stirling was built on one, Dumbarton on the second, and Edinburgh crowned the third with an impregnable castle. In each of these three there was no room to grow outwards and down, and so the towns mushroomed up, lifting tall stone houses story on story, creating a medieval nightmare of stair-climbing for their dwellers.

When the cold rains fell on Edinburgh, as they so often did, they dripped on swarming gray tenements, red-roofed, with narrow closes or gardens honeycombing back from the street; each built about and enclosed with human rabbit warrens. They fell on the "middens"—piles of dirt and refuse tossed into the streets, among which children played and pigs rooted happily. They fell on churchyards littered with indescribable matters, and on alleys where butchers and slaughterers did their offensive work and left animal offal to rot by the doors. They fell, and very frequently, on funeral processions, since the burgesses of Edinburgh were not unaccountably subject to "all sorts of sickness and ended their days in their green youth."

On those rare summer days when the sun shone, its rays made golden patterns upon the Royal Mile, that crooked, broad thoroughfare

running from the Castle to the Palace of Holyrood, through the very core of the burgh, and cast shadows on the buzzing marketplace. They touched with welcome warmth the thirty thousand souls who ate, drank, cohabited, bore children, fought, cursed, bought, sold and died (or were slain) within actual eyeshot of that historic street.

Rain or shine, this High Street was forever crowded. Townsmen in hoddan gray gowns, countrymen wrapped about with plaids, ladies of all degrees with plaid shawls clutched about their heads, gypsies, ragged gaberlunzies or beggars with their begging wallets, pompous burgesses in breastplates and helmets, ready to report for military duty—they all tramped its jagged length. And since, to get from the Castle to the Palace, one had to pass by this street and no other, princes of the blood and earls rode by on horseback, jewels on their high-crowned hats winking and sparkling, the golden chains about their necks setting off the crimson or purple of their velvet doublets.

Partway down its length the church of St. Giles, wherein John Knox "dinged a pulpit into blads," reared its knobby lantern tower. Immediately beside it stood the "Mercat Croce" (market cross) topped by a sneering stone unicorn. This was the dirty, fetid, colorful, vicious heart of Edinburgh, and here flowed Scotland's life-blood, under the cloudy Scottish sky.

Here were the market booths. Here, and no place else, the entire buying and selling of commodities within the city walls took place on market days. Because of some sly and heathen mistrust of dealings beneath a roof, the law that every transaction must be made in the open, under the public gaze, was utterly enforced. Adjacent to the Mercat Cross was the Tron or great weighing beam upon which grain, meat, and all other articles of commerce were weighed and a price set upon them. Exactly how the crafty inspectors and weighmasters arrived at any exact intrinsic value remains a mystery. What does shine forth from the ancient annals of the Royal Burgh is the fact that long after the rest of Europe was beginning to regulate its commerce according to the fluctuations of supply and demand, the tenacious Scottish mind clung to the medieval system of price-fixing by town authorities, thereby effectually squeezing any blossoming private initiative out of Scottish industry.

This passion for municipal regulation of all operations connected with manufacture, buying, and selling verged on the tragic as well as the ludicrous, for it was one great cause of the financial atrophy of the Scottish treasury. What possible opportunity was there for the accumulation of a taxable private fortune under an economic regime which put a duty on imports and exports; which laid a toll on every wainload of kale or oats hauled into town by a half-starved farmer; which exercised the strictest (and not always the most honest) supervision over the materials used by the craftsmen; and which arbitrarily reduced to an inadequate maximum the days on which markets were held and the hours at which the markets might open?

This was no attempt at socialism as we understand it today, but a system born of feudal thinking, petty despotism, and political corruption. It was not conceived for the welfare of the people upon whom it was imposed by powerful burghers and avaricious officials. It prevented commerce, retarded national growth, and stifled local enterprise.

There were naturally enough all manner of infringements of these trade laws. Merchants, gathering their gray gowns about their honorable legs, slunk along ditches and across moats to meet incoming countrymen outside the town walls and engage in a little illicit dickering. Ale and flesh tasters, instead of judiciously sipping or tasting in the middle of the street, as the law provided, were wont to sneak into ale-houses and let matters proceed beyond the sipping stage. The officials who weighed produce and set prices were not always above inaccuracy—at a price.

And yet in the main, men abided by this outmoded method of conducting their affairs, and Scottish opinion was agitated not so much by the question, ought there to be free and unhampered trade, as by the moot point, who was to have the power of collecting taxes, the national government or the municipal authorities?

Strangely enough, the bloodshed in the Highlands, the plight of the farmers, the sanguinary battles in the High Street when two warriors with differences of opinion met face to face, the corruption in high places—these sank into oblivion beside the hotly contended right of the cities to manage their own commerce, and the leaping flames of hatred against Rome.

The scorching scythe of the Reformation had begun to cut widely through the land, and in the towns, particularly, men's minds were filled with the re-echoing thunder of John Calvin's followers.

In such a center of population as Edinburgh, the zealots who burned to destroy Popery found their largest audiences. Here they could most bitinglly attack the Romanists, the Mass (the "chief inventor of which was the devil"), the queen regent, Mary's mother, and later Mary Stuart herself, who in honest if politically mistaken adherence to the teachings of her youth, remained a Catholic to the end of her days.

No deep-reaching change is accomplished without antagonism and bitterness; no religious reformation has been possible without the swing of the headsman's axe and the licking of flames about a stake. In Scotland the confiscation of lands, the redistribution of the wealth of the Roman Catholic Church, the banishment of first the Protestant and then the Romanist leaders added confusion to the usual manifestations of a religious upheaval. In spite of the fact that an act for abolishing the Pope and his usurped authority in Scotland was passed by the Parliament in the summer of 1560, there were some few who refused to listen to the philippics of the prodigiously venomous Knox, returned home from Geneva in 1559 dedicated to the religious purification of his native land.

Under his vigorous leadership the hearts of the loungers about the Mercat Cross in the capital were gladdened with the frequent sight of Popish heretics dragged through the town at the heels of a cart, then tied up at the Cross, to be "sweetened" with rotten eggs. Then began the reign of unrest and intolerance which sapped the integrity of men in high places and further poisoned the already malodorous Scottish politics.

Therein lay the true menace of the Reformation for Scotland. Whether the sermons were one or three hours long, whether there was organ music in the Church, whether there were images of saints and stained glass windows—nobody but fanatics like Knox, nobody but the reformers who believed theirs the only true faith, saw much importance in these purely external manifestations of an inward light. The real tragedy which this religious change brought to Scotland, and above all visited upon the head of her unfortunate sovereign, was the political

dishonesty and injustice which accompanied the abolition of the Catholic Church. That the Reformists made the Sabbath a day of disciplined terror, that they ducked those taken in adultery in the "deepest and foulest pool of water in the town," and that they abhorred the blasphemy of those who affirmed that men living according to equity and justice should be saved regardless of what religion they professed—such religious tenets themselves would have made no difference in the ruling of the land. But the very fact that there were two religions professed at the same time, each burningly jealous of the other, made the situation not only complex but dangerous. It gave warring factions a substantial reason for their quarrels, and left myriads of loopholes for English interference. Most deadly of all, this religious split, beginning as it did at a time when the sister of the Cardinal of Lorraine was Scottish regent and his niece was about to ascend the throne in her own right, brought it about that a Catholic queen ruled over a growing coterie of militantly Protestant subjects.

John Knox, that crabbed old man, who hobbled about on a stick, wrapped in his gown furred with marten skins, did well when he helped to wrest overmany riches and overmuch influence from a corrupt Catholic Church. He was a sincere and zealous believer in his cause, however meanly he stooped to achieve his ends. He was also the last touch of powder needed to fire a hungry, restless, intrigue-ridden land to an explosion which in very truth blew a freeborn princess off her throne and deposited her baby son upon it.

II. THE TROUBLED BOYHOOD OF A KING

THE Crown Royal was on his head, the Scepter was held, however weakly, in his infant fist. James, at the age of thirteen months, was now the King's Majesty and one of the pivotal figures in European politics.

Lying under the new covering which his mother had made for him (a regal affair of cloth-of-gold brocaded in red), and very likely fretting with the pain of the wrappings about his tender, rachitic knees, he threw a shadow over the life of Elizabeth of England—would she not be forced one day to acknowledge him as her rightful successor?—and was at once the *deus ex machina* who had tumbled his mother from her throne; the hope of Scottish Protestants; an object looked upon sweetly by Rome; the most valuable life in the kingdom to his half-uncle Moray and the lords who had imprisoned Mary; a prize worth shedding life's blood for to the nobles who still espoused her cause. Even Bothwell, cast up on the shores of Denmark and eating his heart out in a Danish prison, must have cursed the baby and known that, but for the existence of Darnley's son, there might have been a chance to exchange a ducal coronet for a crown.

There was too much at stake. Too many hands were outstretched to snatch at this desirable princeling, and Moray, the newly elected regent, could not afford to dally in France. By the tenth of August, he was back in Edinburgh, consulting with the Lords of the Secret Council as to what was to be done with James. It was at once decided that he should remain in Stirling under the guardianship of John Erskine, Earl of Mar, and his countess, the "Wise and Sharp" Annabelle. The Erskines had been for generations the hereditary guardians of the Kings of Scotland, and Stirling, that ancient fortress beside the river Forth,

high and impregnable on her spur of rock between the dim, purple Highlands and the South, had been in their custody since 1370. Moreover, Stirling had one inestimable advantage. James was already there, safe and sound behind its walls.

In complete accordance with his own wishes, the regent promised Parliament faithfully that at no time during his reign would he transport the person of the prince forth out of the place where he was, to any place or places within the realm or out of it.

The King of France later made discreet overtures to have the boy reared at his court. Elizabeth, egged on by James's paternal grandmother, the Countess of Lennox, intimated that she would be glad to superintend his education personally. Even Mary entertained the idea of having him brought to England. The lords and future regents, after Moray were adamant in adhering to the letter of the law, and during the next twelve years of his life James never got farther from the citadel's protection than to go hunting in the park, or sliding down a nearby hill on the jaw-bone of a cow, playing hurly-hawky in imitation of his grandfather, James V.

Today a lad could spend a happy boyhood in Stirling. There is such a breath-taking sweep of hills and sky to be seen from its high turrets. The Forth, so silvery and so sinuous, wanders back and about the hazy plains, and dares the imagination to dot it with elfin boats sailing toward some enchanting fairyland. Within the castle walls there are gray stone crannies to explore, and carved statues to marvel at. There are paved courtyards to race across, and battlements to clamber on. There is sweet, clean, racy air to shout into, and space and height, and, above all, an untroubled feeling of aloofness and distance from a wrangling world.

The Ochil hills ringed Stirling in James's time as they do now. The Forth wound the same spiral course, but of the serenity and peace which now laps the Castle there was none. Tension and anxiety hung over it and all the towers were filled with men-at-arms. Stirling was then a fortress held in readiness to defend a king, the seat of a miniature and protective court, centered about a spindling boy, who was to be taught to hate and distrust his mother.

True, Mary had played her last card and lost, with her romantic escape from Lochleven and her defeat at Landside. True, she was held

captive in England across whose borders she had so mistakenly fled for sanctuary. Still the Catholics dreamed of restoring her to the throne, and there was danger to her son from every side. This danger haunted all the long years of his childhood. It broke in upon his normal development and frightened him a thousand times. It crashes into any faithful account of his minority with disjointed interludes of bloodshed and onslaught and civil war and woe.

At once for safety as well as parade, a considerable household was assembled as the entourage of the young monarch, by provision of Parliament and the regent's orders. At the head of the establishment was Lady Mar, followed in authority by Helene Litell (or Litill), the master's nutrix or wet nurse, with her daughter and two women servants. Four young ladies of good (and Protestant) family were employed as rockers, and there were furthermore two young ladies delegated to be the keepers of the king's clothes, to say nothing of three gentlemen with resounding Scottish names, who were to be in the king's bed-chamber. There was also a master cook, a foreman, a keeper of the vessels, a vintner, a man in the ale cellar, besides various porters, laundry women, furnishers of coals, and pastry cooks, all under the charge of James Cunningham of Drumquhastill, Moray's trusted cousin, appointed Master of the Household to the king. Finally there were four "violaris"—four doughty brothers by the name of Hudson—whose duty it was to play dulcetly before the king, and soothe his ears with soft strains of courantes and pavannes—a last sad echo of that life and gaiety which Mary had brought back with her from France.

But quickly after the mention of the gallant violaris, like an icy blast dispersing a faint, sweet odor, comes a stern admonition to the Master of the Household. He is to be careful to see "that every one within the said bill ordinary of the household resorts to the ordinary preaching and prayers, and that godly and honorable conversation is used by them as it becomes such as whose lives and conversation may be a pattern and learning to so notable a personage as his Majesty James, that no example of ungodly and light behaviour be given by any person, whereof the imitation might do hurt to his Highness' tenderness." Having precluded any possibility of his Highness' learning to lisp such an easy word as "Ma-ma," Uncle Moray and his lords were taking no

chances that his infant tongue should form the syllables "Rome" or "Pope."

Next to his morals, the health of the child was to be seriously considered, and by Act of the Privy Council there was to be no stinting at the table. Under Moray's orders Mistress Litell, the wet nurse, was allowed daily six loaves of bread, one pint of wine, and one gallon of ale, not to mention the "particle" of beef, the boiled poultry, two roast capons, three quarters of mutton, two "particles" of veal, six chickens or doves, and the kid, which she and the other gentlewomen of the chamber might expect to have served to them. The allowance for the "king's own mouth daily" was a stout reinforcement of the same—two and a half loaves of bread, one quart and one pint of ale, and two capons daily. One can conjure up a most entertaining picture of Lady Mar sitting before the fire in the great hall in her nursing chair (the initials A. M. carved upon its tall, oaken back), holding James in her arms, slipping bits of capon into his mouth out of a silver dish, with the aid of that rarity reserved only for kings and nobles, a silver spoon.

Although Moray had made excessive haste to hand Mary's richest jewels over to his wife, he allowed various other objects d'art and luxuries to be brought to Stirling to add to the dim splendor of the regal household.

There were, for instance, three great tapestries taken from Edinburgh Castle to hang about the hall, one of the history of Roboam, and one of the history of the hunting of the Unicorn. The third (and no one appeared to think this ironic) was of the history of the triumph of Verity. The walls upon which no tapestries were hung were covered with leather, richly gilded and stamped.

The other gorgeous furnishings in which Mary had delighted were left in Edinburgh until a later date—the twenty-six bed hangings, thick with gold and silver embroidery, the fourteen cloths of state, of gold and silver combined with silk and velvet, the elaborately garnished "stules of ease with basins and potts theirto."

But a "little auld pitour" of James the Fifth was hung in his grandson's apartments, and somewhere there was found room for a gloomy bed of black damask garnished with ruff, head-piece and pillows, with two under-pillows and black curtains, all fringed with black.

The "high chair" of crimson velvet enriched with embroidered branches of cloth-of-gold and crimson silk, which Mary had left behind in Edinburgh, never reached Stirling, nor did the exquisite leading strings which she had worked for her son on rose-colored silk.

When he had reached the high-chair age, Lady Mar lifted the little king into a sturdy oak chair with spool-carved legs and a plain wooden footboard. When he could toddle, she held him by a less ornate harness, without the gold and silver embroidery which his mother had destined for her treasured heir.

There is no hint, however, that he was anything but kindly treated, for my Lady Mar was an indulgent and loving foster-mother, lavishing upon her charge some measure of the affection which he hungered after so mightily in later life.

It has been suggested, because of the resemblance between his portrait and a painting of her own son, that perhaps he was in reality her child, substituted for a baby which Mary bore and which hardly survived its birth. There is no proof that this was so. Certainly Mary always considered James to be the child she had carried in her womb, and Elizabeth, who maintained a patronizing correspondence with the Countess Annabelle, wrote her to exercise "a tender care" over him, being so near in blood to her as he was.

Poor Mary wrote from far-off England, too, asking James to remember (this at the age of three and a half!) that in her he had a loving mother, who wished him to learn to love, know, and fear God. She sent him an ABC as well, in care of the Countess of Mar, and a hackney and saddle and harness. James never got the pony nor the ABC. His mother, with forthright and arrogant tactlessness, had written the address "to my dear son, James Charles, *Prince* [not King] of Scotland," and the letter was not delivered.

The loss made little difference, for, by a terrible turn in the course of events, James's ABC's were to be taught him in quite another way. On the very day the little book started on its journey, the Regent Moray was murdered. As he was passing down the High Street of Linlithgow, where Mary Stuart was born, James Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh shot him from the gallery of a house abutting on the road. The assassin aimed his hagbutte out of the window so directly at the careless Moray

that the bullet not only hit its mark unerringly, but killed a horse near by. Then Hamilton ran to the stable, "lap on horsbak, and furth be the bak way he went," not stopping until he reached the safety of the continent. He did this deed chiefly to avenge Moray's confiscation of his lands and brutal treatment of his wife. Its accomplishment left Scotland leaderless once more, and put an added premium upon the life of the little boy in Stirling. The story of his "young years" was to be so constantly checkered with catastrophe!

"Divisions and tumults were great in the Regent's time," says the *Historie of King James the Sext* mournfully. "They were no less after his decease, but rather greater." The death of Moray gave the Catholic queen's lords new hope. They warned the Protestant nobles who had proclaimed James king that they would come upon them as enemies to the common cause of the country and traitors to their own undoubted sovereign prince, Queen Mary, and that with fire and sword. England and France, both with stakes in the game, lent the weight of their influence, naturally, to opposite factions. Elizabeth stirred up the king's lords to elect Matthew, Earl of Lennox, Darnley's father, regent—poor, weak, doddering old Lennox, who even in the balmy days of his youth had never been much of a personality. The King of France sent letters to all the good Catholics in the realm, urging them to act as burrs under the saddle, and to help release Mary from her English prison. The results were chaotic beyond anybody's fondest expectations. "All good policy and law, justice and equity were buried." Lennox gathered himself together, prodded on by Elizabeth, who planned to use him as her tool, and came to Scotland, but was not made regent until five months after the tears drawn by John Knox at Moray's funeral had dried. There was burning and shooting and besieging of castles to do, and Catholics to be harried from one corner of Scotland to the other, before the nobles could agree to put anybody in Moray's shoes.

In July, 1570, Lennox was finally elected, and arrived at Stirling to find one of his own clansmen installed as tutor to his grandson. This was the dour and sardonic George Buchanan, as staunch a Protestant as Knox himself, leading Latin stylist of his time, and Scotland's foremost scholar. In the bright days before her sorrows hung so heavily over her, Mary had often enjoyed his company and reminisced with him

about the pleasant land of France, where he, too, had spent his youth. He had, crusty old misogynist that he was, even ventured into verse on her behalf, dedicating his paraphrase of the songs of David to her, declaring that in her "nobility rarer than all her kindred was revealed."

Better than any other Scotsman, Buchanan could marshal puissant words upon a page. Because of this great ability and because he was not quite above the lure of bribery, the Protestant lords enlisted him to help present their charge against Mary in England. Before his eulogies were out of print, his libelous *Detectio Mariae Reginae Scotorum* was in circulation, and he had so changed his opinion that she was now to him a "bludy woman and a poysoning witch."

He honestly believed her guilty of Darnley's murder, and of an "unmeasurable but mad love" for Bothwell. However, he knew quite well that she was not a "woman greedily coveting intemperate authority who esteemed the laws of her prison and the bridle of justice her bondage." Great scholar that he was, he smirched his own reputation by the slander he smeared on hers.

This is the man who appealed to the Lords of the Privy Council as precisely the proper tutor for the poysoning witch's son. As early as 1570, filled with turbulent anxiety to provide for the "godlie and vertyuous educatioun" of their sovereign prince, they ruled that "considering how necessary the attendance of Mr. George Buchanan, Master of St. Leonard's College, upon his Highness shall be, it behooves the said Mr. George to withdraw himself from the charge of the said college."

And so, at the ripe age of four, his Highness was snatched from Lady Annabelle's protecting arms and turned over to one of the coarsest, wittiest, harshest, and most learned men in Europe. The four gentle rockers were no longer needed. The white knittings had been changed for a little pair of figured velvet breeks, laced with silver, with a matching doublet of satin, and a little black taffeta hat which set debonairly on the reddish-brown hair and shaded the gray-blue eyes. From now on the boy spent hours in the company of the learned Mr. George, his knees drawn up on a little stool, his childish gaze fixed on the old man in the fustian gown, who talked to him in a rasping voice and told him that he had come to bring him up in grammar and good authors and teach him to be a good Protestant king.

It is extraordinary what small effect Mr. George achieved as a moulder of the royal mind in this last respect. He believed passionately that all civil authority was derived from the people, and that kings were created not for themselves but for the common weal, and were thus the servants of the people.

Perhaps the hammering home of this modern doctrine at too early an age inclined his royal pupil in exactly the opposite direction. It is also likely that his Highness' dislike of his tutor impelled him to take as divergent a point of view in later life as could well be achieved. But one of the chief reasons may also have been the formality and pomp with which the Protestant lords found it necessary to invest their kingling, and which must certainly have been a potent antidote to Buchanan's democratic ideas. Mary was still writing in outraged dignity from England that she was queen and was held such by all Christendom, "even with the consent of those who know how little import has a demission forced in prison." It was imperative that the Privy Council impress upon the Scottish people that it was not Mary but her son who was their true sovereign.

In August they arranged to have Parliament meet at Stirling, in protest to a meeting held in Edinburgh by Mary's lords, and in order that James might attend in person. The roster of that meeting bristles with Protestant names inimical to Mary. Angus was there, and the dark and lowering Earl of Morton, next to Moray the stoutest traitor of them all. Mar was there, of course, and Crawford, Cassillis and Eglinton, Montrose and Glencairne, Sutherland and Buchanan, Ruthven, Mary's arch enemy, Glamis and Boyd, Cathcart Ochiltree, Methuen, and John Douglas, Archbishop of St. Andrews. Reinforcing these Protestant nobles, there were staunch Calvinistic representatives from Edinburgh, Glasgow, Cowper, Minto and Ayr, as well as several opinionated gentlemen, delegates at large.

The great Parliament House at Stirling was filled with restless warriors on the opening day. The men sat in their bonnets, whingers and dirks in their belts, scraping their feet along the floor, clearing their throats, waiting for the entrance of the king, for whom a chair draped in crimson velvet had been placed at the south end of the hall, under the thistle of Scotland and the white lilies of France.

At last there was the sound of many footsteps in the courtyard and James, with the robe royal of purple velvet lined with ermine and embroidered in gold draped around his thin little shoulders, was carried in, Glencairne, Crawford and Angus bearing the Sword, Scepter, and Crown of Scotland before them as was their hereditary right. The child looked around him curiously. What could so many men be doing in this house? What did they want there? Ah, yes, they had come to hear him make the little speech which Master Buchanan had been teaching him for the past week. The whole assembly rose as one man and uncovered. James was set down upon the dais beside his grandfather, the regent. Far from being nervous in front of so many people, he began to enjoy himself, and looked around at the windows, at the groined vaulting of the ceiling, at the arms of Scotland over his head, at the great gold chain around the Earl of Morton's neck.

"Now, Jamie," admonished his grandfather. Taking the regent's hand, he stood behind the table on which lay his Scepter, Sword and Crown.

"My Lords," prompted Lennox.

James began in his piping childish treble with a thick Scots twang. "My Lords and other true subjects. We are convened here as I understand to minister justice. And because my age will not suffer me to exercise my charge myself by reason of my youth, I have given power to my grandfather," he tugged at the hand he held, "as regent and tutor to me and you to assist him therein as ye will answer to God and me hereafter."

Having thus delivered his small speech, he edged himself onto his throne before anyone could help him and sat back to watch proceedings. Around the council table the lords began to talk furiously, interrupting each other, wrangling, arguing. The child sat, feeling quite forlorn, and began to poke disconsolately at the cloth of state, with its resplendent strips of cloth of gold and silver, which covered the table. The metal threads had frayed a little, and presently he jabbed a finger through the fabric and looked around, alarmed. To one of the lords near him, who was sitting silent, he leaned over and asked in a whisper, "What house is this?"

James I of England

The nobleman, amused and sorry for the bored small boy, smiled and told him it was the Parliament House.

James pondered this a moment. "Then," he said solemnly, "this Parliament has ane hole into it."

This statement was considered to be a miraculous omen, inasmuch as five days after it was uttered, the regent, Lennox, leader of the Parliament, had a hole incontinently drilled into *him*, and Scotland was thrown into another spasm of brutal raids and reprisals.

The lords should have suspected there was trouble brewing somewhere, that some shrewd enemy might take advantage of their being at Stirling in a body to swoop down on them. From the casual way they lodged about the town, not even bothering to stay in the Castle, they apparently had no slightest thought of such a calamity, so that when Kirkaldy of Grange, holder of Edinburgh Castle for the queen, actually did ride out with three hundred chosen horsemen and fourscore soldiers, to arrive at Stirling at three in the morning, he was able to take them all from their beds, drunk with sleep. Morton alone fought desperately at the barricaded door of his house, but the others rubbed their eyes, huddled cloaks about them, and were led prisoners out into the street, Lennox among them. By this time the shouting, the shots, and the clash of swords had reached Stirling, and Mar, aroused, rushed the garrison of the Castle, "in their armure with gunnis," down into the town.

They arrived in time to find Kirkaldy's men, many of them ruffians from the Border, plundering right and left, breaking into shops, and driving the burghers' horses from their stables. It was not hard to rescue the Earls of Argyle, Glencairne, Sutherland, Cassillis and Eglinton, who broke away from their captors in the confusion. Lennox, even, who had been freed from the horse to which he had been tied, was led off by Mar's men without anyone's apparently having noticed what was happening, until a soldier happened to look around and raised a cry of "shoot the regent." Lord Wilmestoun, who had taken him in charge, threw himself in front of Lennox to protect him, but a bullet from an unknown trooper's pistol passed through his body and killed Wilmestoun as well. They took him up to Stirling, dying; Kirkaldy and his men dispersed to Edinburgh, richer by much plunder; and Scotland lost her second regent.

Another death, another ribbon of black around the little boy's high-crowned hat. He must have puzzled in his young mind over this mother of his. They told him he had no father because of her. His uncle Moray had been taken away forever because of her, and now his "guidsire," the man with the long, gray beard, whose hand he had held so trustingly in Parliament, was lying stiff and dead in the great hall, in some remote and terrible way through her malevolence.

There was something else, too, which struck an icy fear into his heart. The morning after his grandfather had been carried back into the Castle mortally wounded, groaning and twisting in his agony, two men had come up from the town and had begun to hammer at the windows of James's room. Fascinated, the little boy watched them. Bang! Bang! The sound of steel against the solid masonry rang out. Presently there was a row of holes dug out below the window and another row above. Before they were finished a set of stout iron bars threw vertical shadows across the very foot of his bed. That night the boy saw them in his dreams, and trembled at their menace, even though Lady Minny slept beside him. With his eyes closed, he could visualize horrible pictures of men in armor, clutching those bars, clawing the air with mailed gauntlets, thrusting burning torches between them, shooting pistols, yelling savagely. What did they want with him, those men that Lady Minny called "lords of the queen, his mother"?

It was years before he could look at the barred windows without a shudder, could go to sleep without raising his head from the pillow in sudden dread that if he looked up quickly he might see a hand reaching in through the upright shafts after him.

Three days after Lennox died, Parliament, still convening at Stirling, had elected John, Earl of Mar, the king's guardian, as regent, and had specified in no uncertain terms that as to the queen, their Sovereign Lord his Highness' mother, he was not to speak to her, write to her, nor have any intelligence of her without the advice and consent of the nobility and the Privy Council. Naively innocent, James closed this extraordinary session by appearing again "in proper persone" and twitching the scepter (a great, heavy staff of gold, topped with a gigantic beryl, almost beyond the strength of a five-year-old to lift) to signify his ratification of all things done before.

Within the month, Mary, from "her strait prison of Sheffield," was writing to Elizabeth:

There remains still for me to ask you another request of small importance for you and of the utmost consolation for me. It is that you will please, having pity on a desolate mother from whose arms they have torn her only child and hope of future joy in this world, to permit me to write at least open letters, to inquire as to the truth of the tidings of him and to remind him of his afflicted mother in order that I, receiving some comfort by his welfare, may remind him of his duty towards God and towards me, without which no worldly success can profit him, for failing in one of these two commandments so explicit God will forget him in all the others.

It was good that when the lords left Stirling upon the breaking up of the Parliament, the grim Master George, and the gentler Master Peter Young, come to help Buchanan in the king's education, were waiting with lexicons in hand. Better to try and learn to twist his Scottish tongue around Latin, to make four out of two and two (an occupation which he never thoroughly mastered), than to perplex his brain further with this question of his mother, or to listen to more talk of war and politics.

And so, although the fiercest and bloodiest conflicts raged outside of Stirling, until the king's lords finally drove Kirkaldy of Grange out of Edinburgh Castle with the help of England and broke the queen's party with the sword, the next years were more peaceful in the fortress beside the Forth. True, the Regent Mar, worn out by trying to rule a seething Scotland, died in Stirling in 1572, after a regency of only one short year. Some said he died of a broken heart because he loved peace and could not have it, and some said that he took a vehement sickness shortly after banqueting with my Lord Morton; some said that he had been done wrong, and others that he "died for displeasure."

It is only certain that he passed away in the nick of time to save Mary's life. Under heavy pressure from Elizabeth, he and Morton had agreed to rid England of her. The St. Bartholomew massacre had spilled the blood of too many Huguenots in France, and the Virgin Queen

was trembling on her Protestant throne. In a frenzy to remove the Catholic menace of Mary, who from her "strait prison" still contrived to carry on a fantastic series of plots and counterplots with all the Popish leaders on the Continent, Elizabeth had finally made up her mind that she could entertain her unwelcome prisoner no longer. Her "guid sister" was to be taken across the Scottish border and murdered within four hours—this by the agency of the man who was guardian to her son.

After Mar's death, this desperate scheme had to be abandoned. As Killigrew, the trusted envoy in charge of negotiations, wrote to Burleigh, Elizabeth's secretary of state, "This way that was meant for dealing with Scotland is, you may see, neither now possible, nor was by their articles [the price demanded for helping Elizabeth out] made reasonable."

By the time the Earl of Morton, Lord Dalkeith, head of the Douglas clans, had been elected regent, it was too late to deliver Elizabeth of her peril according to Burleigh's plan.

Morton was a strong man, and was, in an era of conspiracies to snatch power and riches, one of the foremost machinators of all the Scottish nobility. But he knew how to crush revolt, and under his cruel and potent hand, Scotland was to have five years of peace, five years of more comfort, ease, and prosperity than she had known since the great English victory at Flodden Field.

This meant that life at Stirling could flow calmly and peacefully and that no bloody interludes would, for a time at least, interrupt the lessons in the schoolroom in the east wing of the Castle. After morning prayers, and the daily Bible chapter (with exposition) following breakfast, there was a Greek lesson and practice in Greek grammar. The rest of the forenoon was given over to Livy, Justin, Cicero, or perhaps Scottish history. In the afternoon, after another chapter of the Bible with exposition, there were exercises in composition, and sentences of high moral flavor to be inscribed in the copybook.

*If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains,
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remain.*

The original sentiment is in Latin, but since James later complained that he was forced to study that language before he could fairly speak Scottish, the homily could not have been wasted.

There were also lessons in geography and astronomy, and dialectic or rhetoric. How, one wonders, could the six-year-old engorge such quantities of heavy knowledge?

And yet, young James seemed to be absorbing the facts Buchanan had to teach, if not the theory, and to be developing manners and personality. He quite dazzled the eyes of Elizabeth's ambassador, the ubiquitous Sir Henry Killigrew, who visited Stirling expressly in order to be able to inform his mistress how the prince was progressing. Elizabeth would undoubtedly have felt a great weight sink from her heart if Killigrew could have reported that his Scottish Majesty was a complete and utter idiot, but, spitefully, the odd little boy with the weak legs and the queerly crooked face with the mouth too big for it, and with the deep-set eyes, was an apt pupil, not only in the dead languages but in kingliness as well. Sir Henry was forced to note that the king seemed to him "a very toward Prince of his age; both in wit and person."

Whatever hopes Elizabeth may have allowed to linger in the deepest and most malevolent recesses of her heart (she so loathed the thought that she could not live forever and must some day name this lad her successor!), these would have been dissipated if she could have seen some of the first words James learned to scrawl. They still survive in the pages of his copybook, traced in a spidery, infantile hand. In Latin: "Jacobus R. Scoto." In French: "Jasques Roy d'escosse." And in English, plainly and all too legibly: "James R."

Killigrew was not the only admirer of James's good points, and his report to Elizabeth is borne out by the ecstatic note in the diary of Mr. James Melville, a young man of clerical tastes and Protestant proclivities who wrote shortly afterwards: "To Stirling, where we remaned twa dayes and saw the king, the sweitest sight in Europe that day for strange and extraordinary gifts of ingyne [ingenuity] judgment, memorie and language. I heard him discourse walking upe and down in the auld hand of knowledge and ignorance, to my greit marvell and estonishment."

This "sweitest sight" must have been a trifle on the exaggerated side, for James had just been through a siege of smallpox. It did not leave



JAMES ABOUT 1573
National Gallery of Scotland

his face badly scarred, but had pitted his skin here and there, and had reinforced his congenital aversion to cold water, so that there was certainly grime around the edges, if not in plain sight. Since this was a fairly common condition in the days before soap made the drudgery of washing easier, nobody probably even thought of it. Certainly not Buchanan or my Lord Regent. Their one concern was to stuff as much as possible of knowledge into the head and strength into the body of their prize kinglet.

With wisdom and good psychology rather unexpected in an age when thirteen-months old babies were fed ale and capon, the educational exercises were abetted and encouraged by giving James suitable companions of his own age. He was not allowed to pursue his studies in kingly solitude or play in the castle garden by himself. John, the son of the Earl of Mar, who at eleven inherited the title at his father's death, Lady Mar's nephew, Sir John Murray, later the first Earl of Tullibardine, and Walter Stewart, afterwards Lord Blantyre, shared the long hours of Cicero and Sallust, and the shorter delights of hawking and hunting, or trying the skill of their youthful arms at golf and archery. On the whole, they got along pretty well together, these small boys, two of whom, Erskine and Stewart, stood close to James all his life and were later honored with important posts. They could not have been too deeply in awe of their young playfellow's exalted rank, for John did not hesitate to beat the king at quoits or hesitate to do it by taking a pretty sharp advantage of him. James appreciated slyness when he saw it (he was not above doing the same sort of thing himself), and roared with glee.

"Ha, Johnnie Mar!" he cried, with twinkling eyes, "Ye have slaited [beaten] me!" And forever afterwards he called him "Johnnie Slaites." There is a charming holograph letter extant in which James mingles affectionate friendship with an irritating little prick of kingly patronage. "John Slaites," it begins, "that your minde and myne maye baith gang ane gait for I trow my bypast actions have sufficientlie persuadit you that I ame as cairfull for your honours and weill as yourselfe can be. Thus not doubting but ye will use also mekill of my advyse, suppose I waire not a king, as of any other friends."

Such youthful arrogance annoyed Buchanan exceedingly. He not only recognized it but refused to be overawed by the sanctity of either

James's mind or person. When one is past sixty and has to struggle with gout day and night, when one has moreover visited all the famous universities of Europe and hobnobbed with an assorted collection of crowned heads, as had Master George, a seven- or eight-year-old king is just another small boy, into whom sense must be crammed, or beaten. It was a sore temptation to the old man to cuff the embryo prig in his care at least twenty times a day. Only the most stringent self-control and a disturbing thought of what the Lords of the Privy Council would say if they found their valuable child with the stripes of a birch rod over his shoulders, could have made the testy Buchanan stay his hand. On one occasion (not too well authenticated), it is recorded that his temper did get the best of him. He was working on his history of Scotland, perhaps busily painting the picture of Mary, James's mother, as a loose and depraved woman, when the son of his literary victim began shouting and, to use a modern and expressive term, "rough-housing" with John Erskine in the courtyard near his study.

"Hold your tongue!" commanded Master George, hobbling painfully to the window.

James, who was getting the best of it, turned a blandly deaf ear.

"Hold your tongues!" roared Buchanan a second time, "or I shall come down and whip your breeks for you."

"Come, then," cried James, "and we'll see who will bell the cat." This apt and impertinent retort referred to the history lesson of the morning, which had concerned Archibald, Earl of Angus, who in the time of King James III had used the expression to mean thrusting oneself into jeopardy and had ever afterwards been called "Archie Bell-the-Cat."

Crash went Buchanan's book into the corner, and down into the court he ran, his right toe sending out hot sparks of pain. He not only whipped young Jamie's breeks for him, but whipped with such a right good will that the outraged Stuart's wails of protest and rage brought my Lady Mar rushing from her apartment.

"There, there, Jamie," she soothed, taking the boy into her arms and trying to kiss the tears away. "What is it, then? Has Master George been hurting you? For shame! How dare you lay hands on the Lord's Anointed?" turning to the panting Buchanan.

"Madam," answered the pedagogue, as he turned to hobble back to his book, "I have whipped his arse, you can kiss it, if you like."

Terms like "Lord's Anointed" roused Buchanan to frenzy, for he knew James was nothing of the kind. Yet the way in which he bent every effort to pour knowledge into the child and turn him out cleverer than any other two boys in Scotland must have had the natural effect of making his pupil consider himself just that. Besides, there was another very subtle agent at work in James's mind. No amount of discipline on Master George's part could prevent the astute youngster from realizing at an early age that he was not so strong as other boys, nor so handsome, nor so apt with his strength. The only way to overcome this feeling of inferiority, which even the precious knowledge that he was James, by the Grace of God King of Scotland, could not assuage, was to acquire more learning and think more quickly than the tough, roistering, and none too polished Scotsmen around him. Dazzle with learning—that was the way to attract attention.

When James was eight, another painful letter to Walsingham, intended for Elizabeth's eyes, showed how well he was succeeding. Killigrew wrote again:

I have been at Stirling to visit the King in her Majesty's name. The King seemed to be very glad to hear from her Majesty and could use pretty speeches; as how much he was bound unto her Majesty, yes more than to his own mother. And at my departure, he prayed me to thank her Majesty for the good remembrance she had of him; and further desired me to make his hearty commendations unto her Majesty. His grace is well grown; and that which seems strange to me, he was able, extempore (which he did before me) to read a chapter of the Bible out of Latin into French and out of French into English as well as few men could have added anything to his translation. His schoolmasters, Mr. George Buchanan and Mr. Peter Young, rare men, caused me to appoint the King what chapter I would; and so did I, whereby I perceived it was not studied for. They also made his Highness dance before me which he likewise did with a very good grace; a prince sure of great hope, if God send him life.

So the little royal phenomenon, in spite of his smugness, was really doing Buchanan proud after all. The commendation and enthusiasm of such important visitors must have caused the old man to glow with a sense of accomplishment and caused him, as time went on, to let down in his pedagogical severity. He still tried to repress James's sense of self-importance and exalt his feeling of responsibility as chief executive-to-be of discordant Scotland, for it was about this time, according to a popular anecdote, that he laid two papers before his pupil and asked him in a rather offhand way to sign them.

"Ay, that I will," said James, and with his exciting new silver pen, a gift from my Lord of Caithness, he scrawled a large "James R." at the bottom of one sheet and then the other, without so much as glancing at their contents.

"Now," said Buchanan, pulling at his sandy gray beard, and chuckling at the success of his trick, "you have just signed over to me the powers royal for a fortnight—there it is—the paper you put your signature to not five minutes since."

The eight-year-old boy hung his head. "You did not look at what you signed, did you?" Buchanan wagged his finger warningly. "A good king always reads, considers, and gives his whole attention to any documents put before him. Mark this well."

It is incidents like this which help to make it clear why James disliked his tutor so much that in after years the very thought of old Master George with his gown girded up around his middle, caused him to blanch. The cuffings, the long hours of pedantic admonition as to kingliness, Buchanan's history of Scotland, dedicated to James, no less, but bitter and denunciatory against his mother, full of slanderous inaccuracies, and above all the stand Buchanan took in the history that kings were created not for themselves but for the Common Weal—these things must have made the memory of his old schoolmaster hateful to him.

But the tyranny of the schoolroom did not prevent those years—1572 to 1578—from being the most tranquil of James's entire youth. Morton, evil but iron-handed, had broken the power of the queen's lords and had done the almost impossible in calming the quarrelsome Border chiefs. There were no more armed sallies out of Stirling, no more

frightened letters from Lady Minny to Elizabeth, fearing for the life of the young prince. And there was no need for James to trouble his head about the government, either. Morton attended to all that, and James, when a motion was made, "he not knowing either what he did or how he did it, willinglie assentit, as it becomes of all affaires of youth for the most part."

Life went on quite placidly, and agreeably interspersed with the study of Greek and Latin grammar were delightful moments spent with Aesop in English; with (unusual items in a small boy's library) the Songs of Pantagruel in French; with entertaining studies on the nature of fish; with a stirring "History of Ingland, Scotland and Ireland in twa faire volumes;" with scores of other enthralling literary novelties. Thanks to Peter Young, there was an excellent library begun at Stirling, around the nucleus of books left behind in Edinburgh by Mary, which would do credit to a bookish king and set him apart among royalty. He wrote to the right honorable and very good lord, My Lord Justice Clerk, "The causes wherefore I have taken the boldness to trouble your Lordship herewith are sundry but chiefly the great affection I am assured you bear unto our Majesty's furtherance in learning: And also in case any person should say as the fashion of the most part is, 'Whar needs his Majestie so many books, has he not enough already?'"

Then, too, people were very generous and hardly a day passed by that James's paternal grandmother, Lady Lennox, did not send some small remembrance or that my Lady Mar did not give some little keepsake to her ward and "litle sweit angle." Mr. Alexander Hay, Clerk of the Council, was most assiduous in his desire to help bring the royal library up to date and the regent Morton, my Lord Glamis, Mr. Nicholas Elphinstone, my Lords of Cambuskenneth, Lochleven, and Caithness (James's great uncle) apparently never came empty-handed to Stirling. Good old Helen Litell, the nutrix, gave her darling a book of English psalms for him to remember her by, and there were globes, pictures, mirrors, and a lovely tree "with branches of leaves of wire, clad with silk of all hews, bearing cloves and nutmegs," to play with and take joy in owning.

The orderly Master Peter kept strict records of all these gifts, and naively noted which of them James gave away again and to whom.

Odd that in the lists there is no mention of any gift from his dearest cousin, the Queen of England, with the exception of a horologue or "motioun," and only one book from his mother—Virgil's *Bucolics*.

After the hours spent with books, there were kingly sports to lure the lads out of the schoolroom into the park, where Alexander Erskine, the kind of uncle all small boys adore, taught them how to draw a bow and fit an arrow to a bowstring; how to play at catchpull and golf, to say nothing of football. Wrestling and fencing, two sports known in Scotland at the time, found little favor at Stirling. The emphasis was all on hunting and shooting, for as soon as James was big enough to handle a bow, grasp a dagger, or hood a hawk, he loved hunting. The walk or ride through the fresh greenness of the castle park, under the distant shadow of the Highlands, the excitement of watching a falcon swoop up into the pale Scotch sky, or the hounds close in on a trembling hart—it gave him a feeling of exhilaration, of power, of importance. It was a pleasure just to pull on the hawking glove his grandmother Lennox had sent him—a kingly glove covered with small pearls and set with rubies. He relished being allowed to unhood his bird before the others. It was glorious to chase the deer—and most glorious of all to have the chief huntsman cut off the right foot—the king's due—and hand it to him on bended knee, after the great beast had been struck down. That was the life of a king! Coming riding in through the gates, his hawk on his wrist, his short, brown riding cloak wrapped about him, part of the morning's bag on his saddle bows, with Johnny Mar and Will Murray clattering along, one on each side, and Sir Alec calling out to know if there was time to roast the birds for dinner. . . .

That was far better fun than games with girls or learning to kiss hands and pick up gloves. Occasionally some damoiselles, friends of Lady Minny's, came to Stirling, and then there had to be bouts of troumadame (a variation of bagatelle) with forfeits, which was a nuisance. James nearly always lost, and it hurt him to have to part with money to such trifling creatures. He paid very little attention to them, and got along very well without them. Until he was well in his teens, the sight of a pretty face never made his heart beat faster or troubled his dreams. His was a man's world and certainly Buchanan was no proper tutor for a lad with any Lotharic inclinations. If anything, this hard-bitten old

bachelor taught his pupil what he once wrote to a friend—that women only caused jealousy and then made cuckolds of their men. The world would be better off without them, and having little natural curiosity on the subject anyway, James took Buchanan's word for it and shied away every time he saw a farthingale. Besides, what could a twelve-year-old boy find of interest in the opposite sex, especially one who had so many other problems pressing in upon him?

For just at a time when the poetical exercises which he was set to do on "Women" or "Bacchus" might have assumed a more personal meaning, the political situation was coming to a head again for the fourth or fifth time in his short reign. After five years, the Lords, the Church, and the people began to think they had had enough of Morton, who had been ruling greedily, though well. Scotland had had peace, yes, but her resources seemed to have but one destination—Morton's pocket. The regent was no fool. He knew what his brother lords thought of him, and how angrily they resented his power and interference. He was aware that he had drawn upon himself the enmity of the Earls of Athole and Argyle, and of Alexander Erskine. Uncle Alexander had discovered that the regent in his own sly and crafty manner had been plotting to remove him as guardian of the king, and to seize James's person—a design which did not endear Morton to him more heartily. For all his kind and loving nature, Erskine knew how to move swiftly and effectively. He invited Argyle and Athole to Stirling to lay their case before James himself, and won Buchanan over to their cause.

While James was listening to the diatribe against the regent—what a weighty feeling of importance it gave the boy to have these two great earls throw themselves upon his mercy and ask his judgment!—who should appear but a messenger from the gentleman under discussion. He bore a letter which for sheer bluff, couched in mouth-filling language, remains an epic. Morton spoke of the Earl of Argyle's contempt for the kingly authority and of his practices with Athole to disturb the common peace. He desired to know James's pleasure concerning them; "that if his Highness would allow him to follow the course of Law, he might do his duty; if otherwise his Majesty thought fit to oversee their disobedience, that he would be pleased to disburden himself of his Office and not suffer his own Name and Authority to be despised in the person

of his servant; for as he had at sundry times made offer to demit the Regiment, whensoever his Majesty was pleased to take it in his own hands, so would he now most willingly resign the same, so as a substantial course were taken for the preservation of his Highness' Person, the ordering of his Majesty's House and the dispensing of the Revenues of the Crown."

Argyle, Athole, and Erskine knew a golden opportunity when they saw one. Before Morton had a chance to act, they called his bluff, and before the ink on his demission was fairly dry, the heralds were proclaiming his downfall at the market crosses. The regent, with the plain intention of resigning in order to make James a puppet king, had overreached himself, and set the machinery of revolt in motion with disastrous speed.

One day James was merely an awkward lad referred to as "his Highness," who had nothing more to do with the government of Scotland than Johnny Mar or young Invertyne, free to idle in the park, to follow the huntsman's cry of "lyst hallow, Hyke hallow, lyst, lyst, lyst," after school hours, to sit in front of the great, open fire in the hall on chilly evenings and trace the outlines of the seven seas on his globe. The next, there was a scurrying and a conferring, a donning of white satin breeches and doublet, heavy with gold, a polishing of the crown, and a triumphant entry into the Tolbooth at Stirling. With the simple words inscribed in the records of the Privy Council "At Striveling, the aucht day of Marche, the year of God one thousand five hundred three score and seventeen *—Sederunt Rex . . ." (which means that the king sat with the Council)—a bookish little boy not yet twelve, with rather exalted ideas of his own unique status, was set up as active ruler over a rebellious, religion-torn, and corrupt kingdom.

* At this time the Scottish new year began on March 25.

III. JAMES STUART COMES INTO HIS OWN

THAT strange phenomenon, a bloodless revolution in Scotland, had been accomplished. After the flowery verbiage of proclamations and Council minutes had cleared away, Stirling once more became a quiet castle beside a winding river, and the king slipped back into his character of pedantic small boy. The Earls of Argyle and Athole had departed, and the deposed regent, Morton, to everyone's astonishment, had retired to his estates at Lochleven, and yielding to a newly discovered flair for horticulture, was busying himself in straightening the alleys of his beautiful gardens.

For six months Lady Minny had no longer slept in the king's bedroom, by order of the Council, although she was still to supervise the nurture and government of his Majesty's most noble person. Aside from the fact that he was now attended in his chamber by men, there was no other outward and visible sign of his increased responsibilities. Master Peter Young and Mr. George, that irascible scholar, had set their pupil to work translating parts of the Bible out of the Latin into Scottish poetry, and while it no doubt irked the head which had so lately served as pediment for the great golden crown of Scotland to have to cerebrate over iambic pentameter, education was education, and must be pursued.

That must have been particularly dull for a disciple of Diana, since at this season of the year, it was blood-quickenning to ride after the deer in the early spring sunshine, or to loose a cast of falcons. Nevertheless, school hours were strictly kept, and a labored page of the eleven-year-old James's copybook bears evidence that an early-developed facility with words was well under way.

*Thy mercy [he transcribed the 101st Psalm] will I sing and
 Justice, eke,
 With music will I praise Jehovah great,
 I will take heed the righteous path to seek,
 What time Thou call me to Thy mercy's seat,
 Still shall I walk in uprightness of soul,
 Within my house which hallowed is to Thee,
 Mine eyes upon no wicked thing shall roll,
 For all like deeds I hate and shall them flee
 All godless men they shall from me depart,
 I will not know no evil nor wicked thing,
 The tongue backbites the neighbor inquiet,
 I will cut out and let it for to spring
 That man that looks——*

At this point, the inspiration failed, and Johnny Mar's invitation to bring down a buck before supper may well have been accepted. How was James to know that this playmate of his youth was at the moment one of the "godless men" whom he should have bid depart? How was James to know that the landscape gardening at Lochleven was all a blind? Johnny Mar was older than he, and now earl in his own right. How could James know that Morton, slyly playing on the young earl's foolish youthful vanity, had secretly persuaded him that he was being passed over, and that not his Uncle Alexander, but he himself, as heir of the house of Erskine, should have charge of Stirling and the king's person?

And so, all unaware, after six calm work-a-day weeks, James was roused early in the morning by the sounds of a frightful scuffling and melee in the courtyard. He was in his white taffeta nightgown, sat up in bed and listened. He called. No one answered. From without the barred windows he suddenly heard shouts—"The Master! Guard the Master of Mar!" Terrified the boy leapt from his bed, and dashed down the stairs.

"Master!" he cried. "Who has killed the Master of Mar?" About him men at arms were snatching up halberds and casques, dashing to Alexander Erskine's help. They found themselves cut off. Johnny

Slaites, fed on Morton's poisonous insinuations, had chosen this April morning to seize the castle, and lock his uncle outside the gates in an outer hall. In the fight which followed, the Master's son was crushed to death, and the young earl claimed the victory, accusing his uncle as usurper.

Here was a first class example of the temper of his nobles; this was the way they served him, their king. James at eleven saw with his own eyes how greedily the aristocracy worked for their own interests, and with what careless abandon they grabbed what seemed to them good. He wept childish tears at this grown-up treachery and pleaded with Johnny Slaites and Erskine to be friends again. The royal tears may have had some effect. What really smoothed matters over, however, was a later promise that John should have Stirling Castle and the keeping of the king's person, and that Uncle Alexander, yielding his claim, should be rewarded with the captaincy of Edinburgh Castle.

The news of this little family disagreement was not long in reaching ears pricked up to hear it. Within the week, Gardener Morton had left his alleys to the less tender care of other hands, and was riding down to Stirling to see if he could be of help. Having formally resigned his regency, there would be no title for him, but no one was in the least doubtful that his hand had been in this new and demonic plot, and that he intended to hold the reigns of government as firmly as he had in the days when he could sign himself "James, Regent."

His old enemies Argyle and Athole were up in arms, literally, at this prospect, and now Mr. George Buchanan and Mr. Peter Young were forced to release their pupil from his studies. There were more important issues to be pondered over than the scanning of a line of poetry, and more poignant matters to meditate upon than the twentieth chapter of Revelations (one of his latter tasks). No one pretended that the king actually could accomplish any degree of mediation between the earls who hated Morton, and the conniving ex-regent. But he was necessary as a figurehead about which their machinations and fierce antipathies could swirl.

It was utterly impossible for James to resist Morton, the skilled politician, at this moment, or to know how to circumvent him. Precocious as the boy was, it would have taken the strength of a Hercules,

the deviltry of Satan himself, and the accumulated wisdom of Solomon to have curbed the ambitious earl. James may have hated him. He was certainly afraid of him—this grim man who always carried a little baton with him, and struck about him vehemently to emphasize his words. The little king obeyed Morton implicitly after his return to power, whatever thoughts may have run rampant under the auburn Stuart curls. Remarkably enough, he did not lift a finger to save the condemned ex-regent from his fate three years later, and for six months endured the sight of his head fixed upon the Tolbooth hardly more than a stone's throw from Edinburgh Castle.

Morton quite sensibly thought it imprudent, at this juncture, to try and take James out of Stirling Castle, when so many reasons for a royal kidnapping were apparent. Consequently, the lords were bidden to assemble there for the Parliament in July, in the midst of a strong contingent of Morton's kinfolk, the Douglasses. Morton's enemies objected loudly and vigorously to meeting in an armed fortress held by their unfriends (a charming old Scottish word), as well they might. Their protests were overruled, and James in person opened the convention from which Argyle and Athole were conspicuously absent.

Their commissioners, the Earl of Montrose, and Lord Lindsay appeared in the great hall, before the Three Estates, and protested in the names of their overlords against this Parliament. Morton interrupted them, and told them to take their places.

"I will take my place only if the king commands," answered Lindsay, who was old enough to be James's grandfather.

The boy, with a hesitant glance in Morton's direction, spoke to the old lord.

"I bid you take your seat," he said in his boyish treble.

The business of the Parliament went forward. At every measure, Lord Lindsay rose in protest, calling the company to witness that this was no free parliament, and that therefore all the acts were null.

"Sir!" cried Morton, in a rage, "Think ye this is a court of churls or brawlers? Take your own place and thank God that the king's youth keeps you safe from his resentment!"

James looked from one to the other in consternation. Another clash, another quarrel? What should he say? How could he stop it?

"I have served the king in his minority," said Lindsay, "as faithfully as the proudest among ye"—there was a heavy silence in the hall—"and I think to serve his Grace no less truly in his majority."

Still silence. Morton advanced to the throne, and whispered in James's ear.

The boy rose, blushing and "stooted" (hesitated). Morton bent his brows.

"Lest any man," James brought forth at last, "should judge this not to be a free parliament, I declare it free, and those who love me will think as I think."

Morton's little parrot had acquitted himself pleasingly. The boy king had showed himself so completely and obviously in the ex-regent's power, that Argyle and Athole were more alarmed than ever, and did not wait for the breaking up of the Parliament to prepare for war. At once word went out to summon all the vassals of these two great lords, to meet Morton and his Douglasses on the field of battle, and to fight for possession of the king's person.

Popular feeling was whipped up to the point of bloodshed, particularly in Edinburgh and among the Border people, and suddenly troops appeared with banners of blue sarcenet on which were painted a boy within a grated window, representing James, while underneath was the legend, "Liberty I crave and cannot it have."

At this concise moment, Mr. Robert Bowes, the ambassador of Elizabeth at the Scottish court, offered himself as mediator between the two factions. Elizabeth and Morton, of course, were hand in glove, and it was decidedly to the best interests of England to avert a struggle. After a long series of wrangles and debates, interlarded with compromises, the rivals, quite aware that it was to everyone's advantage to maintain peace and husband his respective treasuries, came to terms. Argyle and Athole were taken back into the fold. A committee of eight noblemen was to be chosen to advise with the king as to how to reconcile this nobility; and thenceforth free access was to be offered to all noblemen, barons, or gentlemen who came to offer their service to their prince.

The hunting in the park and the interrupted lessons could be resumed. Morton's policies—friendship with England, opposition to all

foreign intrigue, resistance to the release of Mary, the king's dearest mother, and the maintenance of the Protestant religion—were to be followed. All James had to do was to assent, and sign what documents were put before him.

While the legend on the blue sarcenet banner was not strictly true, since James was obviously quite as much afraid of venturing from Stirling as Morton was of having him, he was still restricted to the castle and the wooded park on the slopes below it. The arduous pursuit of knowledge went on in the apartments situated in the great stone keep at the corner of the castle, and the king, after being snatched from the schoolroom, was returned to the study of Virgil and Xenophon.

Apparently this final polishing of the royal mind was left to Master Peter Young, for the redoubtable Mr. George was busily engaged in finishing his scathing work on the rights of kings, and was also, sad to say, dabbling ever so slightly in politics. It was he who had acted as a kind of secretary of state for Sir Robert Bowes in the late negotiations between the warring lords (he being heartily attached to Morton). His name also appears on a list of Scottish nobles and gentlemen which Elizabeth's trusted advisor, Lord Burleigh, presented to her as fitting subjects for a little cautious bribery in order to assure their allegiance to the English way of doing things.

The Earl of Morton was put down for five hundred pounds—his name leading the list, while Buchanan was judged worthy of one hundred pounds, and Peter Young, schoolmaster, it was considered, could be sufficiently influenced with thirty. To the latter's everlasting credit, Mr. Robert Bowes notes that he was the only man who refused the bribe.

Presumably James did not know of this subtle undermining. What could he have done about it if he had? It troubled him far more that certain of his hunting hawks were disappearing, filched apparently by unruly subjects around the countryside, who either not knowing or not caring that they were the king's property, took the birds as they came down out of the sky, and said nothing. A stern edict was promulgated that anyone finding such hawks within twelve miles of Stirling was to bring them to the king, under pain of being "reputed, esteemed and

persued as the stealers of the said hawks, and punished therefore with rigor in example of others."

Between the acquisition of knowledge and the pleasures of hunting, the winter of 1578 and 1579 passed away. Morton was secure in his power. His great enemy, Athole, an acknowledged Catholic, was dead as a result, it seemed fairly certain, of having supped with my Lord Morton. The Queen of England still persisted in referring to him as the regent, although the title was not mentioned in Scotland. Stirling itself was comparatively peaceful, and the feuds between the nobles were not more than ordinarily rapacious and blood-thirsty.

On a June morning in 1579, the king was actually allowed to slip out of the gate behind the castle at five in the morning, and to spend the entire day in the park (presumably with a restored supply of hawks) accompanied only by his own domestics. There were no troublesome problems to worry over, no parliaments to address, no heavy-tongued lords to conciliate. The differences between Johnny Mar and the Master of Erskine had all been patched up, and the summer, it would seem, was going to pass off pleasantly in the glow of golden sunshine and fair weather.

In August, James was permitted to make the momentous journey to Doune castle, there to dine, with the provision that he be back at Stirling before supper. (How like the admonition made to any small boy going visiting for the first time!) Five days later, he rode to Alloa House (where the country air had failed to cure his mother of sighing after his birth) and spent four whole days there. And then, behold, a strange, romantic and portentous thing occurred. In September the gay, the debonair Esmé Stuart, Lord d'Aubigny, came over from France to pay his respects to his cousin James. He was the son of Darnley's father's brother—a man of comely proportions, civil behavior, red-bearded, and honest in conversation. Besides which, he had a matchlessly ingratiating manner, and brought with him all manner of French fashions and toys, to say nothing of a suite of twenty dapper Frenchmen.

Never had James heard such sparkling conversation, such delicious laughter. Never had the old walls of Stirling re-echoed to such pleas-

antries, had the flambeaux in their scones shone down upon more brilliant jewels, more lustrous satins, more rows of gemmed buttons.

The boy was transported with delight. This was the life for a king! A vacation from inkstained fingers, a holiday from the ferrule in Buchanan's hands, a respite from boring harangues and dour Scottish lords. He listened open-mouthed to the stories the sophisticated d'Aubigny told. He gazed entranced at the handsome nobleman, and forthwith lost his boyish heart.

The Lords of the Privy Council looked slightly askance at this new light upon the Scottish horizon, and remembered d'Aubigny's connections with the Catholic Guises, Mary's relatives. But for the time being, since there was no hint that this visit was anything more than the occasion of homage rightfully due the king, they even allowed themselves to like the fascinating newcomer, and to relax the stern set of their mouths. Perhaps, since there was another Parliament about to be held in Edinburgh, and since a breath-taking celebration had been planned upon the occasion of James's entrance into his natal city for the first time since before his coronation, it could do no harm to allow M. d'Aubigny to join in the regal train and lend it magnificence.

Almost immediately after the arrival of James's new-found cousin at Stirling the great hegira took place.

The king's beautiful new wardrobe, grudgingly provided by the Lords of the Privy Council, was packed up in boxes—the velvet breeks and doublets trimmed with gold and silver, the white satin breeks and doublets embroidered with the same precious metals, in which, undoubtedly, he was to make his metropolitan debut, his nightgowns of figured velvet upon red, the nine new pairs of "leg socks," the three new pairs of holland sheets and pillowcases, and the eleven white tablecloths. The faithful vassals of the House of Stuart were summoned from near and far; the nobility polished up its armor, and a great cavalcade got under way.

Having already been as far away as Doune and Alloa, it was not quite such a thrill to ride out from under the portcullis of Castle Stirling, into the town, and out the Edinburgh road. But it was exciting to journey with an escort of nearly two thousand horsemen, and to be greeted in state at every village on the way. The vast train stopped for

the night at Linlithgow, that loveliest of Scottish palaces, on its little knoll beside a lake, and filled the great square courts with noise and confusion. Early the next morning, they were off again, the Earls of Morton, Angus, Argyle, Montrose and Mar riding beside the king and d'Aubigny, the Lords Lindsay, Ochiltree and the Masters of Livingston and Gray close behind.

At Corstorphine, now a suburb of Edinburgh, the train was met by the Humes and Kers, Scottish Border clans, with three hundred additional horsemen. It was not the plan to bring James directly into the city, so he was merely allowed to alight at the Long Gate where an array of burgesses stood in armor and where the cannons of the castle (the same which had announced his birth) were shot off for his edification; then skirting the town, he was taken to the Quarry Holes, on the road to Leith (the port of Edinburgh) where more loyal subjects had gathered to do honor to their king. Here the ships lying in the distant harbor "made a volley of shot with the artillery" which must have been pleasing to the boy, and then the whole rattling, jangling, vociferous retinue proceeded to Holyroodhouse, where James was to hold court until the real celebration could be prepared, and he could be greeted upon his entry into the city of Edinburgh as befitted the ruler of the Scots.

From the thirtieth of September until the seventeenth of October, the good burgesses of Edinburgh worked like beavers to provide an eye-filling ceremony. James in the meantime waited just outside the gates of his lusty capital. In the meantime he hunted with d'Aubigny, he hawked with d'Aubigny, he played "tinnis," he rode out and dined in great halls, with d'Aubigny forever by his side.

After some weeks of this loitering at the gates, the day finally arrived for his triumphant and official entry into the city. The Lords of the Privy Council led him from Dalkeith around the city, five miles away, to be greeted by the Magistrates of Edinburgh at the West Port, almost beneath the towering crag crowned by the Castle. Here he was welcomed under a "pompous pale of purple velvet," and presented with a little pageant of the wisdom of Solomon deciding the plea between the two women who contended for the young child. The connection of this bit of stagecraft with the occasion seems slight, but doubtless

the good burgesses wished to insinuate that the boy on his white palfrey, solemnly drinking in the proceedings, was a very Solomon in wisdom. He must also needs have been a very Job in patience, for no sooner had he ridden through the gate than a Mr. John Sharp stepped forward and made a long harangue in Latin. Mr. David Calderwood, who includes a description of this thrilling event in his *History of the Kirk of Scotland*, mentions the fact that the provost, the bailiffs, the treasurer, the dean of the Guilds with foot mantles, the rest of the Council and other honest men of the town (about three hundred) clothed in velvet, satin, and silks, and twenty-four officers clothed in black, were also there.

This vast company proceeded through the Grass Market, that spacious plaza, rimmed with towering old gabled houses, from which the most breath-taking view of the Castle may be had by craning one's neck backward. Then they turned into the West Bow, to the old gate of the Strait Bow, and here one of the truly ingenious exploits of the day took place. A glorious globe opened artificially as the king came by, and disgorged a young boy, who presented the keys of the town to his Majesty—keys all made of massive silver, which were promptly taken in escrow by the Lords of the Privy Council. Thereupon musicians sang the twentieth Psalm: "The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble; and the name of the God of Jacob defend thee. Send thee help from the sanctuary and strengthen thee out of Zion." To the sound of music upon the viols, James, by the Grace of God King of Scotland, moved through dense throngs of his cheering subjects, who found him a blissful sight in his white satin breeks and doublet laced with gold; and at last he came to the old Tolbooth, or courthouse.

Here the Crafts had raised their standards—the surgeons and barbers, the bakers, the hammermen, the fleshers, the wrights and masons, the skinners and furriers, the cordwainers, tailors, weavers, dyers, bonnet makers and candle makers. These honest artisans stood proudly before their king, under the "blew of banner," the Guild's emblem which floated above their independent heads.

But what was this? Four fair young maids tripped out from behind the ranks of workmen in their Sunday best. There seemed to be a slight confusion as to what they were supposed to represent—some held for

Justice, Temperance, Fortitude, and Prudence, others declared them to be Justice, Peace, Plenty, and Policy. At any rate, they were all virtues of which the young king would certainly stand in need, and each of them delivered an oration to the long-suffering James.

As a climax to this display of female beauty, the wheel of fortune was burnt with powder—surely an imposing orgy of fireworks.

At this point it might reasonably have been expected that the thirteen-year-old boy would have had enough, but no—when he reached St. Giles, a few paces further on, Dame Religion stepped forth, and desired his presence. He alighted in the face of this earnest invitation, and went into the church, where Mr. James Lawson was primed and waiting.

The discourse upon this weighty occasion was based upon the tenth verse of the second Psalm—"Be wise now therefore, O ye kings; be instructed, ye judges of the earth." This Mr. Lawson construed to mean that the king and his subjects should do their duty, and should enter in league and covenant with God. Whereupon more of the twentieth Psalm was sung and the child was set free to continue on his triumphal way.

At the Cross, some fifty feet further on, Bacchus was sitting on a puncheon, fairly crowned with a garland of flowers, and liberally supplied with wine. The jovial god welcomed the king, drinking "manie glasses," and loosened the bungs of three puncheons of wine for the populace, after which, it is safe to assume, the ceremonies took on a slightly less lofty tone. Another few feet, and the regal entourage was stopped by a group which rather unnecessarily described the genealogy of the Kings of Scotland to their wearied descendant. Whereupon a number of trumpets sounded melodiously and there was great crying of "Welfare to the king!"

On toward Holyrood the procession worked its way, past the tall stone houses flaunting balconies trimmed with tapestries and banners, past windows crammed with onlookers, to the Nether Bow, the dividing gate between the High Street and the Cannongate. Here some master mind had contrived an astrological spectacle showing the conjunction of the planets as it was on the happy occasion of June 19, 1566, the

whole accompanied by a discourse on the beauty and fortune which the stars were destined to bestow on Mary's son.

Lastly, and this was certainly the most appropriate gesture of all, the town of Edinburgh parted with a cupboard of plate, cannily appraised at six thousand marks, as a gift for their lawfully anointed prince.

This was all a prelude to a meeting of Parliament, at which James, who by this time was an old hand at presiding, was escorted to the throne with the usual ceremonies. The laws passed by this Parliament, however, serve as an ominous guidepost, not only to the future policies of Scotland but to the character of the boy who sat on a dais above these nobles and succeeded in passing measures which must have made Morton scowl under his black brows. Esmé Stuart, Lord d'Aubigny, was to receive the earldom of Lennox, lately held by James's grandfather. He was also to receive the rich abbacy of Arbroath, which had belonged to the head of the Hamiltons. This same Hamilton, together with his brother Lord Claud, were pronounced traitors and their estate forfeited—the Hamiltons who had espoused his mother's cause so bravely, and who had played a leading role in Scotland as far back as the time of Walter the High Steward, founder of James's line. The degradation of Lord Arbroath and Lord Claud was quite in accord with the wishes of the earls about James. The investiture of d'Aubigny with the wealth thus seized by the Crown was another matter.

At once the churches of Edinburgh were in an uproar. The good Protestant ministers who had taken their cue from John Knox, and were self-constituted political advisors to the government, banged their pulpits and shouted fulminations at this Catholic interloper. The lords who sided with Morton watched uneasily, uncertain whether to strike now or later. The Earls of Mar, Angus and Argyle observed to each other that hospitality was all very well, but that these Frenchmen were subtle flatterers and must be watched.

James, naively delighted with the great splurge he had made in favor of his dear d'Aubigny, retired to Holyroodhouse, and set himself to converting that cosmopolitan Papist to Protestantism. Let the ministers howl and threaten. His own arguments with the bewitching Esmé would carry more weight than a thousand sermons in St. Giles. All

through the coming winter, he labored earnestly with d'Aubigny to make him see the light, bringing all his adolescent skill in argumentation and theology to bear. D'Aubigny, of course, proved a willing scholar, and drank in James's words. He obediently read the treatises which the king gave him for his edification, and treated the Protestant ministers brought in for his further instruction with grave courtesy. He went so far as publicly to proclaim his salvation from the pestilent Romish faith. Esmé Stuart, Earl of Lennox, was no fool.

The king was in the seventh heaven at being able to flaunt this cultured man of the world under Morton's nose. He was also enjoying, for the first time in his circumscribed young life, the company of an esthete who appealed to the Stuart love of music, of life, of color, as no other man in James's short life had been able to do. Moreover, he was in the satisfying position of being able for the first time to assert himself by virtue of his own prowess, and instead of being taught, to teach. To a starved ego, this was nothing short of bliss. There had always been a certain amount of bowing and scraping before him, to be sure, and Lady Minny had viewed him with deferential awe. But there had been no one, no single soul, before whom he could display his poor little personal accomplishments, until d'Aubigny had been wise enough to sit at his feet.

Ostensibly, this entire d'Aubigny matter was merely a strong attachment between a little orphan boy and a gallant in his thirties, who was taking the trouble to make himself agreeable. If James had not been King of Scotland, and d'Aubigny had not come from Catholic France, with a strong taint of the Guises about him, their relationship would have been in no way remarkable. If James had not been king, he could have showed d'Aubigny how much he liked him with the gift of a golden chain. Being king, and only just beginning to be intoxicated with the power of that elevated station in life, he presented earldoms and abbacies. Being king, he was a desirable tidbit for more factions than one. Before he left Holyrood in the winter of 1580 to go back to Stirling, there was plotting and counterplotting afoot.

Early in the spring another sporadic rash of abduction cabals broke out. Morton was caught in a plan to take James out of Stirling to Dalkeith, and from there most likely to England. Lennox, so the Earl

of Mar was informed, was planning to invade James's apartments, kidnap the king, and whisk him off to France. James himself, in league with Lennox, it was bruited about, had every intention of escaping from under Johnnie Slaites's watchful care, and setting up his court outside of Stirling.

The solution of this complicated set of intrigues lay hidden in a most innocent document, entitled "The Estate of the King's Majesty's House," dated May 22, 1580. The first item on this paper mentions the names of the twenty-five gentlemen pensioners appointed to attend on the "King's Majestie at all times of his riding and passing to the fields." Heading the list is the name of Captain James Stewart, second son of Andrew, Lord Ochiltree, a gentleman well known at the Scottish court. He was originally intended for the church, but a thirst for adventure and a reckless disregard for his personal safety had turned him into a soldier of fortune, with a bluff exterior and an unfortunately black heart. That, of course, was not apparent to the Privy Council who selected him as a person skilled in hunting and safe for the king to ride with.

D'Aubigny had to observe the dour looks of the Scotsmen about him, and from more than one source had learned of Morton's slowly growing hatred and resentment against himself. With the wide sweep of implications which every alliance or friendship carried in those days and at that court, the debonair earl perceived shortly that the ex-regent was fast friends with Elizabeth of England, on whose help he counted to get rid of the Frenchman. Morton, for his part, was not in the least blind to the influence which d'Aubigny was sparkingly shedding upon James, nor to the slowly growing enthusiasm with which the king began to view the affairs of his mother, still an English prisoner, and these uncomfortable relatives of his, the Catholic Guises. It began to appear to Esmé Stuart that if he wished to save his new titles, or indeed his head, he had better get Morton out of the way before the political situation grew too international. His eye fell upon Captain James Stewart, gentleman pensioner to his Majesty King James. Just the man.

The role the captain worked out was dramatic in the extreme. At a Council meeting, toward the last of December, 1580, he suddenly

appeared at the door. An usher obtained the king's permission for him to enter, and swiftly, glancing neither to the right nor left, he strode into the Council room, and dropped on his knees before the surprised James.

"My duty to your Highness," he cried, "brings me here to reveal a wickedness that has too long been obscured. It was that man," and he pointed his finger straight at Morton, "who conspired your father's death. Let him be committed for trial, and I shall make good my words!"

The Council gasped and rose as one man. Before James could stop him, the captain rushed on.

"A horror for the crime," he said, "and zeal for the safety of my sovereign have been my only counselors. I can produce the bond which this man signed with his own hand for the murder of your Highness' father."

Morton sprang to attack the speaker, his hand on his sword. The Lords Lindsay and Cathcart rushed to separate the accuser and the accused. James, in his piping treble, called aloud for order, and commanded that both the ex-regent and the captain be removed. Morton had sat at his last Council meeting, had beat upon the table under the royal nose with his little baton for the last time. D'Aubigny, with smiles and rollicking laughter, had won the king away from him—the black-browed man who hardly ever smiled. Before the week was out, James Douglas, Earl of Morton, was imprisoned in the great fortress of Dumbarton, of which appropriately enough, Esmé Stuart, Earl of Lennox, was governor.

It took six months to bring to the scaffold the man who had once held all Scotland in the hollow of his hand, for "counsel, concealing and being art and part" of Darnley's murder. This was time enough to allow Elizabeth of England to send her ambassador Randolph to save Morton (if he could). It was time enough to allow her to curse and stamp in her usual queenly fashion, and to send off explosive letters, beginning "Dear Cousin and Brother," and ending with a threat to James that he should find out what it was to prefer a Duke of Lennox before a Queen of England. Her spies had misinformed her on one point. The charming Esmé was not made duke until later.

Also, it was time enough for that brave soldier, Captain James Stewart, to win the affections of the Scottish king, and receive as a reward for uncovering Morton's treachery, the earldom of Arran, recently snatched from the persecuted Hamiltons. Not that the captain had exactly superseded d'Aubigny in James's affections—no one could make him turn disloyal to his first, his most fascinating friend. But the captain also knew how to appeal to a boy in his teens. The captain could tell such wonderful stories about soldiering and deeds of derring-do. And in addition no job seemed too squeamish for the bold bluff soldier. Behold how bravely he had bearded Morton at the Council. Ah, he was a fine fellow, this captain, and James's bookish heart warmed to a man of such daring and intrepid action.

So the provost of Edinburgh ordered a new suit for the axe-man, and Morton was executed by the Maiden, a novel kind of guillotine which he himself had imported from England. His head was stuck up on the highest gable of the Tolbooth, as a warning to traitors and regicides.

There was no one now to impede the flashing meteoric course of the king's two friends—d'Aubigny and Captain James Stewart, who henceforth must be referred to by the titles he conferred upon them, Lennox and Arran.

All through the summer of 1581 life ran on smoothly and joyously. There were no lessons any more—Buchanan had retired, and was living in poverty in the town of Edinburgh, under the pain of James's extreme displeasure for his great work *De Jure Regni*. A pair of virginals had been sent from London; there was a new supply of golf balls of leather, stuffed with feathers; John Gibson the "buke binder" was turning out new masterpieces for the king's library, and the stables were crammed with fine horse flesh—the king's gray hunting hackney was in excellent fettle—in short, there were any number of new and enticing occupations to lure a fifteen-year-old away from councils, and minutes, and bothersome affairs of state. Above all, there were those two obliging advisors, Lennox and Arran, to take care of any troublesome matters which might arise. In this happy heyday of their power they were taking care to extend their activities in a great many directions.

First of all, they filled their own pockets to bursting. Next, they so regulated matters about the court that only they and their friends had access to the king. Lennox began to set in motion a vast web of international machinery for affiliating Scotland with France, and easing Mary Stuart's lot. He also, and this was partly his undoing, brought pressure to bear on the clergy, in order that the Episcopal, rather than the Presbyterian form of worship might prevail in Scotland.

Of all the stiff-necked, independent, and outspoken characters in history, the Scottish Protestant ministers stand out as the most courageous and obdurate in fighting for what they considered their dues. What! Were they to sit by and watch this apostate, this Frenchman with the stench of Catholicism clinging to his doublet, this "stiffe Papist," influence the king to introduce a religion which they detested almost as much as they did Popery? Were they to see their people ruled by a pair of high-handed social climbers? Were they to watch, hands folded, while two newly belted earls squandered the resources of the country. They, and a handful of Scottish lords who began to remember that they had never liked this Frenchman, rather thought not.

Johnnie Mar, and the Earl of Gowrie, the Earls of Glencairn, Argyle, Montrose, Eglinton and Boyd, too, had had enough of Esmé Stuart's mincing and spendthrift ways. They were equally sick of the arrogant Arran, that young man of "a busy brain, with many conceits and an aspiring spirit," and began to mutter among themselves that at least under Morton they had not had to deal with this overwhelming infatuation on the part of the king, which would allow him to hear no word spoken against his favorites.

At fifteen, of course, it is difficult to estimate the effect of one's actions on others. At fifteen, when one is just beginning to sip the heady delights of burgeoning manhood, it is hard to curb one's enthusiasms. Life is not a game of chess, in which each move is carefully considered, each play worked out toward the final victory. At fifteen, one takes what one wants, and shuts one's adolescent eyes to the consequences. All the more so, if a long period of discipline and esthetic starvation has gone before.

James, although slier of wit, and trained in a crabbed school, had no more control over his yearnings than any other boy of his age. It

was fun to hunt with Lennox and Arran. With them, for the first time, he actually enjoyed himself. It gave him a delicious feeling of power to be able to present these stimulating gallants with riches and titles. Ever since he could remember, there had been prating about "the King's Majesty," and "his Highness' noble person." At fifteen, it was time to show these Scottish subjects of his that "Majesty" and "Highness" as applied to himself were no mere empty words. A Majesty might do what he liked. He was answerable only to God, and not to a pack of over-articulate ministers or envious members of the house of Erskine.

The son of Mary and Darnley was not a Henry VIII. He had neither the healthy young vigor, nor the flashing personal charm of his great-grandmother's brother. What he wanted, he had to buy. And he bought it with the only means within his grasp. He wanted the companionship and favor of the two most fascinating men he knew. Another lad, brought up in an atmosphere not so thoroughly masculine, might have thrown his money and his earldoms at the feet of some fair-haired Scottish lady, with more intimate but less political hazard. James, basking under the exciting influence of Lennox and Arran, heaped gold and honors upon them in return for their crafty adulation. Careless of the consequences, indifferent to the enormous power he was turning over to them, he forgot in his boyish happiness the temper of his nobility, who had chafed under Morton's restraint, and who were in no mood to submit to the even more arrogant dictatorship of these two upstarts.

By the summer of 1582, the entire Presbyterian ministry was yelping like a pack of hounds which scents the quarry. Lennox and Arran were ruling the country and the king with high-handed contempt for the ancient houses which formerly had directed the affairs of Scotland. Gowrie and Mar somewhat pricked by the ululations from the pulpit, but more grimly moved by their hatred of the two new favorites, began proceedings by instigating that familiar prelude to Scottish insurrection, a "band." The company which signed this agreement avowed that the Gospel was about to be overthrown by godless men, who had "crept into credit" with the king's Majesty, that the nobility and ministers were tottering on the brink of shipwreck, that the amity with England

had suffered a severe set-back, and that the king's very person was in imminent peril.

All unwitting, and slightly disdainful of the rumors which had it that Lennox and Arran were unpopular, James rode out one August morning to Perth, there to spend a leisurely week hunting on the lands of the Earl of Gowrie. He had transacted the necessary business of state, by means of writing at the bottom of letters that he was to be "quit of silly auld men's cummer (worries)," and was off to chase the buck and loose his falcons.

By some strange coincidence Arran and Lennox were not with him, the former was at Kinneil, some eighteen miles from Edinburgh, and the latter at his castle of Dalkeith. If the band which Gowrie had instigated were to come to anything, this was the time. Especially this was the time, since Lennox had had inklings of the mutiny against him, and was making unpleasant remarks about "looking to themselves," and scaffolds. It is astonishing, in view of his knowledge of a plot to upset his sway, that he allowed James to ride into enemy territory without him.

The anti-Lennox lords also thought it remarkable, so remarkable that they realized such a coincidence might never occur again. Forthwith they swooped down upon Gowrie's castle, where the king was staying, with a thousand of their followers.

James was mildly surprised. No such number of retainers was needed for the simple pleasure of the chase, and he wondered at Gowrie. His wonder was shortly changed to consternation. None other than his old friend Johnnie Slaites, who really deserved the epithet of "naughty-natured boy," which Mary Queen of Scots gave him, was right in the front rank of malcontents, and with the Earl of Gowrie pressed to the king at once, with a list of grievances in his hand. Both earls had taken the precaution to see that James would listen to their complaints, by carefully removing his guards and cutting off all possibility of his escape. They treated him with great deference and respect, but none the less the exit gates were closed—to him.

Arran got wind of this amazing coup and at once set out at a gallop for Ruthven, a soldierly gesture, but foolhardy. The anti-Lennox lords seized upon him with glee, defeated his brother, Colonel Stewart, with

a party of horsemen, and confined the would-be rescuer of his king politely but adequately. All this took place within twenty-four hours.

Next morning, James, still not quite convinced that it was not all a gigantic hoax, started to take horse for other and less uncertain parts. The Master of Glamis, a gruff man, forgetting the homage due a monarch, said rudely, "You'll stay where you are."

"I'll go this instant!" cried the king, and made for the door.

Glamis, with one competent gesture, thrust his leg over the sill, and said more rudely than ever,

"You'll stay here."

The king looked about him—was there no friendly intention in any of the faces he saw? Would not his old friend Johnnie Slaites come to his rescue? No one made a move, although there was a whisper—"Ay, let the lad go"—from some place behind. In this crucial moment, in answer to this outrage upon regal dignity, the lad of sixteen committed the last impulsively boyish act of his life.

He burst into tears.

IV. ADOLESCENT ROYALTY

THE royal eyes watered piteously, and with good reason. The stoutest of the nobility backed Gowrie and Mar. England was heart and soul behind their anti-French coup. Arran was held captive, and Lennox, that fascinating courtier, James's darling Esmé, skulked safely in his castle at Dalkeith, backing and filling in very unheroic style. There was no help at hand, and for ten long months the boy king was just as much a prisoner as if he had actually been put behind stout iron bars.

He utters his despair to Sir James Melville, the one old friend at court, trusted messenger who had carried news of his birth to the bitter English queen, lamenting his "hard estate and mishandling by his own subjects, and what displeasure he had taken, and how that he was thought but a beast by other princes, neighbors, for suffering so many indignities."

Wherever he went, the Gowrie faction went with him. Whatever documents he signed, they were there to guide his pen. They actually forced him to write his name on a proclamation declaring that he was a free monarch, and preferred to associate exclusively with Esmé's enemies. Moreover, with every means at their command, they were trying to get rid of that debonair interloper and send him back to France.

Once the first burst of tears was over, James, whose acumen had never been dull, perceived that he was in what Mr. Robert Bowes, the English ambassador, so aptly termed "a ticklish condition." His friends, and he could never be quite sure who they were, were powerless to help him. His captors were of that stern Scottish caliber which had not hesitated in the past to terminate rudely the career of an obstreperous

monarch—witness his own father. During this ten months, the lad learned in a harsh school to say one thing and mean another; to smile and be gracious with anything but kindness in his heart; to send fair messages to Elizabeth, and to repudiate them as soon as the words were out of his mouth; to listen to all factions and agree with them, and yet to have his eyes fixed steadfastly on the quarter from which no succor came—Lennox. He soon realized that for the present, certainly, the lovely days of hunting with Esmé, the banquets, the French toys, the fashions, were over. Esmé was in very great danger of losing his head. One single act too openly persuasive in his favor would bring Lennox under the unpleasant shadow of the Maiden. Morton's skull, shrunk to a leathery knob from the action of the wind and weather, still grimaced from the highest gabel of the Tolbooth in Edinburgh.

Outwardly, James's life moved along in the accustomed fashion. The Ruthven Raiders, as Gowrie, Mar, and Angus came to be known, were acute enough to realize that the usual restlessness of royalty must be indulged, and allowed the king to shift his residence from Stirling, to Linlithgow, to Holyrood, to Falkland, as he had done in the days when he was free. The forests (within a circumscribed area) still rang with the sound of the huntsman's horn, the six long notes which told of the death of a stag regally pursued. The hounds were uncoupled and falcons unhooded every sunny day.

But it was not quite the same. The zest, the élan, the carefree joyousness had vanished, and though James still thrilled to the huntsman's cry, "He thats, he that!" it was not as it had been. Esmé was no longer with him.

If only James had been a little less self-willed, and endowed with a little less of the Stuart emotional impulsiveness, he might have learned, during this trying time, that a king does well to distribute his largesse equally and avoid playing favorites. A king may have friends, but not such dear friends. And above all, it is not sparkling eyes and handsome features which should win a king's friendship, but the more rugged and less fascinating attributes of honesty and good judgment. The failure to grasp this point, and the instant attraction to physical beauty, regardless of all else, betrayed James again and again. The boy's thwarted affection, the man's yearning for understanding, led to his affection for

men whose self-interest would have been immediately apparent to a less infatuated eye than James's. He survived the rickets which the wrong kind of food in infancy had engendered. He never overcame the twist in his character with which a harsh and loveless childhood had endowed him.

The "many indignities" which he was suffering and his present thralldom were directly traceable to this unhappy proclivity. In view of the frequency with which he repeated the same mistake in later life, the circumstances surrounding this so-called raid are illuminating.

The Ruthven Raiders, as records show, were having none too pleasant a time of it themselves. True, the clergy sang their praises with loud hosannas, and backed them to a man. Elizabeth smiled on them but continued to withhold that most tangible of all evidences of favor—cash. In order to keep the king securely in their power, it was necessary to guard him well; but where was the money coming from to pay the guards? Gowrie was positively embarrassing in his demands upon Robert Bowes for two thousand marks with which to hire soldiers. Robert Bowes, seeing the cause lost and the hated French influence of Lennox still potent as a menace unless the Lord of Ruthven could be satisfied, wrote letter after letter to Burleigh and Walsingham, Elizabeth's secretaries, pleading with them to unloose their mistress' purse strings. By dribs and drabs, and with extreme reluctance, she allowed some part of the money to find its way into Scottish hands—but not enough.

With no funds available it was impossible to maintain the ambitious household schedule which had been drawn up to guard the king. The list of gentlemen ushers and valets, the imposing panel of servants always to be about him had to be abandoned, and as in his boyhood, James moved about with a very skeleton force of protection. In point of fact, the regal purse had grown so thin that Mr. Robert Bowes, out of his own private funds, lent him one hundred pounds in gold to defray pressing expenses.

Not only was this situation an index of the very shocking state of poverty into which the national finances of Scotland had fallen through civil wars, mismanagement and agricultural backwardness, coupled with the continual burning of crops and stealing of cattle which went on along the Borders and in the Highland districts; it was also frightfully

precarious politically. It meant that every Scottish nobleman, of high or low degree, had his price. It meant that even the king might be receptive—the king, whose treasurer was frequently at a loss how to pay the feed bill for the great courser, the Neapolitan jennet, the Black Russian, the horse of Sweden, the French nag, the king's gray hunting hackney, and other steeds in the royal stables.

During the entire winter of 1582–83 the Court continued in this state of political and pecuniary instability. Lennox promised to go, even got so far as to take ship, was driven back upon the Scottish coast, delayed, dallied, and gave Mr. Robert Bowes heart failure with his vacillation. Esmé was stalling for time and everyone knew it. James received letters from him, pleading letters which he was forced to answer harshly. At last, the event for which Lennox had been waiting came to pass. De La Motte Fénelon, the French ambassador, arrived in England, to make his way north and be of what help he could. Esmé Stuart, Lord d'Aubigny, Duke of Lennox, at last set out to meet the ambassador in London. By skilful connivance on Elizabeth's part, the two Frenchmen passed each other on the road, with but a moment of conversation. De La Motte proceeded to Edinburgh, and Esmé, after a good "rattling up" from Elizabeth's tongue, finally was shoved off to France. James still secretly hoped to bring him back, and dwelt upon his memory with love, but even James saw now that it would be hopeless to try to stem the tide of opposition against the once puissant favorite. Elizabeth expressed herself so clearly (in the haughty third person) with her customary vigor, that it would have been foolhardy to attempt to keep him in Scotland.

How carefull he [James] is [she wrote] and wilbee to establish his realme by renouncing of such as he seeth bent to disturb his estat by alteracions and practises intended by straungers and th'enemyes of true religion, whereby, besydes the contentment he hath thereby yelded unto her Highness, shee hopeth he shall have just cause to be glad thereof in respect that by the Duke's absence, the unnecessary and most daungerous jalouzies amongst his subjectes by the practice of him and his adherentes shalbe removed.

Good-bye to laughter, and light-heartedness, good-bye to carefree days in the forest, good-bye to the last sparkling, insouciant nature that he would know, good-bye to the last spontaneous frivolity and joy of boyhood. There was no one about him now who was not blunt-tongued and heavy-witted. There was no one in whom the love of life and pleasure was not dully overlaid with Scottish dourness and avarice. The sensitive and volatile Stuarts had always been alien in spirit to their Scottish nobility, and James now found himself most utterly alone, without a single kindred soul to whom to turn.

Arran was still held by the Ruthven Raiders; Mar, his boyhood friend, had turned against him. Buchanan, the preceptor of his youth and stern monitor of his morals, had died a month after the unfortunate hunting expedition to Perth, expiring sardonically in an Edinburgh garret, with the remark that it mattered very little to him that James was incensed at his masterpiece on the right of kings, since he was going to a place where very few kings were.

English spies were thick about the king, and after some fifteen years the matter of his dearest mother, still in prison in England, was coming to a head. The question of his marriage, too, was cropping up more and more frequently and insistently. How would this lad, not yet turned seventeen, extricate himself from the octopus tentacles of disaster?

However stuffy the pedantic schoolroom logic which he learned from Young and Buchanan, there was nothing abstruse or sophistical about the way he applied it to unravel the tangled threads of his own life. James, the bookish boy, the rather gangly adolescent with the deep-set Stuart eyes and unattractive physique, saw with unblinking clarity the goal toward which he must work if he were to save himself and Scotland. He had known for a long time what it was, and in this troubled ten months of Gowrie dictatorship he never allowed himself to lose sight of it. All his actions were directed toward it; all his thoughts revolved about it. Whoever nominally ruled Scotland, whatever blood was shed, the crown of England should be his. Toward this future prize, he directed his every act and decision.

The charms of Esmé Stuart had temporarily obfuscated its glitter. The attitude of Elizabeth (who had still failed to name him "second person" in succession to herself—the actual words never *were* wrung

out of her) recalled him sharply to the earnest contemplation of the ultimate objective of his life.

Under Esmé's French and softening influence, he had allowed himself to become interested impersonally and politically in his mother. He wrote to her in French, with great protestations of affection and esteem, raising her poor imprisoned hopes and stimulating all European Catholics to a frenzied eruption of plots and counterplots to secure her freedom. In point of fact, he had even under Lennox' gentle goading, and with an eye to winning French friendship, permitted discussion of an "Association" between them, as joint rulers of Scotland. How far Esmé, the Guises, and His Most Christian Majesty of France could have brought such an association, if left to their own devices, remains doubtful.

Charles James, James Charles had been duly anointed king, and Mary, under duress, but nevertheless with her own hand, had signed over the government to him. In his own eyes, the crown was his by divine right, and although the exigencies of the times might demand a gallant gesture in the direction of his dearest mother, his own natural egotism, to say nothing of the violent anti-Catholic sentiment in Scotland, would most surely have prevented such a joint rulership being established.

Nevertheless, the older he grew, the more embarrassing it became, as a free prince, to have a mother firmly incarcerated in England, and the longer Mary languished in captivity the more James's honor, that exceedingly delicate virtue, was suffering ugly blemishes in every kingdom but Elizabeth's. An association which provided that she be released to live in genteel obscurity, with a nominal voice in the government of Scotland, was one way in which to appease international opinion. On the other hand, it would whip the Protestants to desperation and might easily put the hotly desired throne of England beyond his reach forever. James delivered himself of the most filial sentiments, but actually, this Catholic mother of his was a constant irritant.

She herself was again entreating Elizabeth to give her her freedom, promising to live the rest of the small time of her life in quietness and in some honorable sort. She had, she added truly, a great heart, which had preserved her, and desired now to be at rest, by the making of

some good accord between her Majesty (Elizabeth), her son and herself. She sued only for Elizabeth's favor and for liberty.

The Virgin Queen was skeptical. She, like James, had long since begun to view this Catholic princess as a "bosom serpent" and wondered what in heaven's name was to be done with her. Was there actually anything in this talk of the "Association" which Lennox and De La Motte Fénelon had been promoting? She sent the trusty Bowes to James on a secret mission to find out the truth.

The lad received him, and opened the matter craftily, leading Bowes to think the entire matter unknown to him. The little boy, who for the first thirteen years of his life had been nothing but a pawn in the hands of treacherous nobles, was growing up.

"Men," he told the respectful and dissembling Bowes, "who find themselves defeated and desperate in their intended plots and purposes, are commonly used to turn and direct their course to such second ways as they think may most advance their desire, resorting oftentimes to the medicines that they did before most condemn."

Mr. Bowes agreed and waited.

"As my mother," James continued, "has done."

Mr. Bowes still waited.

"Nothing moves her more to this matter," the king went on, "than that she sees how matters are like to proceed betwixt her Majesty and myself, wherein she casts this bone to stick in our teeth."

Oh artful James, and clever Mr. Bowes! But a month or two before, James had assured De La Motte Fénelon that although he had two eyes, two ears, and two hands, he had but one heart, and that was French. And at that very moment, two emissaries from the Scottish court, an old soldier from the Low Countries, Colonel Stewart, Arran's brother, and a very pro-English Scotsman by the name of Colville, were in London arranging a league between England and Scotland, mutually agreeable to both countries, and assuring Elizabeth of undying Scottish fealty—in return for a yearly pension to James of 10,000 marks.

Mr. Bowes, of course, knew this latter fact, and James knew that he knew it.

Mr. Bowes, who felt as if he were walking on eggs, and James,

with much the same sensation, then cautiously approached the real subject of this revealing conversation.

Yes, the king admitted, there had been some such association drawn up while Lennox was still with him, but it had been so unsatisfactory that it had been returned to Mary with James's displeased notations in the margin. His object was, he said, to show her all the favor and contentment that he could, saving that he never meant nor agreed that by the association she should have any conjoint authority, power, or interest with him in his government or titles.

He also asked to see the articles for such an association, which placed particular emphasis on just those points, drawn up by the wily Elizabeth. Pique and injured vanity were undoubtedly behind the answer he gave Bowes. But common sense was evident, as well, and the right touch of flattery for Elizabeth.

"I see," he said, "that my mother would bind and join me with herself, for the preservation of her own titles and claims in all things. But I think it necessary for me to understand how all things should be fully compounded betwix me and her, before I should be made a party joining with her. And by reason of this manner of joining with my mother, I doubt that some prejudice may come to me, as well at home as otherwise, finding that she will not only be equal with me in authority and power, but also have the chief place before me, a matter dangerous to my state, and crown."

Mr. Bowes could not but admit that this seemed to be the case.

"Besides," James pointed out, "I note sundry obstacles in the person of my mother which might annoy me, no less than herself; for my mother is known to embrace Papistry and to be so entangled with the Pope and Papist confederates, as she cannot deliver herself from just suspicion, neither can she with honor abandon her friends in France nor refuse their advice."

However, he admitted he was touched by Elizabeth's loving kindness and care of his welfare, and knew not how to begin worthily to thank or recompense her English Majesty. He wound up with a peroration to the effect that he would do nothing without Elizabeth's advice or knowledge, and dismissed Mr. Bowes, who flew to seize his pen and send the results of this conference to Secretary Walsingham.

There was some further talk about this association, but in this interview with Bowes, James showed his disposition and temper so plainly that the matter was never pressed. Elizabeth's bosom serpent could not be plucked forth by this means.

Unfortunately for her, James had never felt the impact of his mother's warm and vivacious personality. She had, through all the years of his life, spelled nothing but trouble to him—she had been made the fulcrum about which most of the difficulties of the Scottish court revolved. It was impossible for him to think of her as a living, breathing woman, much less as a mother. Lady Minny, who had been forced to usurp that place, meant a thousand times more to him as a human being. Esmé, his dear friend, had a far deeper personal hold upon him than this alien and distant queen could ever have. If, through Esmé, he could be brought to espouse her cause . . . but that was now impossible.

Some four weeks after Mr. Bowes's heart-searching interview, news came from France that Esmé was dead. James could not believe his ears. He could not trust his eyes to read the dispatches. What! That gay, life-loving companion dead? And dead in a foreign land? A week later the sad fact was verified. James received a deathbed letter from his friend, warning him against Angus, Lindsay, Gowrie and Mar, and reiterating his affection. It was bruited about that he had died of that staunch old Scottish malady, displeasure. Whatever the cause, and dysentery seems likely, his passing brought to James real heartache and a tight-lipped determination to outwit the men who had sent poor Lennox into exile to die.

There was only one thing to wait for—the return of Colonel Stewart from his mission to England. In spite of Mr. Bowes's most assiduous spying, M. de Menainville, emissary from the court of France, had helped James to concoct a plot which would restore to him his freedom and rid him of the men who had banished Lennox. Colonel Stewart, in the spirit of the times, had not been above accepting gold to insure his war-like help from the farsighted Menainville, and immediately upon his arrival out of England, set the wheels in motion.

The king, ostensibly on one of his everlasting progresses, went to

St. Andrews to visit his great-uncle, the old Earl of March, and to await a convention of his nobles there.

It was given out that he went so early because the Earl of March had some "wild meat" and other "fresh flesh" upon which he wished the king to banquet, and which in the hot summer weather would not keep. No one appeared to think this excuse naive, and no one showed surprise when James expressed himself as most curious to inspect the castle of St. Andrews. Certainly—by all means—indulge the king's sudden interest in architecture. He was taken within the walls late in the evening after supper, and forthwith went to bed. The intrepid Colonel Stewart, whose enemies insisted that he had at one time been a "cloutter" of old shoes, showed that he was not a shoemaker but a skilled officer. He swung the gates shut, posting his soldiers at every entrance. No one was allowed to enter, and since James's co-conspirators, the Earls of Huntley, Argyle, Crawford, and Marshall were already inside, having also arrived conveniently early for the convention, no one showed the slightest desire to leave.

Johnnie Slaites had really been out-slaitted this time. He and Angus rode hot-foot to St. Andrews, but it was too late. They were forced to disband their men, and were ordered by James to return home and stay there until he called for them. William, the Earl of Gowrie, whose financial difficulties with Bowes had already warned him that Elizabeth was in no way prepared to back the Ruthven Raiders with money, had already asked for and received a pardon for his share in the undertaking.

James was king again, master of his deeds and actions. Elizabeth's battle to keep the ancient football of Scotland from falling into the hands of France must begin all over.

The lad, delighted with himself at the success of this great coup, even had the impertinence to write to her that he reciprocated her affection heartily, and wished that there were windows in his breast, that she might read his thoughts, she who had so noble a nature!

If she had only been canny enough to select an envoy of Esmé's verve and charm, if only it had not been so unbearably painful for her to part with cash, she might have won James over, heart and soul. As it was, he stood alone, almost a man grown, thinking of marriage, deal-

ing as he himself saw fit. It mattered little now that the outwitted Mr. Bowes was malcontent, and cried out, "Fie, fie upon false dealing!" Elizabeth's vigorous advice, and the small sums advanced out of Mr. Bowes's own purse, not to mention his expert, laborious spying, all these had gone for nothing.

At once the king proclaimed the Raid of Ruthven as a treasonable enterprise and ordered stricken off the record the proclamation in which the lords had forced him to declare that he entered their custody voluntarily. And as a poignant, atoning gesture to the memory of his dear, dead Lennox, he declared that that nobleman had died in the true Christian faith (meaning Protestantism) and laid heavy penalties upon all who pretended ignorance of this fact or dared to contradict it. This much, at least, he could do for Esmé.

To Sir Francis Walsingham, Elizabeth's veteran and ailing statesman, who was sent north in a litter to try and bring Scotland back into the English fold, James gave a tart audience. He told Walsingham that he was now an absolute king, and could do as he pleased—that he would take such order with his subjects as best liked himself, and that he thought Elizabeth should be no more curious to examine the affections of his Council than he was of hers. He had already developed a witty way of putting things, had Buchanan's pupil, and had begun to pride himself upon the word well spoken and the phrase well turned.

Further, as a means of vindicating himself of the appellation of "beast" as applied to him by other princes, he banished Angus and his friend Johnnie Slaites to England early in 1584, and brought Gowrie, the arch-instigator of the Ruthven Raid, to the scaffold. Esmé's son, the thirteen-year-old Ludovic, had by this time made his appearance at the Scottish court and had been received into high favor.

As a final blow to his Scottish enemies and to England, that stout soldier and arrogant self-seeker, James Stewart, Earl of Arran, was recalled and loaded with kingly favors. He and his wife—the most awful Scottish woman of her times, as the Presbyterian ministers called her in their milder moments—immediately seized every privilege they could lay their hands upon. The Ruthven Raid had not only failed of its purpose, but had engendered a deep resentment in James's no longer boyish breast. It also opened the eyes of Scotland and of Europe to the fact that

this highly educated young man was not the bookish dummy he had been taken for. The days when he merely twitched a scepter to indicate his mute approval of acts passed by his Council had long since passed. His penchant for theology and poetry had in no way blinded him to the vehement ambitions and ruthless methods of his nobles. With a good deal more insight into Scottish character than they had given him credit for, he appraised their motives and intuitively followed the workings of their clumsy intellects. The regencies of Moray, Lennox, Mar, and Morton had taught him to follow malfeasance with swift punishment, and to strike back at his enemies. The genealogy, recited for his edification upon his entry into Edinburgh, had not failed to mention that the last five Stuart kings before him had died in their prime, three of them by violence. It was, perhaps, not entirely because of that gentleman's good looks and suave address that James kept Arran, the soldier, so constantly about him, and allowed him the powers of a sort of ex-officio prime minister.

It was also helpful to the king to have some one to whom he could delegate much of the tiresome signing and interviewing which devolved upon him, even after the affairs of Scotland had been brought into some sort of order. James, during the winter of 1583-84, felt the burning urge of authorship hot upon him, and determined to devote considerable time to issuing his first published work.

Having got rid of the more disturbing political elements, and for a time soothed the rebellious spirits of the ministers of the Kirk, he withdrew from Stirling to Holyrood in the company of Alexander Montgomerie, the court poet, together with some forty-odd volumes of the royal library, and applied himself diligently to the pursuit of belles lettres.

Poetry, of course, was an accomplishment at which he had tried his hand even under the tutelage of George Buchanan and the mild Peter Young, but apparently it was not until Montgomerie, then the leading Scottish versifier, had joined the Court, that James considered the possibility of working seriously at the noble art.

There are extant some verses, composed by him at the age of fifteen, shortly after Montgomerie's inspiration had begun to take effect, which seem to have been finished as a sort of exercise, in the form of a song and

an antithesis, and which doubtless were the basis upon which the poetic tyro was urged to develop his talent. Mr. David Calderwood, the chronicler of the Kirk of Scotland, thought them good enough to include in his history.

SONG

*Since thought is free, think what
thou will*

*O troubled heart to ease thy pain
Thought unrevealed can do no evil
But words past out come not again
Be careful aye for to invent
The way to get thy own intent.*

To please thyself with thy conceit

*And let none know what thou does
mean*

*Hope aye at last though it be late
To thy intent for to attain*

*Though whiles it break forth in
effect*

Yet aye let wit thy will correct.

*Since fool haste comes not greatest
speed*

*I would thou should learn for to
know*

How to make virtue of a need

Since that necessity bath no law

*With patience then see thou
attend*

*And hope to vanquish to the
end.*

ANTITHESIS

*Since thought is thrall to thy ill
will*

*O troubled heart, great is thy pain!
Thought unrevealed may do thee
ill*

*But words well past come well
again,*

Be never careful to invent

*To get thy own, but God's
intent.*

Play not thyself with thy conceit,

*For God knoweth all that thou
doth mean.*

*Hope without faith will bring thee
late*

To thy intent for to attain.

*And when it breaks forth in
effect*

Thy wily wit God will correct.

*Since of fool-haste never came
good speed*

*Pray God to give thee grace to
know*

*That virtue only forced by need
Serveth little thanks to thee by
law.*

*On God's will, then, see thou
attend,*

*If thou would vanquish in the
end.*

It is needless to say that James's own thoughts and feelings were evidenced in the original "Song" far more truthfully than in the "Antithesis," and the boy's lines,

"Be careful aye for to invent
The way to get thy own intent,"

laid down a rule for future action which the man consistently followed.

With this effort behind him, then, James labored all through the winter, polishing off old bits of poetry, delving into the Frenchman Gascoigne's rules for writing verse, setting down his own thoughts on the subject, and doubtless keeping a clerk busy furnishing new nibs for his silver pen.

The result burst on a troubled world in 1584—a small volume entitled *The Essayes of a Prentise in the Divine Art of Poesie*, printed by Thomas Vautroullier in Edinburgh. It contained twelve sonnets of Invocations to the Gods, a translation of the French poet Du Bartas' "*Uranie*," or Heavenly Muse, the metaphorical invention of a Tragedy, called "Phoenix," a paraphrastical translation out of the Poet Lucanus, a treatise of the art of Scottish Poesy, the 103rd Psalm translated from Tremellius, and a poem on Time.

James wrote in an age when poetry was composed in the high-flown and pedantic Humanistic style, heavily interlarded with classical quotations and allusions. The seventeen-year-old lad, furiously scribbling away in Holyroodhouse, surrounded by such works as Demosthenes' *Philippics*, the French letters of Jerome Osorio to the Queen of England, the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid in several editions, and the works of Lucanus and Homer, could hardly fail to turn out sonnets in the same stilted manner, or to be attracted by the translating of Du Bartas' equally heavy and highly allegorical "*Uranie*." These works, the translation from Lucanus, the Psalm and the poem on Time, were actually exercises in the divine art, so thoroughly saturated with the heavy, classical dew of the times, that they make exceedingly stodgy reading. They show nothing of the king's own temperament and creative gift, and were calculated chiefly, one may suppose, to dazzle Europe with the erudition of Buchanan's pupil.

The treatise on Scottish poetry, and the tragedy of "Phoenix," since

allusion is exceedingly plain) did drive the Phoenix forth back to her native land, where she and her nest were burned to ashes by the sun.

The style is intricate, and the simile forced, but James's genuine grief burst through the poetic conventions, and in one stanza rings mournfully true.

*And thou (O ruthless Death) should thou devour
Her? who not only passed by all men's mind,
All other fowls in hue, and shape but more
In rareness (since there was none of her kind
But she alone) whom with thy stounds thou pined;
And at the last, hath pierced her through the heart,
But ruth, or pity, with thy mortal dart.*

The "Treatise on Scottish Poetry" is a juvenile compound of sagacity, ingeniousness, and stiff classical precepts, gleaned largely from older writers. It demonstrates clearly, even if that impression were not gained from reading his poems themselves, that James was a stickler for form. Except for the "Phoenix," and certain sonnets written later to his future queen, his verse-making was not the outpouring of an emotional and tortured heart. He did not write to ease his soul but to practice his skill. There were no fiery depths to be plumbed nor fantastic heights to scale.

His Pegasus winged comfortably along, skirting the clouds of difficulty and never quite out of sight of the ground.

James's prose, however, is another matter. It is racy and forceful, oddly humorous and apt. When there was no necessity for cramping his flow of thought into the prescribed format of a sonnet or a quatrain, the lad could allow his own wit and flair for the picturesque full rein. Witness the concluding paragraph of the introduction to the "Treatise."

I will also will you (docile Reader) that before you cummer [worry] yourself with reading these rules, you may find in yourself such a beginning of Nature as you may put in practise in your verse many of these forsaid precepts, before ever you see them as they are here set down. For if Nature be not the chief worker in this art, Rules will be but a band to Nature and will make you within short space weary of the whole art; whereas, if Nature be

chief, and bent to it, rules will be an help and staff to Nature. I will end here, lest my preface be longer than my purpose and whole matter following: wishing you, as I took earnest and willing pains to write it, as you see, for your cause, Farewell.

In Chapter VII, the king elaborates the same theme, in an equally unique manner.

But since *Invention* [he warned] is one of the chief virtues in a Poet, it is best that you invent your own subject, yourself, and not to compose of seen subjects. Especially, translating anything out of another language, which doing, you not only essay not your own ingenuity of *Invention* but by the same means you are bound, as to a stake, to follow that book's phrases which you translate.

You must also be wary of writing anything of matters of common weal or other such grave subjects (except Metaphorically of manifest truth openly known yet notwithstanding using it very delicately) because not only you essay not your own *Invention*, as I spake before, but likewise they are too grave matters for a Poet to meddle in. [James could not refrain from this shot at the political rhymesters and lampooners. He loathed criticism in print.] But because you cannot have the *Invention* except it come of Nature, I remit it thereunto, as the chief cause, not only of *Invention* but also of all other parts of Poesie. For art is only but an help and a remembrance to Nature, as I showed you in the Preface.

He included some sound advice on the making of sonnets, on avoiding false rhymes, and on the choice of words fitting for the exercise of verse-making.

"You must likewise take heed," he cautioned, "that you choose your words according to the purpose: as in a high and learned purpose, to use high, pithy and learned words. If your purpose be of love, to use common language, with some passionate words."

How to arrive at that state of emotion, which would guide the poet to select the words which might properly be termed passionate, the royal author had yet to learn.

To the end of the entire book, there appears a sonnet which gives

in the prescribed fourteen lines, not only a typical example of a picture of the poetic style of the day, but also presents the youth who had begun to take himself so seriously.

*The fecund Greek, Demosthenes by name,
His tongue was once into his youth so slow
As even that art which flourish made his fame
He scarce could name it for a time, you know.
So of small seeds the Liban cedars grow;
So of an Egg the Eagle doth proceed:
From fountains small great Nilus flood doth flow,
Even so of rawnes (roe) do mighty fishes breed,
Therefore, good Reader, when as thou does read,
These my first fruits, despise them not at all.
Who wots, but these may able be indeed
Of finer Poems the beginning small.
Then, rather love my meaning and my pains,
Than lack my dull ingyne [inventiveness] and blunted brains.*

Having once got this volume off his chest, James appeared to lose interest in poetry, and he once again turned his attention, with the coming of the spring, to hunting and hawking. Let the ministers fulminate in their pithiest and most vituperative manner against Arran and his attempt to make them observe the Episcopal rather than the Presbyterian practice of the Reformed religion. Let the treasury of Scotland remain in a perilous state, and the bickerings among the nobles continue. They were united on only one point—their hatred of the erstwhile Captain James Stewart, and their rage against his influence over the king.

Mr. Colville, the same ambassador who had gone to England with the earl's brother, Colonel Stewart, unburdened himself to Walsingham, and declared that the earl was the greatest enemy England had. Moreover, he had spoken very unreverently of her Majesty, Elizabeth! This communication was dated on the thirteenth of May. On the eighteenth, Elizabeth seized her pen in rage and wrote to James that "we were sorry to see the state of that realm [Scotland] reduced to so hard and perplexed terms." She signed the letter, ominously, "Your loving sister and cousin, if so well your merits shall require."

Sir James Melville, the trusted old friend, labored with James to put this dangerous man from him. The king asked him, who should he have about him if Arran left? Thinking, no doubt, that there was no sword upon which he could depend as upon Arran's and his brothers', and loath to part with the only person about him for whom he had any real liking.

In fact, so bitterly did Sir James resent this upstart's presence at court, that he ventured to beard the favorite at dinner. Arran answered insolently that it would pass Melville's power, or that of any man, to cause him to leave his Majesty so long as he was in danger.

"The king," retorted Melville, "is in danger for no other cause but that you are beside him."

Then, said the truthful Sir James, "I perceived that he had great misliking of me in his heart, which he bursted forth afterward, boasting to put me to the gate, if I fished any more in his waters.

"I answered, that it would pass his power, if I pleased to tarry, for I would get more honest men to take my part than he would get throat-cutters to assist him."

James reproved Arran for this verbal sally, and took a cool leave of Sir James. He told Melville that he doubted not but that he would come again when he was sent for—"which," Sir James adds, "I took forasmuch as not to come again till I was sent for."

Elizabeth's wrath, his old friend's warning—none of them had effect. Arran was made chancellor and given the captaincy of Edinburgh and Stirling castles.

A certain reliance on Arran would be understandable. After all, it was he who had removed James from the clutches of the Ruthven lords. Such a complete abnegation of his kingly powers, so soon after he once more had the reins of government in his own hands, was foolhardy and dangerous; it was born no doubt, out of an obstinate determination to show Scotland and Elizabeth that he *would* have his way, and partly out of a lazy and juvenile relief at being able to unload his most pressing cares on stouter shoulders. James's major interest in life at this time was not politics, nor arbitration, nor amelioration of the poverty in Scotland. It was hearing "the most brave cries" of the huntsmen, galloping furiously through thicket and copse after the panting stag, cheering on

the hounds at the kill. And when the long day in the open was over, it pleased him more to sit watching the flames lick up in the great stone fireplace, with the sweet music of the viols weaving in and out among his dreams, than to sweat over documents and sign decrees. Let Arran take care of that, let Arran worry about money, and about England. Arran's wife, the erstwhile Countess of March, seemed to have a good head for figures—they were already calling her the Lady Comptroller—let her write warrants for the treasurer.

And so while Arran was harrying the clergy, trying to ram Episcopalianism down their throats, James followed the buck and stag; while Arran was insulting the nobility right and left, fanning hatred into flame on all hands, James sat long at the table, and discoursed on the "peerless stile" of the Greek Homer and the Latin Virgil. While Arran was enraging Elizabeth with his treatment of Angus, Mar, and Glamis, and baiting the Lords Claud and John Hamilton, James was enveighing against the rude and unpolished English tongue, and setting Master Thomas Hudson, one of his musicians with a flair for verse, the agreeable task of translating Du Bartas' *Judith* into Scottish.

To any observers less fanatic than the vehement ministers of newly Reformed Scotland, it would have seemed that there was nothing so monstrously wrong with this regime. James was careless, and pleasure-loving. He also liked belles lettres better than state documents. Was that so horrible a misdemeanor in a young man of twenty?

In a modern world he would have appeared too goody-goody to be true. He heard the word of God almost daily—that is to say on Sundays, both forenoon and afternoon, on Wednesdays and on Fridays, besides listening to a chapter (with some exposition), after every meal. This, of course, before those discussions on literature in which he so delighted. Moreover, he never stayed away from church, without letting the preacher know. In point of fact, his tolerance and patience in sitting under St. Giles arched roof and hearing himself railed at and called all the names to which an articulate clergy could lay tongue, was nothing short of Job-like. Occasionally when some over-zealous brother went too far, as did Mr. James Gibson, and compared the grave and sober young man before him to Jeroboam, the wicked king and idolator, the royal temper gave way, and the offender would find himself im-

mured in Edinburgh Castle or in the more noisome and rock-lined dungeon of Blackness.

But in the main, James treated those about him with remarkable good nature, and gave every evidence of being a well-behaved and sedate young prince. He swore a good deal, to the sorrow of the more strait-laced (what would they have said to Elizabeth's oaths, the mildest of which invariably included the name of the Deity?), but even his detractors had to admit that his behavior was staid, with no trace of licentiousness. In fact, he persisted in remaining so very chaste that one or two old courtiers who had known his grandfather James V shook their heads and wondered if Stuart blood really ran in this lad's veins.

Mr. James Gibson and his ilk would have been only too pleased to have unearthed a peccadillo or two, which they could have shouted from the pulpit. There were "flatterers, carnal atheists, seditious and bloody idolaters, licentious libertines, filthy harlots, hellish witches and such other devilish counsellors" about him, but James himself blushed all too easily in the presence of ladies, stammered with embarrassment, fumbled with the lace at his throat, completely at ease only with his cherished Lady Minny.

The sly wit in his blue eyes, the slightly pompous bearing, the utter inability of this young king to make small talk and pay petty compliments left feminine hearts cold. And for his part, he would rather hear the *rechate* of the huntsman's horn than kiss the sweetest lips in Scotland.

And so in the forests about Falkland, about Stirling and Linlithgow there was tramping of hooves, and jingling of horses' bits throughout the spring of 1586. Long cavalcades of noisy men in hunters' green broke through the glades and hollows, and quiet hillsides rang with the deep-throated baying of the king's favorite hunting dog, Tell True. James hallooed with the best of them and did his utmost to forget that several hundred miles to the south a red-headed woman with a hawk nose and steely eyes was highly displeased at the course of events in Scotland.

For a young man so skilled in politics, so thoroughly acquainted with the temper of his nobility and the mettle of his dearest sister the Queen of England, he showed a singularly ostrich-like attitude. If he

James I of England

had not been so engrossed in enjoying himself, he might have scented danger. And yet, it is not surprising that he did not, for the danger came from quite an unexpected source.

If James had not learned by past experience, Elizabeth had. At this perilous time, she made an adroit move. She sent Sir Edward Wotton as her ambassador to the Scottish court—a man of culture and refinement, young and not too unpleasing to the eye. Further, she sent with him as a present to his Scottish Majesty, eight couple of buckhounds and some fair horses. Wotton's instructions were concise and crafty. He was not "to fasche [bother] his Majesty with negotiations nor country affairs, but to engage in honest pastimes, such as hunting, hawking, and horse-riding; and to use friendly and merry discourses as one come lately out of Italy and Spain, exercised in languages and customs of countries, and a great lover of his Majesty's right and title to the crown of England."

"He became," remarks Sir James Melville, "one of his Majesty's most familiar minions, and waited on him at all field pastimes. But he had more hurtful fetches[!] in his head against his Majesty, than any Englishman that had been before."

The hurtful fetches included: sounding James out on the league with England discussed during the last months of his captivity under the Ruthven Raiders; trying him out tactfully on the subject of his marriage with the King of Denmark's daughter; secretly setting on foot a plot to assassinate Arran; and lastly, touching delicately on the subject of the once-discussed association with his mother. The league with its accompanying pension was the only one of these matters on which James expressed himself favorably; on the others, particularly on Mary and her plight, he carefully refrained from commenting. But as for the horses and hounds! He wrote to the English queen in transports of delight.

By no deeds, much less writings [his enthusiastic pen flew over the paper] can I worthily requite your using of me. For setting aside your loving dispatch—as also the directing toward me of so honorable and wise a gentleman, so well affected to the amity and so well thought of by you as Edward Wotton [clever Wotton!]

with a number of so fair and good horses, as he brought, the most acceptable present that ever came to me—setting aside, I say, these forsaid tokens and proofs of your inward friendship, your only memorial touching the horses sent to me with your forsaid ambassador, hath more bound me unto you than any letters, presents, or deeds of amity, that ever ye have or could have bestowed upon me. For not only were the words thereof most loving, but also the purpose discovered such kind carefulness in you over me, as it seemed rather to have proceeded from some *alter ego* than from any strange and foreign prince, which I can on no ways requite, but by offering unto you my person, and all that is mine to be used and employed by you as a loving mother would use her natural and devoted child. Thus, praying you ever to use and employ me so, I pray most humbly the Creator, Madame and dearest Mother, to preserve you from all your foes whatsoever to cast them in their own snares, as he did Haman and to increase your days in all honour, and happiness as they have ever yet been. Your most loving and devoted brother and son, James R.

His Madame and dearest Mother had completely pulled the wool over his eyes.

Engaged as she was in using every means to gain her ends, Elizabeth in her letters during these months re-echoed nothing of this fervor, but instead, in the beautiful and ringing English which she could write so well, reached an unbelievable apex of duplicity and clever falsehood.

I hope you will remember [she warned James at the height of Sir Edward's negotiations] that who seeketh two strings to one bow, they may shoot strong, but never straight; and if you suppose that princes causes be veiled so covertly that no intelligence may betray them, deceive not yourself. We old foxes can find shifts to save ourselves by others' malice and come by knowledge of greatest secret, specially if it touch our freehold. It cometh therefore, all our rank to deal sincerely, lest if we use it not, when we do it, we be hardly believed. *I write this not, my dear brother for doubt, but for remembrances.*

James I of England

Sir Edward Wotton's mission and connivance finally accomplished the downfall of the brave captain who had wielded his sword so stoutly in the Low Countries, but who had so shortsightedly overplayed his hand in Scotland. By the activity of one Master of Gray (the same polished and opportunistic nobleman who had brought Esmé's son over from France) the banished lords, Mar, Angus and Glamis were finally reconciled with the Lords Claud and John Hamilton. Lord Maxwell, who had succeeded to the title of the Earl of Morton, joined their party with soldiers and military experience behind him.

Sir Edward had only arrived in Scotland in May, 1585. So very merry and friendly had his discourses been, so thorough-going his plotting, that by the thirty-first of October the banished lords with a force of eight thousand men were hammering at the gates of Stirling. Arran knew danger when he saw it. He fled in the night with a single horseman, and next day, James's old friend Johnnie Slaites, with his two companions in exile and Lord Arbroath, the head of the once-detested house of Hamilton, entered the castle, and fell on their knees before the king.

"My Lord," he said to Hamilton, "I never saw you before, but you were a faithful servant of the queen my mother, and of all this company have been the most wronged. But for the rest of you, if you have been exiles, was it not your own fault? To you all, who I believe meant no harm to my person, I am ready, remembering nothing that is past, to give my hand and heart; on one condition—that you carry yourselves henceforth as dutiful subjects."

For perhaps the thousandth time since they had been raised, stone on creaking stone, the Palace walls of Stirling resounded to fair speeches and promises of good behavior on both sides. James, fully aware that he was once more in the hands of those who had so lately perpetrated "the heinous crime of lèse majesty" and been declared traitors, adapted himself to this new turn of affairs with the best grace he could, and at once returned to the hunting field. Arran fled to the west coast, there to live as plain Captain Stewart for the rest of his days, and the lords who had backed him were taken into custody. A new vice-chancellor, John Maitland (son of the blind poet Sir Richard), a clever and painstaking advisor, was elevated from the secretaryship of state and began slowly to

gather in the reins of government. At last James had a statesman beside him at the helm.

It was the same story over again—the rise of a favorite, the accumulation of power into his hands, his overthrow when that power became too overweeningly exercised, his banishment, and the imprisonment of those who had stood by him. The Master of Gray reported to Elizabeth that the banished men were in as good favor as they ever enjoyed, and advised her to conclude the much-talked-of league between England and Scotland as speedily as might be.

For once, Elizabeth acted decisively. She forthwith sent Sir William Knolles to treat of the matter, and upon his heels, the experienced old diplomat, Thomas Randolph. She had a deep and very sinister reason for wanting the pact signed, and signed quickly.

By the spring of 1586 Randolph had secured James's signature, and had hustled the precious document back to Elizabeth for the decisive "Elizabeth, R," written with such intricate scrolls and flourishes as the Virgin Queen practiced to avoid forgery of her name. In May, the treaty was finally ratified, against the protests of some of the older and wiser heads among James's councilors. They would have liked to see specific mention made of the fact that James was to inherit the English throne. Between the time when he so hastily wrote his name, and the final proceedings, James himself began to regret his precipitousness, for he discovered that Elizabeth, in quite characteristic pain at having to part with money, had cut down his pension from 20,000 marks yearly, to a niggardly £4,000. However, there was nothing for it, and at last the two kingdoms agreed: to practice the Protestant religion, to stand together in case of foreign invasion, to deliver up all rebels harbored within either country or compel them to depart the realm, and to abstain from making contracts with foreign states prejudicial to the league. All former treaties of amity between the predecessors of the two princes were to remain in force, and upon James's reaching the age of twenty-five, the league was to be confirmed by Parliament—Elizabeth promising the same for her part.

In the main, it was a sensible and workable agreement between England and Scotland, infinitely to the advantage of both countries. There was only one person to whose advantage it was not, one person

to whom the league spelled death. James had not mentioned her, and Elizabeth had not let a word slip past her pen, or from the lips of her ambassadors. But hardly was the ink upon the document dry, before Walsingham, Elizabeth's perfect spy-master, began to set in motion the complicated machinery of letter-stealing, chicanery, and forgery which was to bring Mary Stuart to the scaffold. At last Walsingham and Elizabeth could pluck the bosom serpent forth and crush her.

The care to which she went, the infinite craftiness and slyness with which the English queen bound up every thread in one well-knitted, iron-tight mesh about Mary Stuart, the finesse with which she jockeyed James into exactly the position from which he could do the least harm--this was consummate statesmanship of the most disreputable order.

Shortly after the league had been ratified, Elizabeth contrived to have Archibald Douglas received at James's court. The doughty Archibald, although of the ancient and honorable family of Douglas, had a reputation which stank in every honest nostril. He had been positively implicated in the murder of Darnley and had adroitly managed to have his servant executed for complicity in that act.

Thereafter he had had to flee Scotland, but had been agreeably employed in the interim in the fascinating pursuit of playing traitor. He had at one time attached himself to Mary and promptly sold her secrets to Walsingham, and was not above suspicion of having also spied on Elizabeth for Mary. James had steadfastly refused to have him back in Scotland, but at last, upon Elizabeth's insistence, he was allowed to return. It was so very important to Elizabeth to have some one who could insidiously inflame James's mind against his mother!

Further, the English queen began a campaign against the Jesuits, intended to rouse James to the proper pitch of hatred for the Pope. Every letter had a sly dig, every line carried its implications.

"I thank God," she wrote him, "that you beware so soon of Jesuits, that have been the course of all these treacheries in this realm, and will spread, like an evil wide, if at the first, they be not wiped out. Far be it from Scotland to harbor any such, and therefore I wish your good providence may be duly executed, for else laws resemble cobwebs, whence great bees get out by breaking, and small flies stick fast for weakness."

The results of this tremendous and concerted English effort bore good fruit. James had been apprised of Mary's supposed implication in the famous Babington plot, which sought to bring the Spaniards to England, to kill Elizabeth and put the Scottish queen back on the throne. He had even viewed her accusation with a good deal of equanimity. France was aghast at the temerity of so treating an anointed princess, but the anointed princess' son was in no such frenzy as His Most Christian Majesty would have liked to see. Of course, James knew that his mother had been, for all the long years of her captivity, the pivotal point about which the hopes of all the Catholics in England and Scotland swung. He knew she had been conniving with Catholics on the Continent. Had he not, under Esmé's instigation, even toyed with the idea of securing her freedom for her? It could not have surprised him greatly to learn that she was accused of guilty knowledge of Anthony Babington's sanguinary plans, whether she actually had had it or not.

This haste on the part of France to aid the accused princess was really making things very awkward for him. That honor of his still pricked uneasily, but had she not written to one of her correspondents that she would think herself much obliged to the King of Spain if he would receive her son and make him be instructed and reduced to the Catholic religion, which was the thing in the world she most desired? Moreover, in the same letter, had she not called him a tyrant and a persecutor of the Catholic Church, and advised that if he refused to join the Spanish enterprise for her freedom, he be seized and turned over to the Pope?

For that matter, had not his mother been a thorn in the flesh, if not a bosom serpent, all the days of his life? Had she not been responsible for most of the troubles which had come upon him?

"Nay," he said to M. de Courcelles, the anxious envoy of the King of France, "my mother is in no danger; as for the conspiracy, she must be contented to drink the ale she has brewed."

"Your Highness," pleaded M. de Courcelles, "but think. Do you not love your mother?"

James turned on him.

James I of England

"I love her," he said, flushing with annoyance, "as much as nature and duty bind me. But I know well she bears me as little good will as she does the Queen of England. Her practices have already nearly cost me my crown."

"What would you have her do?" asked the Frenchman.

"I would be well content," said James drawing his brows together over the eyes that were so like hers, "I would be well content that she should meddle with nothing but prayer and serving God."

He was too hopeful. On the twenty-fifth of October, 1586, the Commissioners of the Star Chamber reviewed the proofs (probably forgeries) of the Scottish queen's intent to take Elizabeth's life and pronounced sentence upon her.

Of all the fickle conditions in which James had ever found himself, this was the worst. Indignation flared up at the Scottish court and his most cautious lords were for taking the most drastic steps. The King of France immediately sent an ambassador to England, to plead for Mary. If neighboring princes had thought James but a beast for suffering the indignity of the Ruthven Raid, what would they think of him now?

His mother doomed to death, by an English court, for participation in a plot to kill Elizabeth? No, he could not believe she meant to go so far—and perhaps, for the first time, an actual picture swam before his eyes of the worn and tired woman who had kept such a stout heart for twenty years in her English prison. She had been young once, and lovely. She had loved hunting, too, and had ridden bravely after the hounds, laughing and chattering in her clear voice. She had loved masques and dancing, fine verse, and gay music. Did not many of the books in his library bear the signature *Marie R* in high bold letters? Had not the very jeweled buttons in his doublet once belonged to her?

In the beautiful square chamber at Holyrood, paneled in wood, which had been her audience chamber, James sat beneath the twined monogram M and H (Marie and Henry, his father and mother) and sobbed for very perplexity and anger.

By God, but Madame, his dearest sister of England, had overreached herself this time! What! Behead his mother, and he a king?



MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS

National Portrait Gallery

Madame [he addressed Elizabeth coldly when it became certain that the English Parliament had ratified the death sentence], It seems strange to me that the nobility and counsellours of England should take upon them to sentence a Queen of Scotland and one descended of the Royal Blood of England, yet I would think it monstrous injustice for your Virgin Majesty to stain your hands with the blood and death of my dear mother, a lady of incomparable excellency in the world's opinion and of the same Royal condition and sex with yourself. So if it should be resolved, I desire you to consider how my honour stands engaged, that is her son and a King, to suffer my mother an absolute Princess to be put to an infamous death.

He sent Sir William Keith to London with instructions to cooperate with the French ambassador, and to use strong terms to Elizabeth—surely no longer his “alter ego.” He also wrote a plain and unvarnished statement of his plight to Archibald Douglas, who was then in London.

Fail not to let her [Elizabeth] see this letter and would God she might see the inward parts of my heart, where she should see a great jewel of honesty towards her locked upon a coffer of perplexity—she only having the key which by her good behaviour in that case may be open. Guess ye in what straight my honour will be in, this unhap being perfected; since before God I already scarcely dare go abroad for crying out of the whole people. And what is spoken by them of the Queen of England it grieves me to hear, and yet dare not find fault with it except I would dethrone myself, so is whole Scotland incensed with this matter. As you love your Master's honour omit no diligence in this request.

Here was the crux of the matter. If James could only avoid having to choose between a mother and a throne! He pointed out to Elizabeth that executing his mother would inflame the Papists with a cruel desire of revenge, and that her death would rather stir up than quench factions which would find a new head, more formidable than a sickly woman.

It was too late for logic.

The English people were not only too sure (as the result of rumors

skillfully spread) that Mary was bringing the Spaniards down upon them, and that by the very act of drawing breath she threatened their queen. There was no retreating for Elizabeth. After all, she and Walsingham knew that even *in extremis* James would do nothing to injure his prospects of the English crown.

Henry VIII's daughter swore by God's Passion that she had had enough of Mary, and refused to listen to the frantic plans which Sir William and the French were offering to save the Scottish queen's life. Sir Robert Melville and the Master of Gray, who had hastened to London to reinforce Sir William Keith and Archibald Douglas, pleaded for a stay of execution if it were only for eight days.

"No!" cried Elizabeth, "not for one hour!"

On the fifth of February, 1587, Mr. Davison, secretary to the English queen, laid some papers before his royal mistress for her signature. She read them over, called for pen and ink, selected one, deliberately signed it, and commanded that it be taken to the chancellor to be sealed, and not to let her hear about it further until the deed was done.

That same day she sent a letter off to Edinburgh, which left no hope.

"Your commissioners tell me," she came straight to the point, "that I may trust her [Mary] in the hands of some indifferent prince, and have all her cousins and allies promise she will no more seek my ruin! Dear brother and cousin, weigh in true and equal balance whether they lack not much good ground when such stuff serves for their building. [The trenchant phrase, the precise forceful term, never failed her, even at moments of high tragedy.] Suppose you I am so mad to trust my life in another's hand and send it out of my own? Old Master Melvil hath years enough to teach him more wisdom than to tell a prince of any judgment such a contrarious, frivolous, maimed reason."

The coffer of perplexity was never to be unlocked.

On the eighth of February, Mary Queen of Scots, richly dressed in black satin, carrying a crucifix, emblem of that faith which had been her undoing, was led upon the scaffold at Fotheringay Castle.

Her last letter, written to her brother-in-law Henry III of France only a few hours before her execution, recommended her son into his keeping in so far as he merited, for she, herself, could not answer for him.

On the nineteenth of February her son received private word of the execution. The next day he sent Mr. George Young to Berwick to meet the English messenger Sir Robert Carey. On the twenty-third, Mr. George Young returned, with the official news of Mary's death.

James listened to him dully and, refusing food, went to his bed-chamber. What would Elizabeth have seen now, could she have looked into the windows of his breast? Rising, he rode to Dalkeith, with only his personal servants about him. He desired, he said, to be left in solitude. He must think out a way in which to answer for himself.

V. GENTLE KING JAMIE GOES OVER THE SEA

IT is a terrible thing, at twenty, to have one's vanity brought sharply into deadlock against the heart's dearest ambition. At twenty, the opinions of others matter so deeply; it is so important to be well-liked, well thought of, commended as a sage fellow for one's years.

In his retirement at Kalkeith, James heard, clairaudiently, the blast of censure and indignation which would most surely resound throughout the courts of Europe at his mother's ignominious death. Elizabeth would be hailed as a murderess, in spite of her fervent falsehoods declaring that the deed was done without her knowledge. But what about him? Would not he, too, come in for scathing blame and contempt as an accessory after the fact? Would not every prince upon the continent revile him as a poltroon and coward if he did not leap instantly to arms?

James could already feel the blasts of condemnation. But he knew that it would be futile to lead a Scottish army across the English border. It would only mean another Flodden for Scotland, and it would place the English crown upon another head than his.

His grandfather James V might have ridden out of Edinburgh at the head of an infuriated army, allowing the wholesale fury of the population to sway his judgment. His great-grandfather James IV would have called for his armor, and leapt upon his war-horse the moment the news was proclaimed. James VI was of less gallant and far saner stuff. He would not, could not, declare war upon England.

Francis Stuart, the hot-headed Lord Admiral, nephew of that first Bothwell who had been Mary's undoing, smote upon his breast with his mailed glove, and refused to don mourning. The best "dule weed" for such a time, he said, was a mailed coat. The brothers Hamilton, Lord Claud and the Lord of Arbroath, always Mary's friends, offered at an instant's notice to raise three thousand men and carry fire and

sword to the gate of Newcastle. By James's positive orders, they were restrained. There was to be no open show of enmity toward England.

There was instead, a letter penned in James's own hand to the quivering English queen.

Madame and dearest sister, whereas by your letter and bearer, Robert Carey, ye purge yourself of yon unhappy fact, as on the one part, considering your rank and sex, cansanguinity and long professed good will to the defunct, together with your many and solemn attestations of your innocence, I dare not wrong you so far as not to judge honourably of your unspotted part therein, so, on the other side, I wish that your honourable behaviour in all times hereafter may fully persuade the whole world of the same. And as for my part, I look that ye will give me, at this time, such a full satisfaction in all respects as shall be a means to strengthen and unite this isle, establish and maintain the true religion, and oblige me to be, as of before I was, your most loving . . .

There is no personal grief here. "Yon unhappy fact" was a huge political embarrassment, but it did not pierce James's heart, and the memory of the "defunct" could not bring hot tears to his eyelids, as had the news of Esmé's death. The Catholics in Europe might mourn her as a lost figurehead for their plotting. Her own son, taught to regard her suspiciously from the moment he was old enough to know he had a mother, felt only a clandestine relief at the death of this troublesome, beautiful queen.

Like every man who bears a sense of guilty remissness within him, he tried to push all memory of this "uncouth, unkindly murder" deep into the background of his thoughts and at once filled his mind with hopes and plans directed toward the future.

This was not only a defense mechanism to keep the memory of his wrongdoing from gnawing at his inward peace. It was, far more, a gentle relapse into the juvenile and romantic idealism which had begun to engulf him, insulating him softly from the unpleasant realities about him.

Long before his mother's death, James had dreamed that he, by dint of his own influence and cleverness could bring about peace between

James I of England

his nobles, a peace which would benefit Scotland immeasurably, and make of his poor feud-torn country a vale of gentleness and an abode of bliss. This dream was not his alone. It had caught the fancy of every Scottish king for centuries, but none had lived long enough to see it actually come true. He would begin now, in his young years, and try to make the lions and the lambs of Scotland lie down together.

This accomplished, his dreams would sweep him on to that other great experience which awaited him.

At twenty, this lad brought up almost entirely among men, began reluctantly to think of love. Not gross sexual love, but a knight-in-armor kind of love, which could place some adored figure of feminine gentleness and goodness upon a pedestal. This mythical lady must not only be capable of bearing children for him (there had been some unpleasant rumors afloat that James, like Elizabeth, was of "barren stock") but also she must be his companion and helpmeet. She must listen to his plans and ambitions, laugh at his wit, commend his learning, and love him as reverently as he would love her. She must, in short, lavish the affection upon him which he had had from no woman in his life (with the exception of the doting but inconsequent Lady Minny).

The flowering of this chivalrous ideal in the young king's soul sprang from his own great inner need and from his painful knowledge that he was definitely deficient in the power to please women. James had a wincing presentiment that he lacked sex appeal and that he would be as clumsy as a puppy at casual lovemaking. Therefore, he had reserved himself, waiting, held back half out of fear and half because, boyish idealist that he was, he wanted to lay a chaste heart at the feet of his bride. The force of circumstances and his own nervous sensitiveness thus strangely combined to make a Galahad of a boy whose father had been the most notorious rake at court and whose maternal grandfather had scattered bastards from one end of Scotland to the other.

Where to look for this ephemeral charmer? What wealthy king's daughter (to be practical about it at the same time) could he make his consort? There had been, two years ago, some mention of a marriage with one of the young princesses of Denmark. Matters had even gone so far that a cortege of Danish noblemen had appeared at court and been rudely snubbed by Arran, who at that time had promised Elizabeth

to keep James unmarried for three years. They had sailed back to Denmark with far from encouraging reports, and even the arrival of Mr. Peter Young in Copenhagen shortly thereafter, had failed to convince the Danish king, Frederick II, that the young Scottish prince had serious intentions. Perhaps it would be possible to turn to Denmark again?

Arousing himself from the lethargy into which his mother's death and the spinning of his own daydreams had sent him, James suddenly became the naive, whimsical young man of action that he usually fancied himself to be.

He called a convention of the nobility in May, 1587, and put his two dearest projects before them—a general amity and his marriage.

The meeting got off to a characteristic Scottish start. The Earl of Crawford and the fire-eater Bothwell had high words over which should vote first. Their followers sprang to arms, challenged each other to singular combat, and were forcibly restrained from fighting, although both sides were "well willing." The Earl of Angus and Lord Fernyhurst were also at daggers' points over the cutting of some wood, and the general temper of the whole meeting was peppery.

James quelled the disturbers with lofty equanimity. He refused to allow cold reality and the habitual bad temper of his peers to lure him from the pursuit of his ideal. With Crawford and Bothwell glaring at each other like two mastiffs, he rose before the assembled Estates and made an earnest harangue. Outside, the May sunshine spattered the gray city of Edinburgh with light and cheerfulness. Within, the lords sat shifting and ill at ease, fumbling with their golden chains, aware of an almost crackling enmity that licked from Angus to Fernyhurst, from Fleming to Hume; chafing under the restraint which kept them listening to this boy who wasted time on words.

Stammering a little, as he often did when he spoke before many people, James told them that he was now of "perfect age," and reminded them that he would shortly celebrate his twenty-first birthday. He said that there were many weighty affairs to be settled, and called upon them—his nobility—to help him. But first, he made it plain, they must be reconciled among themselves and act unitedly for the pleasure of God, for his, James's own standing, and the general welfare of the country.

"Before God," he protested solemnly, "I love nothing so much as a perfect union and reconciliation."

Crawford and Bothwell, thinking of their late disagreement, fingered the handles of their dirks furtively. James left them no time to ponder further on their grievances, but passed swiftly to the second project which had been occupying his thoughts. What advice, he demanded, could they give him upon the subject of his marriage, and would they help him in this all important matter?

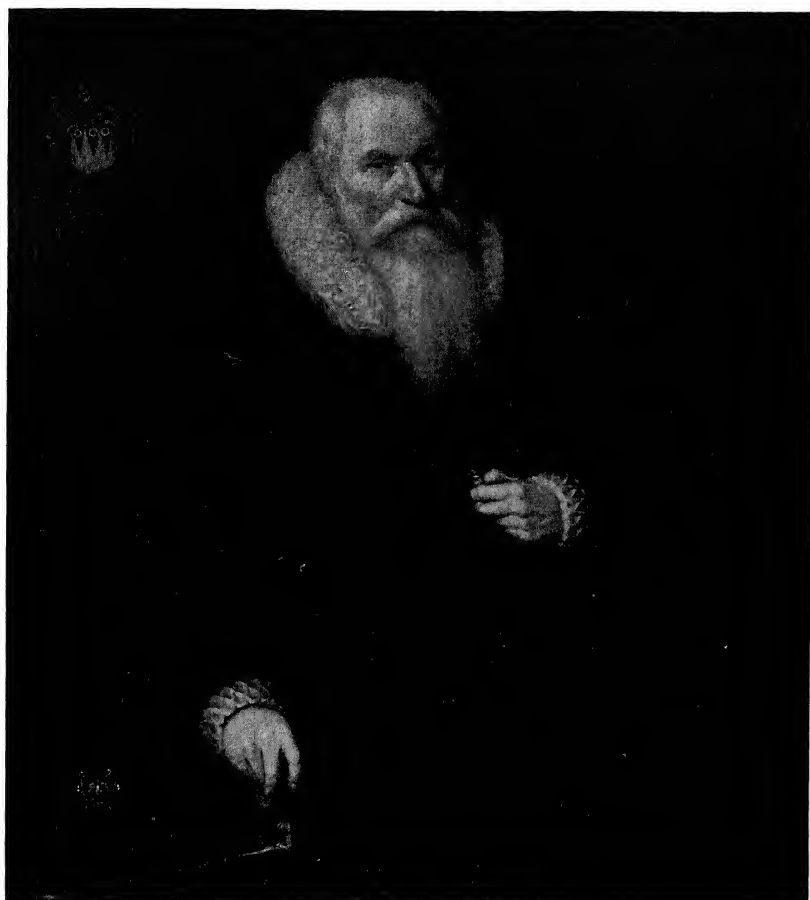
The tension in the air appears to have lessened, for with one voice they declared themselves to be his true lieges to command as he saw fit, and there began a discussion as to which European princess should be honored by an offer. Some were for turning to the princess of Navarre (Elizabeth of England had financial interests at the court of Navarre), but the majority voted to send another commission to Denmark, and try to warm up the affair with the Danish Princess Elisabeth. Mr. Peter Young, now pensioned in the post of King's Almoner, and the Laird of Bairnbarro were selected as delegates and instructed to repair to Copenhagen to "break the matter."

James felt suddenly grown up, and really important. He was a man now. He was treating of marriage, and seeking out a princess. He was compelling this bloodthirsty swashbuckling nobility of his to keep the peace, and break off their incessant silly feuds. His dreams were coming true. Caught up in the glamour of his success, he fell upon a plan which should show the world that James of Scotland knew how to break the tough spirit of his wild barons. He would give a banquet. He would make them drink to peace and amity. Better, he would make them do it with the eyes of the whole country upon them.

Forthwith an invitation was sent out from Holyrood for the evening of the fifteenth of May. James, the master showman, sat at a small table apart from the long board, and faced his lords with a humorous twinkle in his eyes. What manner of play-acting, they muttered to themselves, was this?

"My Lords," said James, rising, with a beaker in his hand, "I have bid you here to celebrate with me the cause of peace and concord amongst you. I drink to you, and to your friendship with each other."

A little shamefaced, the long table arose as one man and honored



JAMES' TUTOR, PETER YOUNG

National Gallery of Scotland

the king. Crawford and Bothwell bowed stiffly. What trick was this, to make them pledge their most loathed enemies?

They sat. The servers dished up the capons, the poultry, the quartered lamb, the sides of beef. The cupbearers filled each beaker with wine.

"My Lords!" cried James, rising again, "for the second time I pledge you, and bid you forget your ancient grudges for the sake of peace. Skoal!"

Again the belted earls, the barons, and the proud stubborn lords, stood and drank. "God's word!" they said to themselves, "but this is child's nonsense."

They sat once more, and gentlemen servers brought on the pastry pies, the meat pies, and the wild meat—hares and quail and ducks.

"My Lords," cried James, and rose for the third time. "Skoal! I drink to you and to your eternal amity. And I shall be a mortal enemy to him who first breaks this pledge. Skoal!"

The wine had begun to warm hearts and brains. "Skoal!" cried the lords. Let the boy have his game. They turned to pledge each other—Crawford and Bothwell, Angus and Fernyhurst. Skoal!

But where were the sweetmeats? The nuts and fruits and comfits?

"My Lords," said James, "the better to display your new-won amity, I will now bid you walk with me, hand in hand, to the Mercat Cross, that the hearts of the populace may be gladdened with the sight of so many loving friends. The baillies and the provost of the City have set up tables there, furnished with wine and sweetmeats, that we may continue with our feast."

Biting their lips, half in rage and half in laughter, these men, who had most of them rather fight each other than drink, lined up behind the king, who sallied forth, Lord Hamilton, the leading peer, upon his right hand, and his even more trusted vice-chancellor, Maitland, upon his left. Behind came Esmé's son Ludovic, Duke of Lennox, with Lord Claud Hamilton, and, hand in hand, the Earls of Angus and Montrose, Huntly and March, Crawford and the Master of Glamis, down to the last stout laird. Thus linked they marched, clanking through the Canongate, past the Tolbooth and the Tron up to the Mercat Cross, where, sure enough, they found dessert waiting for them, and a gaping audi-

ence of citizenry to watch them eat. Such burghers as were interested (and all Edinburgh was positively agog) hung out the window and over the stair landings, to observe this troupe of elegantly caparisoned peers, already slightly befuddled from the many skoals, marching two by two, clinging sheepishly to each other's hands.

As the king came in sight of the Mercat Cross, the trumpeters on the gallery below the unicorn blew sweetly, musicians sang, and all manner of ragged little boys ran about and got underfoot, while their elders scrambled for the wine which was poured out for them.

Once more the lords were forced to empty beakers to their dearest enemies, and then the "gibbets at the Cross were broken down with fire balls and fire spears" (an amazing display and waste of good gun powder) and sweetmeats were tossed into the streets from the gaily tapestried outer stair landings.

At last darkness began to fall, and the supply of wine grew visibly less. The peers did not look quite so sheepish now, as hand in hand they marched back toward Holyrood by the same way they had come, warmed by the wine, while the Castle guns thundered and the tipsy citizens cheered till the closes echoed.

James was delighted at the success of his original maneuver, for it really seemed as if peace were to settle on Scotland at last. Actually, the Convention dispersed in amicable order, and for a short space the seizing of lands and cattle, the burning and the reprisals slackened noticeably.

He moved in a haze of well-being and youthful energy. His ambassadors had sailed to Denmark, his nobles had pledged themselves to peace, and to crown his delight the French poet Du Bartas, one of his youthful enthusiasms, came from Henry of Navarre to pay a visit to the Scottish court. Now until his expectant heart should be eased by news of a bride he could pass the time by immersing himself in a benign bath of literary activity and displaying his learning to the Frenchman.

Together they composed sonnets, read poetry, hunted in the countryside. James could not bear to let his visitor go without showing off his recalcitrant Presbyterians and parading his power to quell them. So they listened to lectures at St. Andrews, and heckled poor Mr. Andrew

Melville, the preceptor in theology, relenting afterwards and carousing in the College Hall "very merrily a good while."

This was the kind of life James loved—good talk, good verse, quick tongues and wits to match his own. There was only one drawback to Du Bartas. He *would* interpolate remarks about the suitability of Catherine of Navarre as James's bride.

If only the ambassadors would come back with hopeful news from Denmark! In August Mr. Peter and the Laird of Bairnbarro returned sadly. They brought the discouraging tidings that Elisabeth was already promised to the Duke of Brunswick, but that Anna, the second daughter, of whom they could obligingly furnish a miniature, was free. The vision of a tender and loving spouse still lodged in James's fantasy. Studying the little picture, could he endow her with the features of Anna, that sharp pointed nose, the little petulant mouth, the lovely white Danish skin and dark-blue eyes? He sighed and wondered.

And in the meantime the winter of 1587–88 came on, and passage by ship to Scandinavian ports was hopeless. James throttled his heart and settled down to writing. He brought out some flowery sonnets on his recent guest, Du Bartas, some learned comments and paraphrases upon the Bible, and some sermons against Papists and Spaniards. These latter were unbelievably dull, but they soothed the fears of those who knew that the Earl of Huntly had been conniving to offer Philip of Spain some Scottish help in his proposed onslaught on England. It is certain that a good deal of skullduggery was going on under James's nose, and that his Catholic subjects were plotting and counterplotting with all their old zeal. It was certainly not for lack of warning from Elizabeth that he failed to persecute Romanists vigorously. That remorseful woman had dared to write him in May after his mother's death, offering to drink of the water of the river of Lethe, and cautioning him against Spaniards and Papists almost weekly thereafter. Where they once get footing, she warned him, they will suffer few feet but their own.

Those close to him knew that he never intended to join forces with Philip, that he never actually encouraged the cause of Catholicism, and that he abhorred the Pope to the depths of his Protestant soul. Only it was beyond human nature not to want to hold the Catholic menace over

the heads of his leather-tongued ministry, who took such pleasure in upbraiding him, and not to annoy Elizabeth, by giving her little pricking causes for alarm.

The paraphrases of the Bible sowed the seeds of more momentous fruit. They were written by a lad of twenty-one, schooled in the classics, steeped in theology, speaking a tongue almost as alien to the sound of English as Danish or Norwegian, but yet most obviously caught up in the lilt and majesty of the written language. Twenty-five years before he set English scholars to translating the Bible, James paraphrased the first chapter of Revelations.

And when I turned me to see the voice, I did see seven Candlesticks, representing these seven Churches: And in the midst of them the figure of the Son of man, representing him, clothed with a side garment for gravity, and girded about the paps with a girdle of Gold for glory: His head and hair were white as white Wool or Snow for innocence, and his eyes were bright like flames of fire to signify his all-seeing knowledge. His feet were of brass, brightly flaming as in a furnace, to declare his standing in Eternity. And his voice like the sounding of many waters, representing his Majesty in command.

The same passage in the King James Version reads:

And I turned to see the voice that spake with me. And being turned I saw the seven gold candlesticks:

And in the midst of the seven candlesticks, one like unto the Son of man, clothed with a garment down to the foot, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle.

His head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow and his eyes were as a flame of fire:

And his feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace; and his voice as the sound of many waters.

Prowess with his pen was James's adolescent defense against the physical inferiorities with which he had to contend. It was also a genuine emotional outlet for a nervous and uncertain nature, happily endowed with the gift of words, and truly aware of their most puissant magic.

But, as the older and wiser heads about the court advised him, theological authorship was bringing him no nearer his matrimonial goal. Indeed when summer came, and he could escape from the high-ceilinged rooms at Holyrood, and hunt again in the parks and forest glades, the blood stirred hotter within him, and his own desires led him to look again and again at the miniature Mr. Peter had brought back. Let them hurry with this matter of a bride!

As luck would have it, Colonel Stewart, that intrepid soldier and decisive man of action, was just arriving home from abroad. Here was a fellow who knew how to push things—let him go to Denmark and see what James might “look for touching the marriage.”

With characteristic vim, the colonel set sail in August.

While he was gone, the Elizabethan faction at the Scottish court began to raise doubts. Suppose the colonel, too, came back with tepid answers? Suppose the King of Denmark was only playing with James, luring him on, all to no purpose? Where would this marriage question stand then? You should consider, they said, this Princess of Navarre. True, she may be six or eight years older than your Grace, but she is a Protestant, and her brother Henry will one day most certainly be King of France. What a valuable alliance that would be! Had not your Highness better put her in good humor, in case the colonel returns empty-handed?

Therefore a letter was sent off—replete with flowery phrases—to the totally indifferent Catherine. James, as was diplomatically correct, spoke of her many virtues, of the burning desire he had to see her, of the impossibility of achieving that desire, of the love he bore her and always would. He signed himself “Yours most affectionately forever,” and promptly forgot about her.

For Colonel Stewart was home again, with word that in spite of the death of Frederick II, Scotland might look for a great deal in Denmark.

In fact all that was needed was a dowry settlement, since Frederick had instructed his son Christian, who followed him, just how to handle the matter.

James's Scandinavian romance might burst into full bloom after all. The inclement winds and haphazard navigation on the North Sea in

James I of England

winter prevented any immediate action, but in the spring, the Convention of the Estates named George Keith, the dark and handsome Earl of Marshall, as ambassador to Denmark, and ordered him to Copenhagen forthwith, to be accompanied by the Lord Dingwall, the Constable of Dundee and Mr. John Skene, advocate.

These gentlemen, continuing along the trail blazed by Colonel Stewart, "passed forward in their ambassage magnificently," so magnificently, that before James could really grasp the fact that his smoldering dreams might at last come true, the ambassage was back again with terms for his signature. The Orkney Islands were to be held in escrow, as it were, pending Christian's majority, but there would be a dowry of 75,000 thalers, and a bridal gift of another 150,000 to follow.

Anna's features on the little ivory picture smiled at him graciously. The nose seemed a little less sharp, the mouth less querulous. Gold coins danced before his eyes as he gazed upon her, but then his idealism thrust them rudely back.

This fifteen-year-old girl was a virgin, of kingly stock. She had been well trained by a competent mother in the arts of housewifery; she was young, she must be malleable; she was Protestant. Elizabeth of England, of course, was doing all she could, through her temporary ally Maitland, now full chancellor, to discredit Anna and put forward that crooked Princess of Navarre, but the burghers of Edinburgh, seeing a chance for free trade, and a remission of the toll levied upon ships passing Elsinore, were enthusiastic over this Danish child. Let it be Denmark!

The Earl Marshall with his train, including Colonel Stewart, was launched back across the North Sea within the month. Elizabeth was sharply reminded that her advice was not needed. Moreover she was told that James had carried himself kindly to her in a time of greatest straits, and that his annuity from England should be augmented, as well as paid more promptly.

Mr. John Colville was sent post-haste to London, to make necessary purchases for the eager bridegroom, and on his heels, Messrs. Robert Jowfie and Thomas Foles, merchants of Edinburgh, were recommended to Lord Burghley, treasurer of England. They bore a letter from James himself, asking Burghley's help in despatching their business, which

was the purchase of various furnishings, jewels, and decorations for the marriage. James could not set his palaces in order fast enough.

"I pray you," he pleaded as a postscript to Burghley, "further this. It is an extraordinary occasion."

It actually was. In Copenhagen Anna's mother Sophia (an energetic organizer) had ordered out a corps of five hundred tailors, who stitched day and night. Half the silversmiths in Denmark hammered frantically, and in the navy there began such a bustle of brass polishing as had never been seen before. Twelve ships were commissioned to transport the bride to Scotland, and a perfect army of serving women, pages, lackeys, and gentlemen-in-waiting rushed about, being measured for new clothes, and practicing curtses.

Triumphant James pinned the miniature in its ivory case upon his orange satin doublet. He was now truly betrothed—let all the world see!

Little Anna sat in the midst of this flurry, and took great pains with her French. Her husband-to-be could not speak Danish, and her own English was none too good. Such correspondence as had been carried on between the Scottish court and Denmark had been couched in mellifluous Latin (James had indited a honey-sweet epistle to his future mother-in-law), but it would be easier in French, somehow, to get used to this totally strange young man of twenty-three, who was to be her spouse.

The first marriage ceremony would take place in Denmark, handsome George Keith standing as proxy for the Scottish king, but there would be another wedding in Edinburgh, and, of course, a triumphant entry into the capital city.

Upholsterers worked at Holyrood by candlelight, red velvet was cut up by the hundred yard for new board cloths and pages' doublets. James flew from Edinburgh to Stirling, to Seton, to Craigmillar and back again.

On the 28th of August, Colonel Stewart disembarked at Leith, and went at once to Stirling, to report that the marriage had really taken place on the twentieth, in the brilliant colored chapel of the great castle of Kronborg, and that the marriage papers had been duly signed. James was a benedict at last.

James I of England

At once he granted charters, deeding the palaces of Linlothgow and Falkland to his bride, and leaping on his horse, shuttled back to Edinburgh. He must see that the Abbey at Holyrood was put in perfect order, and that the Scottish ladies-in-waiting were trained how they should greet the queen. Colonel Stewart had come from Denmark in eight days. . . . Anna, the white-skinned child, Anna his bride, might possibly be expected in eight more. And his new wardrobe not yet come from England!

The burghers of Edinburgh, true to tradition, began furiously to plan a pageant, which should include a Latin oration, a small child appearing from a globe with a silver key, and a coterie of virgins, representing various abstract virtues. Although it was the first of September, they thought they still had time to rehearse their parts. Their wives, in anticipation of a great influx of foreigners attending the queen, unearthed their finest napery, made their lodgings as gala as they could, and swept their refuse piles a little further to the middle of the street.

Among his other frenzied activities, James found time to request a tax of twenty thousand pounds to be levied by the boroughs "before the landing of the Queen, his Highness bedfellow," that there might be present a supply of ready silver for buying, outfitting, and furnishing such things as were necessary for the "decoration of the solemnities." He also (viewing the coffers and larders of the court with alarm) sent out a hurried appeal for fat beef and mutton, wild fowls and venison or other "stuff" meat, the same to be expedited to Walter Neische, Master of the Larder, with all dispatch.

Finally, to all his trusted nobles, he sent a characteristic letter, couched in his own effective language.

Trusty and well-beloved counsellor [the letter read], we greet you heartily well. Our marriage now, at God's pleasure being concluded, the Queen, our bedfellow hourly looked for to arrive, honourably accompanied, it becomes us to have the most honourable and honest of our good subjects with us at that time, and therefore we will earnestly and affectuously require you, that ye fail not all excuses set apart, to be with us at Holyrood house or where we shall be, with all good diligence, after the receipt hereof, with no

great number, but with certain of your honest friends and servants most able, and of best equipage, that *have no quarrel nor are not of themselves quarrelsome* [the effects of the peace banquet of May 1587 had long since worn off] to accompany us during the time of the solemnity and that ye know our further pleasure. As ye will do right thankful service to be remembered when time and good occasion shall serve. And thus we commit you to God. At Edinburgh.
James R.

It was now the eighth of September, and still no word of the queen. Various public-spirited citizens began agitating for the purchase of a jewel to be presented to Anna on her arrival as a gift from the Burgh of Edinburgh, and proclamations were posted against beggars, warning them to remove without the liberty and jurisdiction of the Burgh, that her Majesty's young eyes might not be sullied with their poverty. It was the fifteenth of September now, and suddenly Lord Dingwall arrived from Denmark alone.

James listened to him with his heart in his mouth. The queen had set sail, a storm had come up, Lord Dingwall's ship had been separated from the Danish fleet three hundred miles out, and it was feared that her Majesty was in danger upon the seas. James nearly exploded with anxiety. He could not rest nor sleep, and in his despair retired dolorously to the castle of Craigmillar outside Edinburgh, a gentle gray pile set among trees and soothing green lawns, to pour out his soul in sonnets.

*O cruel Cupid what a ruthless rage
What hateful wrath thou utterest upon me.
No medicine my sickness may assuage,
Nor cataplasm cure my wound, I see,
Through deadly shot alive, I daily die,
I fry in flames of that envenomed dart,
Which shot me sicker in at either eye,
Then fastened fast into my (piercé) heart,
The fever bath infected every part
My bones are dried, their marrow melts away,
My sinews feeble through my smoking smart,
And all my blood as in a pan doth play,*

James I of England

*I only wish for ease of all my pain,
That she might wit what sorrow I sustain.*

Why did she not come? Was it really a storm that held her back? Could it have been witchcraft, by any chance, that kept her from him? Could it have been (and this thought must have passed through his mind) through any machinations of Elizabeth that his fair Anna's ship was driven back after she had been so close to Scotland—Elizabeth, who would like any alliance of his as little as she had liked his mother's? No one could tell. No one knew certainly where she was, or what had happened. If only word would come!

The new velvet suits, the hose, the embroideries at last arrived from England. Where was Anna? One thousand pounds had been spent upon the Abbey, the last tapestry was hung. And still no word from Denmark? Had that malignant storm driven her ship upon the rocks? James could bear the uncertainty no longer. The invaluable Colonel Stewart, who appeared to bear a charmed life as a traveler, was dispatched to Norway on October second, "to see what was word of the Queen." He bore with him a throbbing letter from the King to the Queen of Scotland, written in French, praying the Creator with all his heart to permit her to come to Scotland safely and soon. "My only love," he called her (*mes unique amours*), and vowed to her alone all his affection.

Poor little fair-haired Anna, cast up at Oslo, could she read the real anxiety and passion behind the courtly language? Could she tell that this was no lip-distress, but the cry of a dreadfully harassed and worried lover? Poor little fair-haired Anna, cast up at Oslo, was chiefly concerned because the wonderful entourage which had started her off had dispersed and all the lovely wedding and coronation plans had been upset.

Not until the tenth of October did the panting bridegroom have his fears allayed. Andrew Sinclair, one of the Earl Marshall's entourage arrived with word that the storm had actually beaten the queen's ships back to Norway, and that the intrepid Danish admiral, Peter Munk, had taken the advice of her counsel and gunners, and ordered all the

ships returned to Elsinore. Let the Scottish navy come and get her, if they wanted her.

Andrew Sinclair also reported that supposedly the queen's ship had sprung a leak when she was but a hundred miles from the Scottish coast, but Chancellor Maitland snorted when he heard this subterfuge and told James that in his opinion, "they were all but snafflers" that were with Anna.

Roused to a pitch of energy and decision that would not let him rest, the bridegroom made up his mind with a snap, and then called for Maitland. It was now or never. Secretary Maitland, being well along in years, and not fond of sea voyages at any season of the year, naturally cautioned "never," but James would not be put off. He would go to fetch his bride himself, since all his ambassadors were cravens, and for all the Danish navy cared, she could spend the rest of her life stranded in Norway.

And in actual fact, before they were hardly aware of what had happened to them, the chancellor, Mr. David Lindsay, James's favorite minister, the Justice Clerk Carmichael, the Constable of Dundee, the Provost of Lincolnden, William Keith, the Earl of Marshall, George Hume, James Sandelands and poor tired Mr. Peter Young were loaded into three ships at Leith between one and two on the morning of October twenty-second and wafted breezily toward Norway.

It must have been a prodigious labor to move so many recalcitrant men in so short a time, but thwarted love lent vigor to James's plans. He not only got them all aboard, but also managed to leave two lengthy documents behind, each more astonishing than the other.

The first was a declaration which was to be registered by the Clerk of the Register for "the more force and authenticity."

"In respect I know that the motion of my voyage at this time will be diversely skansit [looked] upon, the interpreting whereof may tend as well to my great dishonour as to the wrongous blame of Innocence, I have thereupon been moved to set down this present Declaration with my own hand, hereby to resolve all good subjects. First of all the causes briefly that move me to take this purpose in head, and next, in what fashion I resolved myself thereof."

The causes were known the length and breadth of Scotland—was

James I of England

there a single poor cotter in the Highlands who had not heard of his Majesty's lovelorn torments and thirsting after his queen?

How he resolved himself thereon was more exciting news to his subjects, who naturally were perturbed at the thought of their king sailing away (without an heir to leave behind) to cross one of the stormiest stretches of water in Europe, and that at the beginning of the winter season.

The Declaration leaves no doubt upon this point. Since "her [the queen's] ships were not able to perfect her voyage this year, through the great hurt they had received; remembering myself of her inability on the one part to come—I upon the instant, yes, very moment, resolved to make possible on my part that which was impossible on hers. The place that I resolved this was Craigmillar, not one of the whole Counsel being present there; And as I took this resolution only of myself, as I am a true Prince, so advised only with myself what way to follow forth the same."

He goes on to absolve Chancellor Maitland of any hand in the plans, and defends him against all possible criticism.

This far I speak for his part, as well for my own honour's sake, that I be not unjustly slandered as an irresolute ass, who can do nothing of himself; as also that the honesty and innocency of that man be not unjustly and untruely reproached. And as for my part, what moved me, ye may judge by that which I have already said besides the shortness of the way, the suretie of the passage being clean of all sands, forelands or suchlike dangers, the harbours in these parts so sure, and no foreign fleets resorting upon these seas. It is my pleasure then, that no man grudge or murmur at these my proceedings, but let every man live a peaceable and quiet life without offending of any; and that every man conform himself to the directions in my proclamation until my return, which I promise shall be, God willing, within the space of twenty days, wind and weather serving. Let all men assure themselves that whosoever contravenes my directions in my absence, I will think it a sufficient proof that he bears no love in his heart towards me; and by the

contrary, those will I only have respect to at my return, that reverences my commandment and will in my absence. Farewell. James R.

The proclamation referred to was another extraordinary justification of his act, coupled with succinct advice as to the governing of Scotland in his absence.

Ludovic, Duke of Lennox, was to be president of the Privy Council, which was to remain in Edinburgh for the entire duration of the king's absence. Bothwell the incorrigible, was to be Lennox' right hand (and be kept out of mischief). Bothwell was also to be responsible for the attendance of a certain quota of landed men and barons from the northern shires, turn and turn about at the capital. Lord Hamilton was to be regent in the south, with headquarters at Jedburgh or Dumfries, and a select coterie of lords for advisors. The chief officers of the government, including the Lord Advocate, the Lord Privy Seal, the Captain of Edinburgh Castle, and the Treasurer were to furnish quotas of five, always to be present at Council meetings with Lennox and Bothwell.

By this neat system of checks and counter-checks, every seditious nobleman in the country was given a post of importance with other noblemen to assist him. No man could move alone. Each had his definite responsibilities.

The implications of the fact that such a little democracy of nobles could rule peacefully and well during the entire time of James' absence, seem to have been lost on him. Although he pointed out in the proclamation that during the absences of his grandmother, Marie of Lorraine, and his mother, the lords amply repaid the trust put in them when they were left alone to curb each other, it seems never to have occurred to him to make the arrangement a permanent one. Perhaps this was natural—it would have left him so very little scope to function as king.

Having thus disposed of all affairs at home with sweeping haste, and loaded his most trusted nobles, grumbling, on board ship, James collected a great tabled diamond, two tabled rubies and three ruby cabochons from his jeweler, turned his face toward Norway, and prayed for fair weather.

Winds blew, but not too hard. The seas rose, but not to mountain height. On the twenty-ninth of October, five days after leaving Leith, the little navy of three vessels, put into what was then the small harbor

of Flekkefjord on the Norwegian coast, and James pushed forward, to reach his beloved on a rough journey by land and sea.

Through little Norwegian fishing villages, past deep fjords, overshadowed by dark glowering hills, so like his own Scottish lochs and bens, he rode with his train, scarcely stopping for food and rest. Anna, cooped up in Oslo, was the magnet which drew him to cover approximately two hundred miles in two weeks, over almost roadless Norwegian terrain and icy waters in November.

When at last he saw the old walled city of Oslo before him, he could not wait to change into a gold-buttoned doublet of velvet and silk—he rode straight up to the palace, dirty and unshaven as he was, and passed “boots and all” into her Highness. There she stood, slender-waisted, her great farthingale spreading the white satin skirt in an enormous circle about her, a white ruff back of her blond head. Without more ado James opened wide his arms to embrace her, his Anna, his queen, the virginal vision who had brought him so far from home, and whose miniature hung about his heart.

And she? Symbolically, instinctively, she shrank away, cowering before this mudstained stranger. This bearded person James? This, the original of the miniature she wore over *her* heart? Anna could have fled behind her mother’s skirts.

But then it was most hurriedly explained. This was the custom in Scotland—for husband to greet wife with a fair kiss. The Scottish king would have been lacking in ardor if he had approached her otherwise. The travel-weary Scots stood awkwardly about. The Danish cortege of the princess fluttered in the offing. James, undaunted, went up to his queen again and took her by the hand. After all, she was his wife, his bedfellow, his “unique amour.” He looked into the frightened eyes; he must have seen the petulant mouth quiver. Why, she was not mocking him; the child was scared. He drew her apart, and put his arms about her, farthingale and all. He was a man now—he had been married. He had proved that he was a prince of courage, a fellow of dash and resolution. James, with a conviction which was new to him, clasped Anna heartily, and kissed her on the mouth.

Although the Earl of Marshall had got them married right enough, it was only fitting that another ceremony should be performed with the

groom in proper person to sign the marriage register. Mr. David Lindsay, dried off and refreshed after his arduous travels, donned his gown, and in the old church of St. Halvard at Oslo made them man and wife again, using the French tongue for the ritual. There was banqueting and gaiety to follow. Also, the important matter of the king's "morrowing gift," the customary gift from the bridegroom to the bride, was put in order. The King of Scotland presented the sister of Denmark's ruler with the rich lordship of Dunfermline—a revenue which later was to prove inadequate for the demands made upon it.

James had intended to take his wife, when the last toast had been drunk, and leave swiftly for Scotland, in order to be back within the limits of twenty days. Chancellor Maitland was urging a hasty departure, first because he trembled at the thought of what Bothwell and Lennox might be doing at home, and second because he could see no possible way of paying expenses in Denmark except by dipping into the queen's dowry—a step he was exceedingly loath to take. There were so many more sensible ways of spending the 75,000 thaler than by carousing around in a foreign country with a large retinue.

But the Queen Mother Sophia would not hear of their returning. Anna and James must come to Copenhagen with her—they must meet her son, the twelve-year-old Christian IV.

After all, Oslo, in its pine forest and mountain setting, was but a provincial capital compared to Copenhagen, and James must have a taste of real Danish hospitality. Besides the winter season was arriving in earnest now, and it would be foolhardy to think of crossing the North Sea.

To tell the truth, the Scottish king needed very little urging. Like any man who has put a difficult and hazardous experience behind him, and who has won his goal, he was all for relaxation and gaiety. Let Maitland worry about where the money was coming from to pay for this visit. He would take his bride and play the role of visiting prince at a foreign court. Willy nilly the whole train of Scotsmen and the entire Danish entourage was packed up, and started off on the chilly journey "through many woods and wilderness in confirmed frost and snow."

In Sweden, they were met by the brother of the Swedish king with

four hundred horse, and convoyed in great state to Helsingfors, where they took ship for the short jaunt across the Sound. Once landed on Danish ground at Elsinore, they were met by more royalty—the king himself, with his brother, the Duke of Holstein, the Princess Elisabeth, the four regents for the king, and the rest of the Council. In spite of the January weather, a solemn procession was formed—the two kings walking first, the two queens, Anna and her mother, followed by the princess, and the bareheaded, shivering little duke. From Kronborg the castle guns thundered “continually for half an hour,” and an air of gelid festivity hung over Elsinore.

The wonderful new castle, recently completed, was hung with banners and ablaze with lights. Built in a square, like James’s own palace of Linlithgow, it was far larger, far richer, far grander in every way. James saw the glint of light upon the silver statues in the corridors, he heard the distant music of viols and zithers from the balconies. He sniffed the air, heavy with the smell of savory Danish meats and wines, and felt himself more than kindly disposed toward his in-laws.

Christian IV, his new brother-in-law, turned out to be a lusty, energetic lad. The Danish sovereign loved the out-of-doors, he was fond of hunting, and already he could drink his fair share of aquavit. James wrote to his friend Alexander, Lord of Spynie, that “we are drinking and driving ou’r in the old manner,” and so they were. Mr. James Melville, the theologian, substantiates the statement with some asperity. “Our King made good cheer and drank stoutly till the spring time,” he notes in his diary.

In spite of the fact that Elisabeth, the sister whom James’s ambassadors had wooed so lukewarmly and lost, was to be married in the spring, the young Danish King spared no expense on Anna. He launched a series of royal entertainments that caught the whole Scottish embassy up in a positive surfeit of food and wine and music, and made James happier than ever to think that he had stayed.

There was so much to do in the entrancing city of Copenhagen. There was the waterfront to explore, and the strange Amager fisherwomen in their picturesque costumes to scrutinize. (Another monarch might have chucked them under the chin, these pink and white peasant girls, but James was not the pinching kind. He thought of his Anna

and glowed inwardly.) It was all so different from Edinburgh, and so lush, in comparison to that gaunt gray city on its eternal rock. For the first time in his life, he felt secure and peaceful. There were no whingers itching for his ribs in Denmark, no black cloaks waiting to be thrown over his head, no horses pawing the earth, ready to gallop off with him. James basked in this atmosphere of friendliness and safety, and not only took part in all the frivolity, but satisfied his intellectual curiosity as well.

He visited the University, and held long disputations in Latin with the professors. He interviewed the learned Niels Hemmingsen, the famous theologian (and heckled him ever so slightly, as a matter of royal prerogative). He attended Lutheran church services, and considered the possibility of amalgamating this more vivid and mystic ritual with the dry-as-dust Sabbath worship of his own Presbyterians. They would not swallow Episcopalian forms of worship—might they take to something as avowedly anti-Papist as Luther's own creed?

And as crowning pleasure for a scholar-king, there was a visit in March to the most famous astronomer in Europe, the great, the refulgent Tycho Brahe, friend of Buchanan, eccentric luminary of Danish scholastic heavens. Frederick II had thought so highly of him that he had given Tycho the entire island of Hveen, and had built upon it the magnificent observatory of Uranianborg, complete with the most modern astronomical instruments. In order to have a long day with his noted host, James arrived at eight in the morning. He spent seven hours, exploring the wonders of Uranianborg, listening to Tycho's exposition of the Copernican system, and marveling at his great globe, covered with parchment, at the sextants, quadrants, and moving statues designed by the versatile scientist.

It was an occasion of mutual pleasure and condescension. James felt that he honored Tycho by coming, and was honored himself by the pains which the savant took to explain his elaborate establishment. Never niggardly in dispensing favors, and quite touched, as a matter of confidential fact, by the friendliness of the rough-tongued Buchanan's friend, James promised Tycho a thirty-year copyright in Scotland for his writings. And because he noticed that in a small room above the main gate Tycho kept several dogs locked up, who were to bark at the

approach of strangers, the king promised (and had delivered) two English mastiffs of a sturdy and deep-throated breed.

Thereafter, there was friendly visiting back and forth between the members of James's party and the white-cliffed island of Hveen. Chancellor Maitland forgot his cares long enough to hobnob with the learned Tycho and even dashed off some Latin lines, in honor of the House of the Muses, just to show that James was not the only learned Scot.

It is also not beyond the range of possibility that Tycho Brahe had entertained another visitor from the British Isles just before this period. It may have been, although nowhere is there any mention made of the fact in books and chronicles, that a young Englishman named Shakespeare, was one of the band of English players which were known to have been in Copenhagen in the summer of 1586. He may have sailed along the Öresund, to pay his respects to the retired savant. For Tycho Brahe's prototype appears so clearly in Prospero: "neglecting all worldly ends, all dedicated to closeness and the bettering of my mind." And Uranianborg is described so wonderfully: "The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples, *the great globe itself*. . . ." Moreover, Hamlet's castle at Elsinore, is Kronborg to the life—with the platform upon which the ghost of Hamlet's father appears, and which in actual fact was a true picture of the flag-battery in the southwest tower, commanding a wide vista of the Öresund, and looking out toward Sweden. The arras through which Hamlet stabbed Polonius was truly hung in a hall described in Stowe's *Annals* (1605) as "hanged with tapistary of fresh coloured silke without gold, wherein all the Danish kings were exprest in antique habits according to their severall times with their armes and inscriptions containing all their conquests and victories."

Shakespeare is supposed to have obtained correct details of the castle from William Kemp, his friend, who, records prove, was called to Kronborg to assist in the festivities with which Frederick II opened the castle. From 1586 to 1592 the immortal Will himself was completely lost track of. What if he had not got Danish local color from hearsay, but had actually trod the boards in Elsinore—had actually played in there? What if he had in reality been led through the wonderful halls of Uranianborg, and listened to Tycho's animadversions upon the stars?

The course of history would not be changed by such an hypothesis, nor the affairs of state greatly affected. But the wise and crusty scientist upon his island would acquire new importance in the annals of literature, and small sixteenth-century Denmark would shine more brightly upon the pages of history, for having inspired some of the greatest strophes in the English language.

Leaving the fascinations of conjecture and returning to harsh fact, there was poor Maitland, in the meantime, wringing his hands, and wondering how to pay for it all. More than that, how could he afford to entertain the Danes in kind, when they came to Scotland for their queen's coronation? Also, there were the expenses of that occasion to consider, and (joyful thought in the midst of so much worry), a possible baptism. Optimistic whispers about the queen were heard on every hand.

In addition, while James was off skylarking with astronomers, the old Scottish troubles began again, at Kronborg, among the members of his suite. The Constable of Dundee and Lord Dingwall were at the usual Scottish loggerheads. The Earl of Marshall was intensely jealous of Maitland, and was doing all he could to thwart him. George Hume "shot out quietly" Mr. William Keith from his office of Master of the Wardrobe, and altogether it was high time, in the chancellor's opinion, that they all go home.

At last James was persuaded to send back William Shaw, the Master of Works, with messages for the Council in Edinburgh, and some trenchant ideas on the order in which the new queen was to be received. They would come, James said, at the end of April. By that time Holyrood was to be in complete readiness. The great horse his Majesty got recently out of Flanders, and his hunting horses were to be sent for and stabled at Holyrood. Sketchy provisions were made for the visiting Danish nobles, and the overflow (space at Holyrood appears to have been exceedingly limited) was to be lodged at three houses close to the palace, under the immediate supervision of the chancellor and the more quarrelsome earls.

Colonel Stewart, whose life seems to have been spent shuttling back and forth after the king, was dispatched upon receipt of these commandments, accompanied by two or three ships, with more to follow. The Scottish marine was incidentally strained to the utmost, having

to cope with the transportation problem of getting all the Danes and Scots across the sea.

Finally, after having seen Elisabeth and the Duke of Brunswick married—without qualms—James turned toward home. Anna, now beyond doubt “with bairn,” was leaving Denmark forever. Colonel Stewart hurried back to Scotland again, to give the Privy Council the glad news, and to see that there was waiting for her Majesty when she should disembark at Leith, two saddles with foot mantles of black velvet, the one to be embroidered and fringed with gold, the other with silver.

The April winds were kind, and without further incident, the royal pair arrived at Leith at two o'clock in the afternoon of a mild May first. The towns of Edinburgh, Leith and the Cannongate (according to instructions sent ahead from Denmark) were lined up with burghers in armor, “to hold off the press” (of people), while James, with his pompous sense of the dramatic led the slightly shaken Anna along an aisle covered with tapestry and cloth of gold to a platform. Here Mr. James Elphinstone made an oration in French congratulating her upon her safe return, his words being rather drowned out by the “great volleys” enthusiastically shot off by the Castle and the ships. She was then received by the Duke of Lennox, the Earls of Mar and Bothwell “and sundry others,” including the bluest-blooded ladies of the land. Considering the rigors of the voyage, and her understandably precarious state of health, the little Anna, no longer a querulous child but now a queen of some dignity of manner, was deposited in her lodgings to rest while the king took “the chief of the dames by the hand, every one after another,” and then departed to the Kirk to praise God.

He was to praise God for delivering him safely from the sea, both on the way to Denmark and on the way back; he was to praise God for leading him through the perils of a six months' sojourn in a strange land; he was to praise God for allowing him to marry 'a pretty young wife, daughter of a king, healthy and able to bear children; he was to praise God for the peaceful state of his realm; and for the expectancy, almost surety, with which he might look forward to the crown of England. So many blessings for which to praise God; and yet at this outwardly happiest moment of his life, there must have lain a little kernel

of discontent and self-distrust lightly buried in his soul. There must have begun to sprout some obscure seed of spiritual lethargy. For with this service of thanksgiving, which closed the most honest and sincere effort of his life, something fell from James—a certain boyishness, a certain naive curiosity, which had set him apart from all the ruthless hypocrites of his court.

There remained only one great effort for him to make in life—achievement of the English throne—and already he had begun unconsciously to slacken, to withdraw himself back into that unreality which, starting with his boyish daydreams, was to end in selfish obtuseness to the world about him. It may be that, incapable of iron concentration, he had expended all the energy of which he was capable upon this romantic voyage. It may be that the sixteen-year-old queen, resting in her lodgings after her journey, had already begun to treat him with the frigidity which her sharp nose and pursed mouth bespoke, letting ever so thin a veil of disinterest and iciness envelop her husband's warm idealism.

One has only to study the portrait made just after his marriage, and the one painted after his arrival in England. In the thirteen-year interim something dulled the eyes and wounded the spirit fatally. It was at this, the moment of his landing on Scottish shores again, that the disillusionment and soul-weariness began. The sermon preached by Mr. Patrick Galloway on this occasion might well have had as text the sad cry from Proverbs, 14:10: "The heart knoweth his own bitterness, and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy."

Hardly self-analytical at this juncture of the festivities, the king repaired blithely to his lodgings to rejoin the queen. For five days they held a miniature court in Leith, surrounded by the flower of Scotland and the two hundred and twenty lofty members of the Danish nobility accompanying Anna. Upon the sixth of May preparations in Edinburgh had so far progressed that they could set out—the king riding on horseback, surrounded with noblemen, the queen in a Danish coach, drawn by eight horses, her maids of honor about her. The curious peasants lining the roads and staring at this spectacle caught glimpses of a slim girl with fair hair and pale cheeks, richly appareled in cloth-of-gold and purple velvet, sitting stiffly, more than a little bewildered by

this strange country and the craggy wastes of landscape, so unlike her own flat Denmark, green and fertile at this time of year.

In Denmark, the peasants' cottages nestled close to the earth, each in a neatly cultivated pocket-handkerchief of plot. In Denmark, one could see everywhere the dull and friendly red of burnt-brick houses. Here there was nothing but gray—gray stone houses, gray skies, gray hills. How tall the tenements of Edinburgh looked, how steep the ascent to the city. True, there were the ranks of citizens in armor, shouting themselves hoarse in welcome. There were the tapestries and banners hung from all the outer stair landings. But even so, it was all strange and cheerless underneath this noise and pomp. The little Anna clasped James's hand tightly, when her coach stopped by the inner gate, and followed him with uncertain steps to the great hall.

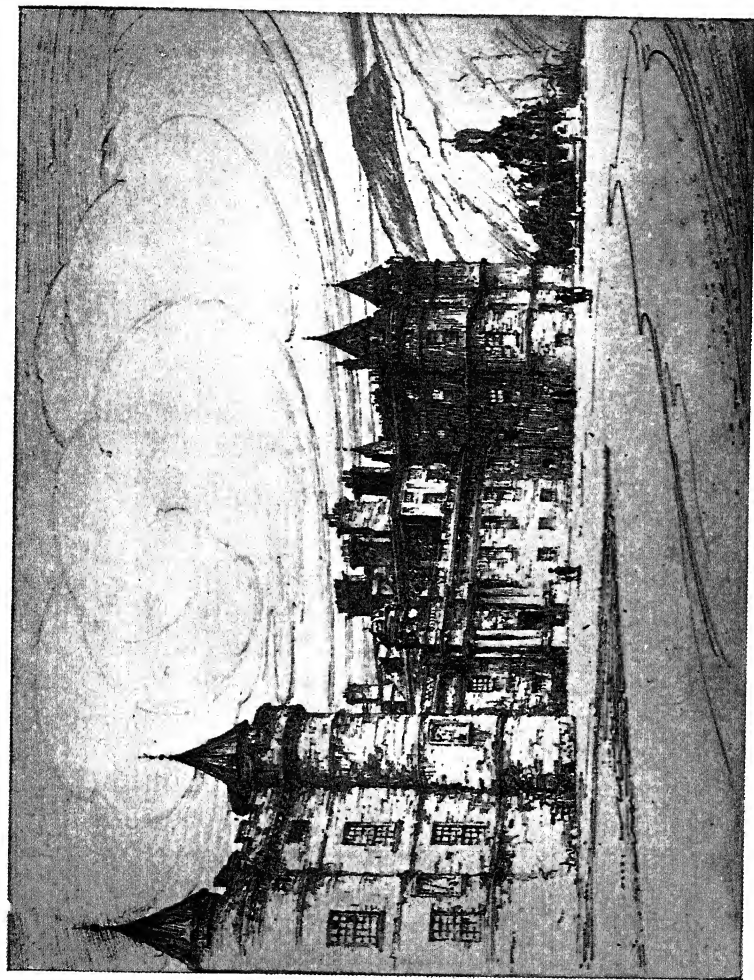
So this was Holyrood! She looked at the splendid hangings of cloth-of-gold and silver, upon the walls. She looked into the faces of her six little page boys, preening themselves in their brand new red velvet doublets, their red hats tied with yellow strings under their youthful chins. She looked back at her ladies-in-waiting—the aging Countess Minny, stout and kindly, the lofty Lady Maitland, young Beatrice, sister of the Earl of Gowrie. These were to be her companions; here was her home.

Then suddenly, she noticed the jewels, the rich colors and display of wealth about her. It was borne in upon her that all these people were here to serve her, Anna, their queen.

Smiling a little proudly and with condescending affability, she let James lead her majestically into their own chambers.

Two weeks later her coronation took place in the Abbey, with all the diamond chains, heralds in yellow and scarlet, and court ladies in minniver that Scotland could muster. Sir Robert Bowes, the English ambassador, walked at the queen's right hand as she passed into the Abbey; the faithful Maitland, now created Baron of Thirlstone, preceded her, bearing her crown.

For seven long and wearisome hours, the ceremony dragged on. The nobles of Scotland and visiting Danes, cooped up in the Abbey on this fair May day, found the pews hard, and the air stuffy. But a Queen of Scotland was not crowned every year, and they must see this through.



HOLYROOD PALACE

From an etching by C. G. Phillips

At last the prayers and sermons and hymn singing was over. Lady Mar (James's good countess Minny) went up to the weary little queen, and opened the "collar of her gown and part of her right sleeve." The Presbyterians in the audience stiffened at this, but James had insisted with vehemence upon the anointing. Mr. Robert Bruce, the minister, assisted by Mr. David Lindsay, poured forth a "bonny quantity of oil" upon the parts that were exposed, and quickly covered them with white silk. The Presbyterians in the audience gnashed their teeth. This was indeed a Roman coronation. Unruffled by this piece of heresy, the good Lutheran Anna then retired to a secret place, accompanied by two virgins of Denmark, and emerged, having put on a princely robe, and having the crown "firmly knit" upon her head, to take an oath, swearing to defend "the true religion and worship of God." There were more sermons and more benedictions. Trumpets sounded, cries of "God Save Her Majesty" were elicited from the people in the church and on the street. Anna, by the Grace of God Queen of Scotland, was allowed to pass back to her chambers, the Lord Chancellor still going before. The crown, still fastened upon her head, marked her forehead with deep red ridges, and caused little darting pains to dance around her neck. Plastic, waxen, she bore a set smile on her face, and never whimpered, fighting down recurrent waves of nausea. This would make a brave story to take back to Denmark—the tale of this coronation would make them prick their ears in Copenhagen!

James, swathed in purple velvet and ermine, sweating profusely under the weight of the fur and cloth, smiled at her as they were shepherded back into the palace.

An epoch of his life was ended, another epoch of his life begun. His Anna, with her waspish little nose and clutter brain, was hardly the dream bride he had pictured to himself. Her laughter was too brittle, her sympathy too slow, her intellect too shallow. But she was satisfactorily pink and white. And she had already embarked upon the important business of furnishing him an heir.

She had proved to the world that he was not a barren stock—he must be grateful to her for that. And as for the rest, perhaps in his boyish naiveté, he has asked too much.

Below, there was another fanfare of trumpets and great shouting. God save the Queen's Majesty, Anna of Denmark!

VI. "DOUBLE, DOUBLE, TOIL AND TROUBLE"

THE queen was safely crowned; but still the court of Scotland continued to seethe with unusual events.

Twenty-four old men were given twenty-four blue gowns, with twenty-four purses in which there were twenty-four shillings (in token of the king's age). Elderly seamen presented him with porcupines; somebody gave him a camel. As late as June, the Earl of Worcester arrived to make him a Knight of the Garter, and to hand over Elizabeth of England's wedding presents—a clock, richly wrought and set with jewels, a horologe, and a tablet and chain for Anna.

The city of Edinburgh, close on the heels of the coronation prepared a great festivity to welcome the queen to the Burgh—one of those interminable affairs of speeches, tableaux, homilies, and pageants, which included the delivery of the town keys to the young queen, ensconced under a purple velvet canopy carried by six of the most aged and respectable burghers, the presentation of a great jewel in a purple velvet box, and the astonishing sight of sixty young men, in black face, wearing white taffeta doublets, and "all full of gold chains," who danced before her Grace in triumphal procession. It is worthy of notice that James himself did not feel compelled to attend.

Chancellor Maitland could hardly wait until the twenty-fifth of May. On that date the visiting and costly Danes were scheduled to embark for home. Richly banqueted, and laden with chains and medals by the generous James, they did actually get themselves aboard, to the accompaniment of a volley from the Castle. On the twenty-seventh of May, the winds being favorable, the Danes put up sails, and passed out of sight of Scotland. Chancellor Maitland sighed with relief. Not

that he was an inhospitable man, but the funds were running perilously low, and there was so much to be done.

Long before the king and queen had left Denmark, he had proposed various necessary reforms, if Scotland were to be pulled out of chaos. With singular intelligence and farsightedness, he laid out a program which might restore law and order to that unhappy land. He pointed out to James that above all, he must strengthen the Crown and put down the arrogant nobles. Not with words but with deeds. And the first of the deeds should be the employing and training of an army of paid soldiers. In all of Europe there was scarcely one country which had no facilities for enforcing the law. It was time that Scotland awoke out of the feudal ages, ceased relying upon the feudal barons in the Highlands, and began to maintain an efficient police force.

But, James countered, this would require money. Where was the money to come from? Elizabeth was always so slow and niggardly about forwarding his annuity. . . .

That, said Chancellor Maitland, was the crux of the matter. It behooved James to cut down the number of courtiers who subsisted entirely on his bounty; it behooved him to see that the rents and patrimonies appertaining to the Crown actually found their way into the Royal Treasury and not into some greedy laird's pocket. And it behooved him, although it might cramp his noble and princely nature, to cease dispensing lands and rents to all and sundry, and to retain all vacant benefices in his own hands.

The thought of an exchequer even half full aroused the king to agree with Maitland fully. He could certainly quell his nobles with an army; he might even establish lasting peace. When the wedding festivities were over, and the guests gone, he promised Maitland he would do what was needful.

In order to make his reforms binding, and to impress his people with his earnestness, he vowed publicly in the high kirk of St. Giles that he would be a new man. The ghost of John Knox loitering behind the stout pillars, if John Knox resorted to ghostly form, must have grinned sardonically. Yea, vowed James, before all the citizens of Edinburgh, he would take up another kind of care and doing in his own person than he had used before.

James I of England

Sir James Melville, who as usual was on the spot with good advice, remarked sadly, "which certainly his Majesty was very willing to put in execution, but alas, he lacked help and assistance. For such as he reposed most upon had no further care of his affairs except as they might best serve to their own particular profit and advancement to such ambitious marks as they shot off at." What a true picture of affairs in Scotland! The nobles assembled in convention early in June, listened to the new plans for centralization of government and economy, and said nothing. The Lords of Session were convened to revamp justice and an altercation arose between Mr. John Graham and Mr. David McGill, both Lords of the Session, each accusing the other of bribery and knavery.

The Privy Council was called to sit, to discuss matters of foreign and domestic policy. These lords took high umbrage because they were not allowed to run in and out of the king's audience chamber as they would in their own gardens, the order and routine of the palace having also come in for necessary reforms. In spite of their aloofness and obvious dislike of any reform which would curtail their own perquisites at court, the heads of the great houses—Hamilton, Erskine, Huntly, Moray, Bothwell, Athole, and the rest—were forced to confer with the king about these unpleasant subjects.

How, James asked them earnestly, would they cure diversities in religion, and heal the bloody wounds caused by feuds and family quarrels? (A question, my Lords, that you could answer, all of you!)

What, he queried, in their opinion, was the true cause of the decay of the rents of the Crown? (Yes, my Lords, finger the silken moneybags at your belts. They could tell a story of default in Crown rents!)

Also, he insisted, they must help him decide upon the best method to enforce obedience to the acts of the last Parliament, and declare what property belonged to every office of the estate. (Enforce obedience, my Lords? Upon yourselves? Actually abide by the laws you yourselves have helped to pass? Tush, tush, my Lords! This is no time for smiling.)

Up to this point, the records of this Privy Council of June, 1590, differed from others in the past by not one whit. The same reforms had been proposed before, the same glib answers had been given; the results

had been as negligible as when James VI had been in his vigorous and ruddy youth.

But then, the king, the youthful versifier, the romantic young man whom Elizabeth had dubbed a "witty knave" and upon whom the fierce light of history has not always beaten kindly, proposed another measure, startling in its implications. It was necessary, he said, not only to secure peace at home, but also to see that peace reigned throughout Europe. The bitter quarrel between England and Spain must be made up, for the good of all nations. Therefore he proposed to send Colonel Stewart (whose leather portmanteau must never have been completely unpacked) and Sir John Skene, to the princes of Germany, to persuade these potentates to interfere on behalf of amity, and have their ambassadors remonstrate on the dreadful consequences of a continued state of war. *If Spain were obstinate, James counseled, it would be well for the preservation of the common cause of true religion to conclude a general league among themselves, and to shut their ports against Philip of Spain until he was reduced to reason.*

A League of Nations, and the invocation of sanctions is by no means a twentieth-century remedy for war. The germ of the idea of international policing and arbitration had already sprung from the brain of a youth of twenty-four, a youth, to be sure, who hated violence because of his own bloody past, but whose grasp of diplomatic procedures and national relationships enabled him to set up an ideal which, after more than four centuries, still seems worth striving for.

Elizabeth expressed her gratitude for this proposal in her own wonderful English.

I think myself obliged to you that would make end of so unjust a war [she wrote] and albeit my wrongs be such as the nature of a king ought rather for their particular, die than not revenge, yet the top of my courage shall never outstretch my heart from care of Christian blood, and for that alone, no fear of him [Philip—her erstwhile brother-in-law and suitor], I protest to God from whom both just quarrel, faithful subjects and valiant acts I doubt not will defend; yet, am I thus content that you shall follow the well-devised method, and if he will give plain grant without a guile-

James I of England

ful meaning, I will make known that in me the lack of so good a work shall never be found.

But no one really wanted peace enough to act upon James's suggestion. The German princes were apathetic, and Elizabeth could never get "plain grant without guileful meaning." In spite of the flowering of this modern thought, England's war with Spain dragged on.

The Privy Council agreed to everything the king had said. Then because the weather was getting warm, and Edinburgh in June smelled nothing like a rose, they dispersed hastily to their country seats, and even the gardens and tennis court, the lion's cage, and that fascinating camel, could not keep Anna entertained in Holyrood for ever. Since no further mention is made of any "bairn," it is to be presumed she lost the child she had been carrying, and therefore doubly needed country air and change.

James decided on a pilgrimage to show his queen the splendor of his gifts to her. Together they set out for Dunfermline and Falkland, Anna lighthearted, and not so strange as when she had last come down this road in her coach of state; James, relieved that the heavy business of running his kingdom was over for the nonce, and that he had committed himself so wholeheartedly to reform. Nothing lifts the spirits like a high resolve taken and a deed done toward its accomplishment.

There was the little ferry, waiting to take them across the silver water of the Firth of Forth; the hills around, Anna could notice, were truly green now, and overhead the clouds were truly white against the blue. She gathered her suite around her on the deck, the four new little page boys in cloaks, jerkins and breeks of orange London cloth, and what was this? A Moor, an actual black fellow, brilliant in orange, too. What an inspiration those sixty young men with golden chains in the City procession must have been! Good Anna, her Danish maid, was there; also the mistresses Katherina Skinkell and Sophia Cass, two Danish ladies who had chosen to stay with the young queen and help stave off the pangs of homesickness. Eight Danish gentlemen were also included in her train.

It is a fine thing to be a queen, gliding over the water to visit your new palaces. It is a fine thing, too, to be a king, showing your little

child-wife the wonders of her new country, preening yourself a little in her eyes. All this—the dark hills in the distance, the waters of the Forth, the plowed acres, and the villages—all these, James knew, were his. His to give away or keep, to make fruitful or lay waste, as he desired. That sense of heady power which came over him from time to time swelled under his satin doublet. To argue with the ministers, to confound the Presbyterians, to make them follow his discourse with respect; that was good. To turn out a piece of poetry which made sense and music, and was built smoothly within rules—that was good. And it was good to know that his great hunting hackney was waiting for him, waiting to take him through the forests after the stag.

This fair-haired creature beside him—was it good to have her too? James sniffed sharply (the sea air was bad for his catarrh) and told himself that she was his dearest bedfellow. Was that not enough? She was delighted with the voyage at any rate, and the prospect of seeing her palaces, and chattered gaily in Danish (which James never learned) with all her women. This was not like any expedition the king had ever made before.

The ferry was oared slowly into its slip on the opposite shore; the cavalcade disembarked, the king and queen leading the way, up the steep hill from the water through the small town, and leisurely over the five miles to the palace of Dunfermline, with its ruined abbey. Today nothing remains of its grimness or its splendor, and so we cannot sit in judgment on Anna because she did not like her morrowing gift. It is only certain that after her inspection, plans were set afoot for a special "Queens House" which was joined to the old palace by a gallery.

After a few short weeks, the tapestries, the feather beds, the pots and pans were all packed up again, and this time moved on to Falkland, another gray pile, with two conical towers, not unlike Holyrood. Here James kissed his Anna good-bye, and set out for Hamilton. He had had enough of girlish laughter. He wanted to hear his hounds baying, to hear the huntsmen blowing to the field, to feel the sun beating upon his head, to feel a horse under him. Marriage was all well enough—it did not mean that one had to be tied to one's spouse every hour out of the twenty-four.

Anna in the meantime was to amuse herself at Falkland, lying low at the foot of the Lomond hills. She could ramble over the King's Meadow, she could dally in the formal gardens back of the palace; she could dance in the great hall under the beautiful timber roof. She could, if she liked, ride out of the gate and picnic in the forest round about. She could also—and this she evinced no pleasure whatsoever in doing—listen to the homilies and good advice of Sir James Melville, who had been detailed by James to educate Anna in the Scottish court customs, and bring her up the way she should go. She seems never to have got over her dislike of him—was she not a princess and a queen, why should she have a long-winded, egotistical tutor? It was all a little provincial after the grandeur of Kronborg, and she was glad when James came riding back to fetch her. In September they returned to Dunfermline and from there to Edinburgh, to begin their first winter season in Holyrood together.

The king was eager to get home, for his mind was filled with thoughts of the volume of poetry he intended offering to the public shortly. Anna's mind was filled—as it seems usually to have been—with thoughts of new livery for her pages, of a new gown in the French style for herself, of what that handsome Earl Moray had whispered to her in the gardens, of how that obstinate Earl of Mar had wilfully misunderstood her French. James had mentioned a masque at Holyrood—she must see to that. Some one else had told her of a man who would be her Court fool—she must look him up. Her husband was going to shut himself up with a clerk and write—well, she would manage it so that the cold months passed without boredom.

James was suddenly on fire to furbish up the translation he had made of his French friend Du Bartas' "Furies." It might also help to fatten the book if he included his "Lepanto" poem, written some time ago. This last was something of a departure from his usual sonnets, and being composed in fourteeners, had a vigorous narrative style, which suited his mood at the moment. The actual battle, fought by the Christians against the Turks in 1571, had always seemed a fascinating subject to him, and he had swung into its lengthy description with a raciness only a little cramped by rhyme and meter.

*Now up, now down, on either side, now Christians seemed to win,
Now overthrown and now again they seemed but to begin,
My pen for pity can not write, my heart for horror stands,
To think how many Christians there were killed by pagan hands.
Yet victory still uncertain was for soldiers never ceased,
With interchange of pikes and darts to kill or wound at least.*

It did seem a little childish as he read it over—but no matter. Seven years had passed since he had published the "Rules for Scottish Poesy," and if he were to be entitled to any of posterity's acclaim as an author, he must, at all costs, publish again quickly.

His preface should tell his public just how matters stood.

Receive here, beloved reader, a short poetic discourse which I have selected and translated from amongst the rest of the works of Du Bartas as a vive [living] mirror of this last and most decrepid age. . . . And in case thou find as well in this work as in my Lepanto following many incorrect errors both in the dictment and the orthography, I must pray thee to accept this my reasonable excuse which is this: thou considers I doubt not, that upon the one part I composed these things in my very young and tender years, wherein Nature (except she were a monster), can admit no perfection; and now on the other part being of riper years, my burden is so great and continual without any intermission that when my ingyne [ingenuity] and age could, my affairs and fascherie [worries] will not permit me far less to amend my own errors, no, not to remark the wrong orthography committed by the copiers of my unlegible and ragged handwrite, yes scarcely but at stolen moments to blink upon any paper and yet not that with a free and unvexed spirit always. Rough and unpolished as they are I offer them unto thee who [which] being accepted will move me to haste the presenting unto thee of my apocalypse as also such number of the Psalms as I have perfected and encourage me to the ending out of the rest. And thus beloved reader, recommending these my labors to thy friendly acceptation, I bid thee heartily farewell.

Farewell, too, to the Muse, to any hope of presenting the Apocalypse and Psalms within the year. The winter of 1590-91 was upon him, and with it came a series of "fascheries" which were horrendous and fantastic, even for Scotland.

They began when James's worst fears were verified in ugly rumors. It *had* been witches who had kept Anna from coming to Scotland the previous September. At Kronborg they had already burned two poor wretches on the common for sending the devil after the queen's fleet in a beer barrel. And now the pestilence of sorcery was sweeping like a blight from Edinburgh down into the south and west. On every hand mariners, who should have known their equinoctial gales better, were beginning to recollect that at the time of Anna's voyage from Denmark "the winds were more blustering, the waters more rough and lofty, the gusts more short and frequent than those which proceeded of natural causes."

A thorough-going search for witches was instituted throughout the land, and lo, what should come to light, but a regular confederation of the dreadful creatures, who were at once haled before the king.

James threw himself into their indictment and arraignment with appalling fervor. The prince who six months before had advocated a confederation of powers for peace in Europe now ordered a collection of miserable old women and demented men to be put to torture. The confessions wrested from them while their feet were crushed surpassed his most horrid expectations. An impoverished widow from Lothian, named Agnes Sampson, avowed, after her head had been squeezed in a noose, that she and nine other witches had worked under the personal direction of a devil whose ass was cold as ice, whose body was hard as iron, whose face was terrible, whose nose was like the beak of an eagle, who had great burning eyes, had claws upon his hands, and feet like a griffon. This noisome person had superintended the making of a wax figure in the image of the king, which was passed around the circle of the ten supernatural sisters, and doomed to be consumed, *at the instance of Francis, Earl Bothwell*, son of a bastard son of James V.

James could hardly believe his ears. There was no love lost between him and his reckless cousin Bothwell, but that the hot-tempered earl should link himself with the devil, for his, James's destruction! More

witches, more torture, more hearings—he must get to the bottom of this.

Another witch, Agnes Thompson, mentioned a certain Geillis Duncan, maidservant to a gentleman in Trenent, as being sort of witches' messenger and mistress of revels. Geillis, deposed Agnes, fulfilled this later function by playing the Jew's harp for their dances.

The idea of a witch playing the Jew's harp put James into a "wonderful admiration." He must see this Geillis, and hear her perform. She obeyed the royal commands, but however enchanted the king may have been with her music, it does not seem to have saved her life for her, for she, according to reports, was "put into a great fire" with the rest of the unfortunate scapegoats.

From all these pain-crazed people, a story was eventually pieced together which made it clear that about the time Anna was expected from Denmark, Agnes Sampson had been forewarned by the devil of the storm which should sweep over land and sea. The devil had also informed her that the Queen's Majesty would never come to Scotland, unless the king fetched her. In fact, the tortures of having her head "thrawen" with a rope were so dreadful that Agnes admitted the existence of a letter, directed to a certain Marion Leuchop in Leith to the effect that the sisters were warned to raise the wind upon a certain day, at eleven o'clock, to prevent the queen's coming.

It also was discovered that all unknown to him, the witches had tried to get the king's shirt or other personal linen, the better to work their charm. Lord Claud Hamilton's name was whispered, and other great personages were mentioned in evil terms.

There was nothing for it. Agnes Sampson must burn, which she did, in the Castle of Edinburgh, poor thing, and "died well." Before the flames consumed her racked body and demented spirit, she implicated a certain Richard Grahame "a Westland man." To the pilnie-winks (thumb-screws) with Richard! James himself later examined him.

Yes, confessed Richard, he did have a familiar spirit who showed him sundry things. But he was not a witch nor did he ever consort with witches.

James stroked his beard. "How," he asked the prisoner, "how was it then that Agnes Sampson said the Earl Bothwell came to her, through you?"

Richard writhed. That was true, he said. But the Earl Bothwell knew of him also through two women in Edinburgh, Effie MacCallum, and Barbara Napier. James noted their names instantly.

Creak, creak went the thumbscrews. Richard groaned and screamed. "Yes!" he cried. It was true—he would tell all. And it came tumbling out—how Bothwell came to him for a potion which should make the king like him. How he was given that potion, and touched his Majesty's face with it, without any seeming effect. How Bothwell came to him again, demanding some magic by which to ruin the king. How Richard said that was beyond his poor power, and referred him to Agnes Sampson.

James had been in danger before; he had been prisoner in his own palace, with a dirk never too far from his ribs. He had lived all his life in an atmosphere of bloodshed and trouble, but this was worse, far worse than any ordeal he had ever gone through. This was a peril, not only of the body, but of the spirit.

It seems impossible to believe that a man who had listened to Tycho Brahe's mathematical plotting of the heavens, who had had the stars in their courses explained to him, should have honestly and actually believed that he was beset by evil spirits. It is equally impossible to reconcile this well-educated, worldly young man, who could write fluently in three languages, who could grasp diplomatic situations in the twinkling of an eye, with the superstition-ridden youth who promptly clapped Bothwell into prison as the result of these witches' accusations.

Bothwell, of course, with his well-armed followers, managed to burst out again, and fled to the fastnesses of the Borders. But James was still mightily troubled, and undertook to sift in person the evidence against Barbara Napier, who had escaped the stake by the skin of her teeth because she was alleged to be pregnant.

James made a long and earnest speech to the jury upon this occasion, admitting that witchcraft had grown very common in Scotland, and admitting it to be a most abominable sin.

"I have been," he went on, "these three quarters of a year sifting out of them that are guilty herein. We are taught by the laws, both of God and man, that this sin is most odious; and by God's law, punishable by death. By man's law, it is called *Maleficium* or *Beneficium*

(James never *could* resist the temptation to instruct), an ill deed, or a poisonous deed; and punishable likewise by death. As for them, who think these witchcrafts to be but fantasies, I remit them to be catechised and instructed in these most evident points."

This sort of belief, then, was the result of the great Buchanan's education, of the Presbyterianism which had been forced down James's youthful gullet; and of the fear and credulity of an age when every phenomenon in nature was an awe-inspiring mystery. Since he had been a small boy, the plague had appeared regularly in the crowded cities, no one knew why. Men had gone out to work in the morning, strong and well, and by mid-day were lying in the vennels—corpses with blackened faces, and protruding tongues. Comets had appeared, and blazed their way across the skies. Lightning had struck down trees and dwellings. Great storms had been blown up upon the seas, and frail, man-made vessels had been crushed by the angry elements. (How remarkable it is that when a storm blew the Spanish Armada ashore off the Irish coast, no one thought of witchcraft, whereas when a pale child who wanted to get to Scotland was blown back to Norway, a dozen or more human lives had to be snuffed out by torture, in explanation and expiation.)

No man, however learned, was able to solve such riddles. No man, however courageous, could live in a world where such calamities happened, without, in his fright and terror, having to conjure up some reason for the action of the elements.

The sixteenth century was a wonderful era of vigor, valor, and ignorance. Men dared to sail across unknown seas in tiny boats; they dared to blaze out new empires. But so little did they understand of the world about them, so little did they know, even of their own bodies, that as today every school child knows that the heart pumps blood through the body, so then the human body was made up of four elements—earth, water, fire, and air, with the corresponding humors of cold, wet, hot, and dry. James was convinced of this, and used to discourse frequently upon the "complexions" (combinations of elements) in the body. If a lad is brought up in an era which believes wholeheartedly that a person with a cold, dry "complexion" is by nature inclined to "dreames fearfull" and is "stiffe in opinions," is it any won-

der he can also be convinced that his most powerful and arrogant earl has invoked witches against him?

Ludicrous as the charge against Bothwell may seem, his subsequent behavior did nothing to endear him to his sovereign. For a time after he fled from prison, he lurked on the Borders, and gathered to him all manner of murderers and "broken" men. There was something so fierce and inwardly gnawing in the man, that he could not stay quiet, he could not rest. He must be forever launching some wild scheme, spending his energy furiously and ruthlessly, prodding on the malcontents (and there were many) at court, fomenting new schemes against Chancellor Maitland, whom he hated with all the fury of his tumultuous and undisciplined nature. Maitland was the author of all the wrongs which had been heaped upon him, Francis Stewart, Earl Bothwell. Maitland was the author of all his distress—a very "pud-dock-stoole" of a knight, a calm, cool, logical reasoner, a graybeard, too slow, too dull, too cautious—and too wily—for the fever-blooded Earl.

Maitland must be removed. He, Bothwell, must plan and carry off some wild coup. Coup? The word immediately suggested but one escapade: kidnap the king. Ride brazenly up to Holyrood, seize both him and that snivelling chancellor, declare himself, Francis, at the head of the government. Was he not a Stuart, too?

In the gray-black twilight of a December night, this desperado, accompanied by the Laird of Spot, the Laird of Niddry, Archibald Douglas, and the craven Mr. John Colville, spy and informant, sneaked in to Holyroodhouse through a stable door. They snatched keys from a porter, and then ran to the chancellor's door, and "dang him up." The palace rang with cries of "Justice! A Bothwell! A Bothwell!" Maitland might be sniveling and musty, but he was a man of courage. Just in time, he threw the door to, and bolted it. Crash! And the conspirators hacked at it with their halberds. "Up the stairs!" cried Maitland. "Up to the turret with the king!" Crash! And they fired their heavy pistols. A third crash, and Maitland answered them with musketry. By this time the whole palace was aroused; the provost and the baillies were running down the Cannongate, giving the alarm. Burghers were seizing their pikestaffs, drums were beaten, bells were rung. The conspiracy had

failed. Maitland, warned by the cry of Spot to one of his boys within the palace, had been too fast for them. Quickly—out the way they came, through the stable. John Shaw, the Master Stabler, was waiting for them, and tried to bar the way. Down with John Shaw! Bothwell and the four leaders flung themselves on their horses, and surrounded by their Border ruffians, galloped into the night. Eight of the Border men were not so adept in finding their horses. Next morning, their bodies hung limp and hideous outside the Abbey gate, as retribution for John Shaw.

Ah, but that was a bitter night for James. True, Sir Robert Melville had warned him on two days before that there might be trouble. But then, the Melville brothers, Robert and James, were full of premonitions and forebodings. And Sir Robert had chosen the ill time to appear in his nightgown and lay his hand on the king's bridle, just as a gay hunting party was ready to start off through the forests behind Arthur's Seat.

Bothwell was at large again, and headed for Edinburgh, he warned. Tush, man, and what if he were? was James's answer then.

But Sir Robert had been only too right. The king sat in the queen's chambers after the din had died down and the provost had clanked his way to bed. Even Holyrood was no longer safe. First the storms, then the witches, now Bothwell, that madman, setting after him again. . . . Anna looked at him wide-eyed. In Denmark, nobody would have thought of carrying off the king.

Maitland wasted no time. Holyrood was primarily a pleasure castle. The lovely walks and gardens, the lions' cages and the stables formed perfect lurking spots for traitors. If Scotland were to continue under a legitimate Stuart king, he had better scurry closer under the protecting guns of the Castle. A lodging was rented in Niddry's Wynd, at Nicoll Edwards' house for the harried king and his dearest bedfellow, and there the royal couple hid themselves in a grim gray alley, with chimney pots towering overhead, and clammy dampness all about them.

Throughout his life, James had always tried to take the easy, pleasant way. Give in, rather than wrangle—let the other fellow have what he wants, if he cares enough to make a fuss about it. Never quarrel, never bicker. Fly into a rage on the hunting field, rip out an oath or two, heckle ministers, and grow choleric over lesser men's verbal impertinence

James I of England

—these were kingly prerogatives which would have showed him less a king, had he not seized them. In all his life he had never really hated anybody except Morton. He had thoroughly disliked Buchanan, and had been annoyed at other men. But for Bothwell, he began to feel a blood-surgings, murderous, hot and stinging loathing, a loathing the more bitter and deep-seated because it was so poignantly laced with fear. This bastard's son, this Stewart upstart, this wild man must be curbed.

While Maitland and Mar, among others, were laying plans to trap the culprit, James sat down in Niddry's Wynd, and looking out upon the bleak walls before him, composed a sonnet to John Shaw, his Master of the Stables, slain on the night of Bothwell's raid.

*A virtuous life procures a happy death,
And rears to lofty skies their noble name.
Then blest is he who looseth thus his breath
Though to his friends it be a grief the same.
This may be said of thy immortal fame
Who here reposes closed in honour's lair
For as of true and noble race thou came
So honesty and truth was all thy care
Thy kin was honoured by thy virtues rare
Thy place of credit did thy friends defend.
Then noble minds aspire and do not spare
With such a life to conquire such an end.
But here my inward grief does make me stay
I mind with deeds, and not with words to pay.*

His "inward grief" was genuine. The stabler was a staunch servant who had helped him mount for the hunt so many times; who had so faithfully offered up oats and hay to the hunting hackney, the horses from Spain, the French nag, the great cursor, the cursorat, and all the other steeds whose upkeep impoverished the king, and whose care had devolved on dead John Shaw, James' rancor against Bothwell was all the more acid because his hunters would whinny, missing the hand of their accustomed keeper.

On the tenth of January, some three weeks after the episode, Francis Stewart, sometime Earl Bothwell was cried from the Mercat Cross in

Edinburgh as a traitor and a reward was offered for his head. Three days later (having sneaked back to Holyrood and deposited Anna there) James himself rode out at the head of a company to seize the arch-villain with his own royal hands. His cloak was lined and interlined; his breeches were comfortably padded; but still the raw wind blowing over the North Sea made him shiver in his saddle. With the cheeriest of hearts, and the stoutest of courage, a winter expedition in Scotland can offer disheartenment and discomfort. With worry gnawing in one's brain, and fear adding iciness to the air, January is no time to be pursuing a desperate criminal through gaunt and hilly country.

James shivered, and well he might. Chancellor Maitland shivered, too, beside the fires in his rooms at Holyrood. Anna, turning to smile over her white lace ruff at handsome James, son-in-law of the dead Regent Moray, and inheritor of his earldom, should have shuddered and looked away. A storm was brewing which was to rock Scotland end from end, and lash about these four with fatal fury. A bloody drama was under weigh, which caught them all within a harsh web of circumstance, and bristled with the age-old motifs of jealousy and revenge.

A ballad, based on the rumors which flew up the High Street and back again can furnish the acrid note of jealousy.

*He was a brave gallant,
And he rode at the ring,
And the Bonny Earl Moray,
He might have been the King.*

*He was a brave gallant,
And he rode at the glove,
And the Bonny Earl Moray,
He was the Queen's love.*

Whispers like this came sourly to James's ears. The Earl of Moray, a Stewart, was taller than he, and comelier. His legs were straighter and his shoulders broader. James watched the queen's and Moray's coquetry with peevish annoyance. Was she unfaithful to him, his dream bride, his pink and white Danish Anna? No—that was impossible. Maitland and Sir James Melville would have spied on her, if she had

been. But this Moray fellow, continually smirking about the court, was growing insufferable. Moreover, the king darkly suspected that he knew more than he would tell about the Bothwell raid.

George Gordon, Earl of Huntly, the leading Catholic nobleman in the kingdom, husband of Esmé Stuart's daughter, looked none too favorably on this flirtation either. And since he was growing daily more intimate with the king, slipping in and out of the palace like a member of the family, he had opportunity to observe, and mislike what he saw. The Regent Moray had deprived him of his fortunes and lands, and ground the proud Gordons down to paupers. One might have thought revengeful blood would cool in thirty years. It would have, in the veins of any other than a Scottish nobleman. Huntly was Scottish to the core, and never for one moment had he forgotten that reprisal must be taken on the Stewarts—and Moray was a Stewart.

Since he had been man enough to seize a dirk and claymore, since his lungs had been stout enough to shout a battle cry, Huntly had wreaked his vengeance on every Stewart that he could find in the North countries. For years he had "most awfully" pursued them, committing open raids and depredations, besides slaughters and mutilation of men and women, "whereupon followed universal trouble and unquietness in the North, to the grief and displeasure of a great number of true men, through occasion thereof brought to misery and poverty."

Arrest the man for his lawlessness? Who was to perform the act? Imprison him? Who were to be his warders? Go through the mockery of a trial? His friends and followers would stand in court, armed to the teeth—Edinburgh would seethe with bellicose Gordons, and any sane jury in the land would acquit the noble earl.

Interwoven in the bitterness of these leading roles was a well integrated secondary plot, founded equally on rancor and envy. The Duke of Lennox, Huntly's brother-in-law, thought Maitland had too much power, and was willing to get rid of him in any way he could. The Presbyterian ministers were aghast at James's friendliness to a Catholic, and would gleefully have poured boiling oil on Huntly, as he rode up the Cannongate. If a drop or two spattered on the king, so much the better, and serve him right for consorting with Papists.

The play even offered a part to Bothwell, skulking in the back-

ground. Indeed at the very moment that James was puffing with exertion as he urged his horse on toward Dunbar, where the traitor had last been seen, Bothwell had slipped back into Edinburgh and was hiding in a house not unlike the king's late residence in Niddry's Wynd. To him, in his retreat, were said to have come the Duke of Lennox, egged on by hatred for Maitland, Mr. Bowes, Elizabeth's minister at court, and several zealous Protestant clergymen, who saw in him a champion against Huntly. Even Moray, the fair-faced, may have spoken with him, for they had been friends.

James had no time for poetry now, no hours in which to stroke Anna's cheek or laugh at the antics of her Moor. With treachery and jealousy on every hand, where should he turn for peace and comfort? Heretofore there had been Maitland—but now Anna, for some unaccountable reason, turned pale when the very name was mentioned, and did her best to block the chancellor at every turn. The king, riding back through the bleak countryside after a fruitless search for Bothwell, found his heart heavy, and himself utterly friendless and alone.

He knew that there were plots against him. He knew that Elizabeth was at her old work of keeping Scotland torn with feud and dissension, in order to make English influence more poignantly felt. He knew that Huntly, even that bluff and jovial George Gordon, riding at his side, was linked with the Earls of Angus and Arrol in any number of traitorous schemes to advance the Catholic cause. He knew that his own life was in danger, that Esmé's son Ludovic, had proved but a wishy-washy friend, and was bonded with Anna against the chancellor.

He sighed, and slumped in the saddle. At twenty-seven, in the full vigor of his manhood, he was getting tired—tired of bloodshed, tired of intrigue, tired of Protestants and Catholics alike, sick to death of having to gouge money out of Elizabeth, and speak her fair, tired of everything but the one thought, the crown of England. And if the withered old virgin ever did die, and the crown should come to him—then what? Anna had had one miscarriage, perhaps two, and it was being gently bruited about that she was diseased. What if he should have no heirs?

This thought, and the tightness with which he felt the nets of

hatred and revenge were being drawn about him, cast down his heart, and made his progress back to Edinburgh slow and uneasy. Trouble lay heavy in the air.

Once home again in Holyrood, James felt more nearly normal. There, at least, the air was warmed and the dark paneled walls shut out the freezing January sleet. They could not quite—thick as they were—shut out foreboding. Moray had gone off to visit his mother, Lady Doune at Donibersel, just over the Firth of Forth. Bothwell was presumably burning and harrying on the Borders. Huntly retired to his own queerly gabled town house in Bakehouse Close, and the court was quiet. There were Secret Council meetings to be held, and the weekly wails of the treasurer to listen to. Where were the revenues that were to pour in from Crown lands?

On the seventh of February, 1592, raw though the weather was, James started out to hunt. George Gordon, as usual, clattered by his side. On toward Leith they rode, the green-doubleted huntsmen calling up the hounds. Suddenly a messenger dashed up, and whispered in Huntly's ear. News of Bothwell! The traitor was not far off. Huntly gave a swift order, turned to the king. James trembled in his eagerness. By all means—pursue the traitor! Hounds were checked, huntsmen choked the rechate in their throats. Forty horsemen riding behind the earl wheeled, dug their spurs into their horses' flanks. Off to capture Bothwell!

The ferry was waiting for them, and without a moment's delay, they set out across the Firth of Forth.

How was it that Lord Ochiltree, a Stewart and friend of Moray's, who had come to Edinburgh for the express purpose of acting as peace-maker in the feud between him and Huntly—how was it that Ochiltree, on his way to Moray, should have been denied passage on that same ferry just a short time before? By royal decree, the boatman said, there was to be no traveling that day from Leith to Queensferry.

Off to capture Bothwell? How was it then, that Huntly at the head of his horsemen rode straight to Donibersel, where he knew Moray had been staying with a few close friends? Off to capture Bothwell? Why, then, did the Earl Huntly pull up in the courtyard, and demand the surrender of James Stewart, Earl Moray? And when Moray, his

breastplate glinting in the pallid afternoon sun, stepped out on the battlements, and defied him, how was it that a volley of shot spattered about that tall and shining figure?

The Stewarts rushed to arms. The Gordons with their war cry, "a Gordon, a Gordon!" hurled themselves upon the walls of Donibersel. Until it grew too dark to see, the followers of Moray fought like lions. Then, under cover of the dusk, Huntly ordered his men to bring corn stacks from the neighboring fields—never mind the cotter on whose ground they had been grown. Quick—pile the dry husks up all around the castle walls. Now—a flint and steel—and in ten seconds a tongue of flame shot high, snapping at the windows, licking inside, consuming the tapestries, and the rushes on the floor. Like ants out of a destroyed hive, the staff of Donibersel spurted from the burning house—the cooks, the turn broches, the ladies of the family, Lady Doune, Earl Moray's mother, his sisters, and lastly, the Sheriff of Moray. Huntly was on the watch—ah, there he goes—was that the earl? No, it was only the sheriff—down with him. No, there, there—the winter night was lashed with screams. Out of the burning building darted Moray himself, his beautiful blond hair blazing, the plume in his helmet bright with flame.

After him! Death to the Stewart! Like a lion, Moray threw himself upon the Gordons, and beat his way past them, the helmet still blazing. And though he ran swift as a stag to the seashore, his flight was as plain as a meteor's course. After him! Death to the Stewart! Track him to his lair! In a cave by the side of the sea, Huntly came up to him, dagger ready. George Gordon hesitated for one second—should he really strike at this fiery Adonis?

"Curse you for a coward, George Gordon!" cried a voice behind him. "You'll not go as far as the meanest laird in the clan."

Down came Huntly's dagger, right across that handsome face, blackened as it was by flames and hate, already overshadowed with death.

"Huntly," gasped the Earl of Moray, "ye have spoilt a better face than your own."

The Gordons had been revenged.

Next morning, the fire still smoldered and smoked at Donibersel, sending up a shaft of gray against the sky that could be seen for miles.

James saw it from Innerleith across the Forth where the hunting party went early the next day. Maitland knew of it.

The streets of Edinburgh rang with the story, and the Presbyterian clergymen, who had found one of their stoutest friends in Moray, screamed it from the pulpits.

By nightfall of the eighth, James returned to Holyrood, and sitting with the Secret Council in extraordinary session, discharged all commissions of lieutenancy and justiciary granted at any time to George, Earl of Huntly, or his deputies. He also met a delegation of ministers.

"Your Majesty," they pleaded, "see what has come to your realm because of this devil's spawn, this Papist, this Huntly. It is time he was rooted out, branch and stock!"

James, still in that extraordinary calm indifference, answered them softly. His part, he said, was like David's, when Joab smote Abner under the fifth rib and killed him. The clergy mentally leafed over their Bibles.

"Let it rest on the head of Joab," they remembered, "I and my kingdom are guiltless before the Lord forever from the blood of Abner . . . and the king lifted up his voice and wept at the grave of Abner. . . . And the king said unto his servants, Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel? *And I am this day weak, though anointed king; and these men the sons of Zeruiah be too hard for me; the Lord shall reward the doer of evil according to his wickedness.*"

Huntly, James knew, would be too hard for him. The loss of Moray, Anna's smooth favorite, Bothwell's friend—it was a blow to justice, certainly, but was it worth persecuting Huntly for, *when Huntly might be useful in the future*, Huntly with his Gordons in their dark blue and green plaids, well disciplined, well fed, hardy Northmen that they were?

All day long the High Street was crowded. People stood in knots at the corner of the Lawnmarket, beside the gray stone doorways to their closes, talking, talking, telling how Moray had died, telling of the foul blow that Huntly had driven into his face. By some grapevine magic, these buzzing groups heard instantly when on the morning of the ninth of February a barge, covered in black, brought the dead bodies of Moray and the sheriff, to lie in state in Leith, and finally to be

buried beside the "Good" Regent Moray, in St. Giles. The frantic Lady Doune had wanted to expose her son's corpse at the Edinburgh Mercat Cross, but that James had positively forbidden.

It was hard enough to greet her, and to have to accept from her hands a picture of her son, wrought on the finest cloth. And to have to receive from her a bullet, taken from Moray's pierced body. Another bullet she reserved for herself, saying, as she wrapped it carefully in black, "I shall not part with this, till it be bestowed on him that hindereth justice." Then she departed with a heavy look of meaning at her king. Only a short month later, seeing no possibility of avenging Moray, the Lady Doune uttered a malediction against James and died in displeasure.

The shawled women in the streets, the farmers coming in to town in hodden gray, the burghers, they knew of this interview, too, and when the king and Maitland rode out, their muttering was menacing. "When will that bullet find its mark?" they asked audibly. "What kind of country is this, where murder in high places goes unpunished?" "Where is Huntly? Why is his body not hanging beneath the unicorn upon the Mercat Cross?"

It was impossible, James admitted to himself, to bring Huntly to justice. It would have taken a trained army, ready to fight in the fastnesses of the North Country, to capture George Gordon. He could command—and did—Huntly to ward himself in the Castle of Blackness. To everyone's surprise, and later consternation, the bluff earl put himself in prison, surrounded himself with his own followers, broke out again when the damp air of Blackness became unpleasant, and fled north, after a slight investigation and dismissal of the charges against him. This was Scottish justice; this was the way in which James could hold his nobles in check.

Anointed he was, but truly the sons of Zeruish were too hard for him. The muttering and cursing in the streets grew unbearable.

Acting on Maitland's advice, plans were laid to remove the Court to a less noisome spot than Edinburgh. The Crafts, under their blue banners, rose to a man, and taking arms, tried to keep the king from leaving Holyrood. Only the utmost vigilance and persuasion of the provost and magistrates kept them from breaking into the palace and

assaulting their ruler with sticks and stones and hagbuts. The soldiers of the king's guard lifted no finger to dispel the mob. Why should they endanger their lives for employers who never paid them? Down with Maitland's trunks and coffers, and into the guard house with them! It took Maitland's most sweet and persuasive arguments, reinforced by heartfelt promises to find money for them, before they could allow the chancellor to depart.

James, in his anguish, penned a swift note to Huntly—not Catholic Huntly, the murderer of Moray, but Huntly the husband of his dear Esmé's daughter, Huntly his boon hunting companion. One of the king's great virtues was loyalty, one of his great vices, adherence to personal predilections which were injurious to his state.

Since your passing from here I have been in such danger and peril of my life as since I was born I was never in the like, partly by the grudging and tumults of the people, and partly by the exclamation of the Ministry whereby I was moved to dissemble. Always, I shall remain constant. When you come here, come not by the ferries; and if ye do, accompany yourself, as ye respect your own preservation. Ye shall write to the principal ministers that are here, for thereby their anger will be greatly pacified.

But it was far from George Gordon's mind to come to Edinburgh. He knew better than to get within gunshot of a Stewart. If the grudging of the people were so great that they were a menace to the king, the city was no place for the Earl of Huntly. James and Maitland, having quieted the crafts and the king's guard, moved with all speed to Linlithgow. The ostensible purpose of this hegira was to hunt Bothwell—but every sane man knew that Bothwell was not within a hundred miles. For the entire month of March, the king shuttled back and forth between the quiet palace with its lake and swans, and the city of Glasgow, alternately in a rage and in a sweat of fear. His life had been in danger many times before, but never had chaos threatened so imminently as now. The people and the powerful clans allied with the Stewarts hated the chancellor, and hated him, James, for having the astute Maitland at court. That cannon-cracker of a Bothwell was still at large, and being

a Stewart, had thrown himself heart, soul and dagger, into the Stewart cause, to get revenge upon Clan Gordon. The Presbyterian ministers, bereaved in the loss of their good friend Moray, and foaming with rage at Catholic Huntly, were throwing all their support to the Stewarts. Nowhere was there peace, nowhere was there assurance of quiet. Nowhere could James the king ride out carefree to hunt, certain that he would return alive at night. Nowhere but to Maitland could he look for trustworthy friendship. And yet it became too plain that Maitland would have to go. Never did James step into his wife's apartments but that Anna urged his dismissal—Anna who had never liked him, and who (although no chronicle of the times says so) must have been cast down by the horrid death of Moray, and ready to blame the chancellor in her grief. The "puddock-stoolie of a knight," the wisest and most farseeing man in Scotland by his very vision and intelligence, had so alienated the great barons that Moray's death was only the spark which set alight the whole bonfire of loathing against him. At the end of March, the threats against the High Chancellor of Scotland, John Maitland, Baron Thirlstone, had become so vehement and hideous that he was forced to retire to his country seat at Lethington.

James could still send to him for advice, but such long distance dispatches were cold comfort. What he needed was a friend, one single friend at court. The Earl of Mar, his old schoolmate, Johnny Slaites, was with him, but Johnnie's head was not so cool as Maitland's nor his heart so true.

At the beginning of April, James tried Holyrood again, but only briefly. The tumults and grudgings were as rancorous as ever, and rumors flew up and down the Cannongate that he and Maitland—the King of Scotland and the High Chancellor—had had a hand in the murder. In Leith, the accusing corpses of James, Earl of Moray, and his sheriff, still lay unburied, reeking with spices and dark with blood clots. The king at once set out for the North, on another search after Bothwell, who had been seen (a positive werewolf, this Bothwell) in the neighborhood of Dundee.

Life since his marriage had gradually become a very purgatory to James without his quite knowing why. Only a short year ago he had come back from Denmark, refreshed, jubilant, to find his kingdom at

peace, and his loyal subjects ready to tear their throats with screams of welcome.

Now there was Bothwell, during whose freedom he would never draw a tranquil breath, and then this cursed Moray murder, which had turned Scotland topsy-turvy, and rooted out all peace from his hunting, his poetry, and his dreams. Even Anna, so cool, so pink and white, had become entangled in the dark nightmares of his sleeping and waking moments, urging him to send away Maitland, nagging at him, querulous at times, never the soothing helpmate, never the soft, caressing bed-fellow.

And now, last dart against his royal soul, his ministers had convened in Edinburgh, and were demanding, *demanding* of him, the king, that he excommunicate Huntly.

"Excommunicate?" cried James. "Why do ye not call for the excommunication of those who beset me in Holyrood? By God's truth, it will not be well in this kingdom, until noblemen and gentlemen get license to break ministers' heads!"

Softly, softly, counseled Maitland. We are without friends. We must appease these ministers and win them to our cause. Without them we can never capture Bothwell, without their good will we can never bring peace to Scotland again. We must give in to them, we must make sure of their support.

But it went hard with James to countenance these loud-tongued theologues. They praised Knox, the Regent Moray, and Buchanan—three men whom James had never loved, and who, he avowed in open meeting, could never be defended but by seditious and traitorous theologues.

"Ah," said Mr. Andrew Melville, the same divine who had argued at St. Andrews before Du Bartas, "but it was they who set the crown upon your head."

James started up in fury. "What!" he roared, and gripped the table before him. "It came by succession, and not by any man. I was anointed, and I am king, *by the Grace of God.*"

Belittle him, would these puling, black-clad intolerants? Drag him down to their own level? Make him think that he was only king by their favor, and that they could excommunicate him, dethrone him, treat

him as they would the meanest of his subjects? That was too much. Harried and worried, rebuffed and bereft, James could still comfort himself that he was ruler over Scotland, not because, as these praters argued, a group of dotards had put oil upon his brow, no, by God's truth, but because God himself in his glowing omnipotence had leaned down from Heaven and said, "James, by My Grace, King." Let them threaten and harangue. Whatever came he would be king, and would until his dying day defend the rights of kings against such demagogues, such despoilers of authority. This was his creed, this his whole-souled belief, a belief which would one day cost James's yet unborn son his head. Born of his defense against flouted authority, and the impudent attacks of Presbyterian zealots, the theory of the Divine Right of kings was being hammered into finality upon the anvil of this convention.

Because the situation was so desperate, they succeeded in wringing from James concessions which went against the grain more deeply than we could express. Instead of viewing him, the king, as the head of Church and State, they won permission to set up a whole machinery of government which would make the Kirk of Scotland as independent as the eagles in the air, and which would give full rein to the most brazen and obnoxious tongues amongst them. It could not be helped. He must win their support and have some wall against which he could set his back when Bothwell came again.

James felt it in his bones that come he would. The traitor had been flitting, flitting, since December, first on the Borders, then in Leith, then in England. (James ground his teeth when he thought of the false Elizabeth harboring this arch-villain, but he was assured she had.) It was time for him to swoop down upon the court once more.

At two o'clock of a June night, Bothwell fulfilled the omen. James and Anna had gone to Falkland, to try and get some measure of peace and summer coolness. The king had not been so foolish as to try and make this a complete holiday away from the world. He had posted guards at all the turrets, for the duration of his stay, and therefore the word went out swiftly: "Bothwell comes!"

Up into the tower! Prime the muskets! James, the sleep gone from his eyes, and hate speeding him, snatched up his hose, climbed to the tower, and directed the artillery fire.

Until seven in the morning, the palace rang with shots and cries, and then Bothwell, seeing that his hundred Border ruffians were in no state to attempt a siege, called them off. They took with them all the horses in the king's stables, and galloped south, as hard as they could go. The insane tactics of their leader (what could he have hoped to gain by this ill-prepared sally?) kept them on horseback, faint from lack of food and sleep, until many of them fell from their saddles.

The burghers of Fife pelted after them, but it was too late. Bothwell was gone again.

The man had become like some disease that swoops down on helpless people who can find no means of defense against it. All summer long sporadic parties were dispatched in search of him. James settled down to a feline policy of playing off Catholics against Protestants in his attempt to catch the man and bring his hated head to the block. Edinburgh burghers were disturbed at their dinners by the sound of the alarm bell—Bothwell was in town! False alarm, and the citizens returned to their porridge and black bread. They were awakened in the dead of night by the magistrates, who called them to meet in their armor. The king had had word that Bothwell meant to try another raid on Holyrood. Another false alarm, but even so, thirty harquebusiers were chosen to stand guard till morning over the Abbey.

Huntly and the other Catholic earls were discovered to be dealing with Spain. The Presbyterians screamed that the end of the world had come, and urged a Catholic holocaust. The Catholic earls were put to the horn, and the ministers "shouted and raised fray" against the rebels. The Catholic earls were relaxed from the horn, and bound over to appear at the next Parliament.

A convention of the nobility was called for May, 1593, but so hot was the enmity between the leading peers of Scotland that only a handful came. Nothing was done, but it was agreed upon that Bothwell should either be apprehended or forced to leave the country. Brave, empty words! The king was in such a state of anger and nervousness, that he tried to throw a whinger at one who suggested that Huntly was equal to Bothwell in wickedness.

Only one bright spot shone in the murky Scottish heavens. The feeling against Maitland had so far died down that his recall to court

was expected hourly. James, God knew, felt safer, now that the chancellor was close at hand and drew breath long enough to polish up some sonnets and think back to a time when skies had been bright and life serene. He sent a thirty-year privilege for circulating his books in Scotland to his friend Tycho Brahe, and with it two Latin sonnets. Maitland, who also fancied himself as a savant, found time to translate them, and give to the non-learned a sample of his king's artistry.

*The glorious globe of heavenly matter made
Containing ten celestial circles fair,
Where shining stars in glistring graith [apparel] arrayed,
Most pleasantly are powdered here and there,
Where every planet hath his own repair,
And crystal house, a whirling wheel in round,
Whose calm aspects of forward does declare,
God's mind to bless great kingdoms or confound
Then if you list to see on earthly ground,
Their order, course and influence appear,
Look Tycho's tools, there finally shall be found
Each planet dancing in this proper sphere
There fires divine into his house remain
Whom sommerlie his book doth here contain.*

In his gratitude to the aging chancellor, James also wrote sonnets to him, one of which was sent off with a worried little note.

“Being clean exeemed [exempted] from sleep or any will thereof,” the king complained, “even from the time ye left me yesternight until this day at four o'clock, idleness and silence of the night stirred up my Muse to travail and speech.” Poor James—his Muse had been in great danger of choking to death, with all the troubles which had beaten down upon his straining brain. “And as our minds remembers best on the last object before going to sleep, so my muse had readiest in memory your translation of my verses that ye read yesternight and therefore she began to work thereupon, as well as to spur you to end one that ye have begun, as to encourage you to translate likewise thereafter

James I of England

such short poems of mine as shall be thought best written. Upon these conditions then, I send you this sonnet."

To Chancellor Maitland.

Vigiliae nostrae

*If he who valiant even within the space
That Titan six times twice his course does end
Did conquer old Dame Rhea's fruitful face
And did his reign from pole to pole extend
Had thought him happier if that Greek had penned
His worthy praise who traced the Trojan sack,
Then all his acts that forth his fame did send
Or his triumphant trophies might him make.
Then what am I that on Pegasian back,
Does flee amongst the Nymphs immortal fair,
For thou, oh Maitland, does occasion take
Even by my verse to spread my name all where
For what in barbarous leide [language] I block and frames
Thou learnedly in Minerva's tongue proclaims.
Olam lucernam certe, nam cum lucerna escogitatum fuit.*

Anna might sulk and pout her thinnish lips. Bothwell and all the Stewart clan might growl in their bearded throats and lay awful plans. The Protestant ministers, dismayed by the dreadful state of Scotland, might (and did) go hungrily without their dinners as a protest against the license and disorder of the nobility. Maitland's influence was at a high peak again, and James was once more linked with the shrewdest and most dangerous Scottish politician of the century.

Elizabeth twisted her pearls and roared with rage when it became certain that Maitland would be recalled, and that shortly. How could she hope to keep Scotland disrupted when his cool eye looked out for English trouble? Forthwith she sent a Mr. Henry Lock, brother-in-law of the petty spy, John Colville, into Scotland. Mr. Lock was instructed to proceed with a plot which should put Bothwell in power, with the aid of the Duke of Lennox, the Earl of Mar (Johnnie Slaites had turned out to be one of Scotland's prime vacillators), the Earl of Athole, and every other Stewart he could find.

It was really high time for Bothwell's partisans to bestir themselves. The Parliament, sitting in July of 1593, had already passed a sentence of forfeiture against him, confiscated all his property, and ordered that his arms should be riven at the Mercat Cross. Desperation (aided by fair promises from Elizabeth) egged them on to attempt another seizure of James's physically weak person.

This time Bothwell's melodramatic and bizarre plot actually succeeded. Carried out with comic opera dash and verve, his latest cabal turned out to be picturesque but unbelievably effective for the moment, and forebodingly ruinous for his future.

According to the schedule, worked out by the connivers, shortly after sunrise on the morning of July 24, the noble Earl of Bothwell might have been seen lurking by the back gate beside the kitchen entrance to Holyrood. If any of the other noble earls in Edinburgh attending Parliament had been awake that early, they might have seen him with Mr. Colville, and several others, sneak quietly inside as the gate was opened from within. It was opened, according to plan, by that blue-blooded lady, the Countess of Athole, who chanced to pass that way to visit her mother, the Lady Gowrie. The Lady Gowrie's lodging was so conveniently close to the palace!

Up the stairs crept the conspirators, followed by a handful of men, and went straight into the king's chamber. They were oddly equipped for a matutinal call, were Bothwell and Mr. Colville, for each carried a drawn sword in his hand.

James had just arisen, and retired to his privy, when he heard his page open his bedroom door.

"Lennox?" he called. "Athole?" No answer.

With his breeks in his hand and the points of his hose undone, the king rushed out to see why his privacy had been invaded. He tried the door to the queen's bedchamber. It had been locked by the Countess of Athole, who seemed to think of everything. James looked wildly about him, and behold, from back of the arras appeared his loathed enemy, Bothwell, Mr. Colville beside him.

"Treason!" roared the king. "Treason!"

Lennox, Athole and Lord Ochiltree stepped into the room behind Bothwell.

At once James grasped the magnitude of this attempt, and all unraveled as he was, turned to the intruders with something like white fury.

"Come on!" he cried. "Come on, Francis! You seek my life," he gestured toward the swords, "and I am in your hands. Ye seek the life of your King, take it. Ye shall not have my soul. I would rather die with honor than live in captivity and shame."

Colville was not proof against such sternly wounded majesty. He flung himself on his knees before James. Caught up in the drama of the situation Bothwell also lowered his haughty Stewart knees to the floor.

"Nay!" cried James. "Kneel not, man! Ye only add hypocrisy to treason. Ye have plotted my death and I call upon you now to execute your purpose; for I will not live a prisoner and dishonored."

And the king actually sat down, with his breeks still in his hand, and glared at every man in turn.

Bothwell, from the floor, raised up his eyes in supplication.

"Your Majesty," he pleaded, and what a honey-sweet persuasion he put into his voice! "We came not to murder you, nor to do you any hurt. We came as loyal subjects and to protect you from those who would do you harm, and to ask pardon for our offenses. I swear it by this sword." With that, he kissed the hilt, and he delivered his weapon to the king.

He must have been quite carried away with his own eloquence and oratory, this blustering swashbuckler, for now he bent his neck, and sweeping the long hair from it, seized James's unshod foot and pressed it down upon his spinal cord.

"Strike!" he cried wildly. "Strike, my sovereign, if you think ever I harbored a thought against your royal person!"

James looked bewildered and lifted his foot gingerly. What kind of play-acting was this? Lennox, Athole, and Ochiltree, ashamed to the Scottish marrow of their bones for the groveling earl upon the floor, rushed forward and pleaded with the king to pardon him.

"Come, Francis," said James, not unwilling, "get up and we will take counsel about this."

Bothwell heaved himself from his knees, and followed his sovereign into a window recess.

Sir James Melville, aroused by the noise in the palace, and thoroughly alarmed at the numbers of townspeople he saw running behind the provost, called up loudly from the courtyard, to know what of the king?

James himself leaned out of the casement.

"All will be well enough," he cried down. "Tell them of the town that are come to my relief, to wait in the Abbey kirkyard. We are drawing up certain conditions, with the Earl Bothwell, which are to be put in writing."

Sir James was not so sure that all would be well. If Bothwell was mixed up in this, he had his serious doubts. There was but one thing to do—urge his rheumatic legs as fast as they could take him to the lodging of the two Danish ambassadors, who had come to attend Parliament, and settle once for all the question of Anna's dowry.

The Danish ambassadors, as he had suspected, were disturbed and displeased. This was a barbarous country, this Scotland, where earls made kings prisoners before breakfast! Go back, they ordered Sir James, and bring further knowledge of the king and queen.

At this point, it was really necessary for James to do some face-saving. To the cheers of the multitude, he stepped out on a balcony, his points properly laced and his breeks fastened. Beside him stood Anna, smirking a little as she usually did in public, and, despite her smile, rather troubled in her mind. She had no deep objections to Bothwell's putting Maitland out of power, but a raid upon the royal family would make such uncouth gossip at the Danish court!

Now Sir James got audience with the king, and was able to satisfy his curiosity. Yes, it was true that James had capitulated to Bothwell, and that he had agreed to set a day for Francis's trial for witchcraft. He had pardoned the earl his many offenses, and merely asked that he stay away from court until he was acquitted. The heralds (who had so shortly before torn the arms of the house of Stewart and the earldom of Bothwell asunder) proclaimed his peace. And Bothwell himself, having prudently left a guard of fifteen hundred paid soldiers about Holyrood, would withdraw at once.

Sir James wrung his hands.

"Sire!" he cried, "it is lamentable that ye should continually cast

yourself in the company of wicked men, whom ye love but for their language. These be traitors whom ye have reconciled, and will work but for your undoing."

"Aye," said James, "they may be." He twisted his brown beard thoughtfully in his fingers, and stared at the simple Sir James.

"But this is my chance," he went on, "to believe that men, unto whom I have been very beneficial, should love me. We shall see."

Love him? When he was virtually a prisoner again, and not permitted beyond the bounds of Holyrood? Love him, when Lord Ochiltree was set to watch his sovereign like an eagle? Sir James knew better than to believe that last statement, and James himself belied this touching faith in human nature within the next week. He sat down, and out of his boundless rage and despair, out of his hatred, and because he had been compelled to speak softly with Francis Stewart, Earl Bothwell, he wrote lamenting sonnets.

*Shall treason then of truth have the reward?
And shall rebellion thus exalted be?
Shall cloaked vice with falsehoods fained fards [slander]
In credit creep and glisten in our eye?
Shall colored knaves so malapertly lie
And shameless sow their poisoned smiting seed,
And shall perjured infamous foxes sly
With their triumphs make honest hearts to bleed?
How long shall Furies on our fortunes feed?
How long shall vice her reign possess in rest?
How long shall Harpies our displeasure breed
And monstrous fowls sit safely in our nest?
In time appointed God will surely have
Each one his due reward for to receive.*

Bothwell stood trial for his treasonable practices in conniving with Richard Graham, the witch, on August 10. It was surprising to no one that he was acquitted. Where, in all Scotland, could a jury have been found which would have had the courage to adjudge him guilty?

The next day, James tried to escape to Falkland, but was stopped and seized.

"Nay, your Majesty," said the fellow Bothwell, "it is not well that you should leave Holyrood until the country is more settled."

"Villain!" screeched James. "You have broken your promises, imprisoned my servants, and now think to hold me a captive? Did ye not swear that I should return after the trial to Falkland? And that you, Bothwell, should withdraw from my company as soon as you were cleared?"

"So I shall," replied the wily earl, "but first, my liege, we must be relaxed from the horn, restored to our lands and offices, and see the foul murder of the Earl of Moray punished."

"Damn the Earl of Moray!" thought James to himself. He faced Bothwell with sudden coldness and resolution.

"I may seem in a helpless state," he said, "Francis. But I am your king, and sooner than give you any letters of remission now, I would suffer my hand to be cut from my wrist. Sooner than live longer as a captive, and in dishonor, I would endure the extremity of death. Mark ye that well."

Matters were at an impasse again. "Scotland," wrote Sir George Carey to Sir Robert Cecil, "is not inconstant in inconstancy, removing the state thereof, as the heavens that ever more do change nor the King at this instant less subject to the loss of his liberty than when he was in ten years taken nine times captive by contrary factions, each time in danger of his life."

There was nothing for it but to call in Sir Robert Bowes, the ever-ready mediator, and try to patch things up until the parliament should meet in six weeks at Stirling. That veteran diplomat succeeded so far that he got James to consent to a pardon for Bothwell and his associates, and also forced him to agree that Lord Hume (an ardent Catholic), the Master of Glamis, Sir George Hume, and the chancellor should not repair to court until the parliament concluded.

James, nervously fingering the gold and ruby buttons on his doublet, agreed to these conditions. Anything to keep even a semblance of quiet for the time being, and to avert suspicion. In spite of Mr. Bowes, in spite of Bothwell, in spite of the ministers of the Kirk, who were screeching daily defiance at the Catholics, the king had a card up his

gold-embroidered sleeve which should take all their tricks and give a winning score.

The weak-kneed young Duke of Lennox had swung back to him. The Duke of Lennox's sister, Countess of Huntly, was received at court in high favor. The Earl of Huntly, pillaging lustily in the North, had under him a trained army of ferocious Highlanders. The Catholic Earls of Angus and Erroll were strong too.

The ace in James's slashed and embroidered sleeve began to slip slowly toward his wrist. At the Parliament in Stirling, under that same roof which he had said twenty-two years ago had "ane hole into it," he bore himself with reserve and haughtiness, dealing harshly with his barons, and omitting his usual witty asides. The atmosphere was stiff with tension. The very stone figures carved on the pilasters outside the palace seemed to hold themselves more straightly and clench their flinty teeth.

Presently the king, with Lennox, Mar, and Morton, went to Lochlevin for a little rest. At his returning the lords in Stirling heard the unexpected thud of many horses' hooves on the drawbridge. The courtyard became noisy suddenly with the jangling of harness, and the clink of mailed feet on marble pavement.

Sir George Hume of Primrose Know, the Catholic, Lord Hume, and the Master of Glamis had escorted James home in triumph, followed by hundreds of stout horsemen, ready for a fight.

James had found allies in the Catholics.

The unicorn on the Mercat Cross of Edinburgh for the third time in four months heard Bothwell's name again. This time the earl, his servants and dependers were charged not to come within ten miles of the king unless sent for, upon pain of treason. At last James breathed more freely. Now he could sleep at night, now he need not start up fearfully at the slightest noise behind the arras, thinking to see Bothwell's bearded face leering at him from the corners.

It would be difficult to pacify the Church, of course—there would have to be concessions made to the Presbyterian ministers, and some show of severity against the Popish faith which Huntly (thank God for Huntly!) still so doggedly espoused. There would be letters from Elizabeth to answer—her wrinkled claws could not pull pen over paper

fast enough when she heard of James's latest coup—but these were all minor difficulties, now that he was free again and the head of a strong party.

For the first time since Bothwell had come thundering up to the gates of Falkland over a year before, James could ride out to hunt with pleasure. He could canter through a dusky grove without seeing a traitor behind every tree. He could listen to the six long notes, blown at the death of a stag, without trembling, lest in their echo he could detect the clatter of mail and the hoarse cries of a pursuing band.

He could even, now that he knew there were friends about him, withdraw into himself a little, and contemplate his Anna with something like affection. Surely she was blooming like a rose? Surely her farthingale did not stand out quite so stiffly from her once-slim waist as on her wedding day? By October it was established that the Queen's Majesty was, blessed be He who sends His mercies down upon us, definitely and conclusively with child. James experienced a little inward glow of happiness and satisfaction. At last, at long last, a little ray of silver shot into the murky clouds which had dimmed the sun for him ever since this marriage.

Stirling was got ready. The oak cradle, the silver mug, the little old high chair were all taken out and dusted off. Mistress Helen Litell, the king's own nurse, was brought in, to take care of another heir to Scotland's throne. Lady Minny, now silver-haired, but just as loving to her Jamie as she had been when she had tried to protect her darling from Buchanan, was to superintend this whole mysterious business of babyhood once more.

Anna, bulky and petulant, was removed to the high palace beside the Forth shortly after Christmas. Her own Danish women were with her, but they could not over-ride this imperative old countess, into whose hands her own life and that of her child were to be given. Anna, who seems to have disliked nearly every woman she met, on general principles, worked up a violent antipathy not only against the countess but against her son (she had seen enough of Johnnie Slaites' political waverings by this time to distrust him thoroughly). James laid Anna's flouting of his old friends to her condition, and assured himself that once she was normal, she and the Erskines would get on lovingly to-

gether. Incapable of bearing long grudges himself, except, of course, against Bothwell, he endowed his peevish bedfellow with more sweetness than her nature actually contained. She hated Lady Minny now; she would continue to hate her; and she would do everything in her power to keep the coming child from falling into her hands or those of that namby-pamby son of hers.

The rest of Scotland, shivering through a cold February, and happily unaware of the queen's ill temper, waited with bonfires piled high and castle guns loaded.

On the eighteenth of February, 1594, scurrying women began rushing to the queen's chamber, and the Lords of the Privy Council were summoned. Between three and four on the morning of the nineteenth, Mistress Litell made her way into the king's presence with tears in her eyes, and wished him joy of his son.

James threw back his shoulders, and held his head high. Of barren stock was he? Unable to provide Scotland with an heir? Unsuitable for the English throne because he had no offspring? Jubilant, he made his way into the queen's chamber, and bent to kiss his Anna. Peevish she may have been, cold and heartless. He had not found at her side that peace and rich appreciation which he had so longed for. He had never had from her the deep measure of affection which he had dreamed, boyishly, a wife could some day give him.

But here, at least, was a tangible proof of her loyalty, and living evidence that she was fulfilling her duty. He looked upon the tomato-red splotch in the middle of the blanket, which was the face of his first-born, and thought of what Elizabeth would say.

At noon the news reached Edinburgh. The gunners at the castle cautiously fired a volley of twelve shots, and Mr. Walter Balcalquall, who had been ready these many days, climbed into the pulpit of St. Giles to preach a sermon on the 117th Psalm.

Once more little boys were delighted with the sight of bonfires flickering redly against the snow and people in the streets shouted with joy "as if they had been daft for mirth." The pious, heeding Mr. Walter Balcalquall, echoed the text of his sermon:

"O praise the Lord, all ye nations: praise him all ye people.

"For his merciful kindness is great toward us: and the truth of the Lord endureth forever. Praise ye the Lord."

VII. LONG LIVE THE KING!

THE verve and quickness of his heart were gone; his boyish ideals had melted into a vanished adolescence. The fiery hope of reformation by the power of his own wit had been dully quenched. But at twenty-eight James was more fixed than ever in his ambition to feel the weight of the crown of Edward the Confessor upon his brow. More than ever, now that he had an heir to whom to bequeath it, he must make certain of that ancient circlet, and of the empire which it represented.

James was astute enough to realize that he had to do much more than simply reach out his hand toward England. He had, if possible, to force some word of his acknowledgment as heir from Elizabeth. The English people being what they were, of independent turn of mind, and not over-partial to foreigners, he had also to convince them that he, James, would make them a suitable king. He must prove to them that he was by divine right their proper sovereign and in his own right a capable ruler.

Elizabeth's own hair had long been covered with a red wig to hide the gray; her voice had already begun to crack with age. All the powders and perfumes from Italy could not hide the wrinkles in her cheeks, nor the baggy circles under her eyes. Certainly within the next ten years at the most an indulgent Deity would call home to him this greatest of English princesses. James had scant time in which to work.

There was Bothwell to be exterminated, first of all; the Kirk to bring to order; and some sort of working religious arrangement patched up with the Catholic lords. Trade must be fostered, the rich natural resources of the Highlands opened up. These futile and uncivilized feuds between his earls and barons must be stopped; the power of the Crown

must be so thoroughly established that no man would dare to lift a voice or hand against it. His ministers, as James once dryly remarked, must be hangable.

He sighed as he watched Mistress Litell dandling the young prince up and down, patting him on the back to still his cries. Here, too, was another responsibility. He must not only see that Henry his son was well brought up and trained for kingship; he must protect his very life against those jackal enemies who even now were sniffing about Stirling, licking their chops at the thought of kidnaping his firstborn. Something in the Scottish blood seems to have made James's subjects fatally susceptible to that age-old Scottish urge for king-stealing. It had been tried again and again, with ever-waning success; but the idea of seizing the infant prince and demanding terms from the king still buzzed busily in the brains of—none other than Bothwell and his boon companions. The man was so blinded by his own rash fever for intrigue and explosive action that he did not see how James's hand had been strengthened throughout the kingdom, how, since that melodramatic raid on Holyrood, both Catholics and Protestants had been skillfully drawn to court.

Lord Zouch, Elizabeth's ambassador, who had been instructed by Elizabeth to deal with Bothwell according to her consistent policy of keeping Scotland stewing, hastily backed down when the kidnaping plot was disclosed to him. But Bothwell saw himself captaining all true Scotsmen for whom the blood of Moray would never dry, in a furious rush over the drawbridge of Stirling. He saw himself wrapping squalling little Henry in a blanket and rushing down the hill again to await offers of gold, of power, of reconciliation from the frantic father.

Bothwell's imagination as usual painted such vaporously unreal pictures. What actually happened was nothing like so dashing or temerarious as his dreams.

Through a servant of Lord Zouch, James got wind of the cabal in plenty of time to deploy his forces. He sent Lord Hume, his most trusted soldier, with two other nobles to meet Bothwell at the Border. To keep them from howling too loudly in their pulpits, he promptly clapped a few of the most vociferous Presbyterian ministers in jail, and

he himself repaired one April Sunday morning to St. Giles, the High Kirk of Scotland.

There, after the sermon was finished, he rose in his oaken pew and told the people what had happened. Bothwell was already within the borders of Scotland, he warned them; nay, he was at that moment no farther away than Leith, a few scant miles. They knew, he said, of Bothwell's previous treacheries and of his attempts to seize the throne.

"Remember, I pray you, that I am your king!" The earnestness of his speech and his vehemence caused the congregation to sit stock still and listen to the swiftly flowing words of this young man who sometimes stuttered and stammered when he spoke in public. Necks were craned to get a better view of him, women with plaids over their heads peered around the huge gray octagonal pillars of the frigid church.

"Think," he admonished them, "in what case you would be if Bothwell with his Border rogues and robbers should in truth reach the gates of this borough. The Lord Hume has already gone out with a thousand pikemen and five hundred horse to give battle. Those that love their king, those who would protect their city, follow me."

With that Edinburgh "went incontinent to arms." At the head of a thousand burghers, preceded by three great lumbering cannon from the Castle, James, mounted on his great brown hunter, went to meet his enemy. Bothwell fidgeted uneasily in his encampment. This was not at all according to his plan. How could he manage one of his swooping Border rushes, how could he dash heroically into the heart of the enemy in the face of the Castle guns? A tactical battle was beyond him. Deliberate, slow and careful thinking had never been Bothwell's way. The steady push, the meticulous follow-through were hateful and alien to his hot and bursting temperament. He was incurably his own personal and fatal foe.

James gave Hume the order to advance to meet the traitor. This was a maneuver Bothwell could understand, and at once he swung into pursuit of the horsemen. The king, standing his ground with his musketeers, heard the sound of flying hooves and realized that the fight would be waged over his very toes.

"Sire," urged his musketeers, "withdraw, we pray you. Return behind the city walls."

Between white lips, the king replied, "I will never quit the field to a traitor."

He hated fighting, but he hated Bothwell worse, and his sure knowledge that this shatterpated interloper must once for all meet his match nerved him to withstand the sound of ringing swords and rattling shots.

Bothwell, meanwhile, hot after Hume, had overshot his mark and missed his royal prize. Hume had withdrawn him out of the range of battle and thus dissolved his absurd hopes. It would be futile now to return and attack James at the head of such a force. Bothwell suddenly lost stomach for the fight and, incredible as it sounds, disbanded his troops. Within three days he had drifted back over the borders into England, no purpose accomplished but his own destruction. He had been mad enough to promise Elizabeth that she should see tangible proof of his intentions. That impenitently unscrupulous princess, now that she saw he could not frighten James, had no further use for Francis Stewart, and so the little scuffle outside Edinburgh, in which only twelve men lost their lives, marked the beginning of his end. There is no more perfect failure than an unsuccessful adventurer.

Elated at his success and seething with anger, James went back to Holyrood to seize his most effective weapon. He sat down and wrote Elizabeth such a letter as she had never dreamed of receiving in reply to her last anti-Catholic epistle. She had begun sharply:

"My dear Brother. To see so much, I rue my sight that views the evident spectacle of a seduced king, abusing council and wry-guided kingdom. My love to your good and hate of your ruin breeds my heedful regard of your surest safety. If I neglected you, I could wink at your worst, and yet withstand my enemies' drifts. But be you persuaded by sisters." Elizabeth was incomparably the most accomplished letter-writing liar in Europe.

Buchanan had not taught James a kingly style in vain.

So many unexpected wonders, madam and dearest sister [he answered in his own hand], have of late so overshadowed my eyes and mind, and dazzled so all my senses, as in truth I neither know what I should say, nor whereat first to begin; but thinking it best

to take a pattern of yourself, since I deal with you, I must, repeating the first words of your last letter (only the sex changed) say I rue my sight that views the evident spectacle of a seduced queen. Appardon me, madam; for long approved friendship requires a round plainness. For when first I consider what strange effects have of late appeared in your country; how my avowed traitor [Bothwell] hath not only been openly reset in your realm, but plainly made his residence in your proper houses, and which is most of all, how he hath received English money in a reasonable quantity; waged both English and Scottish men therewith;—convened his forces within England in the sight of all that Border, and therefrom contemptuously marched and camped within a mile of my principal city and present abode, all his trumpeters and divers waged men being English; and being by myself in person repulsed from that place, returned back in England with displayed banners—when first I say, I consider these strange effects, and then again I call to mind, upon the one part what number of solemn promises not only by your ambassadors but by many letters of your own hand, ye have both made and reiterated unto me, that he should have no harbour within your country, yea, rather stirring me farther up against him, than seeming to pity him yourself; and upon the other part, weighing my desires towards you,—how far being a friend to you I have ever been an enemy to all your enemies, and *the only point I can be challenged in, that I take not such form of order, and at such time with some particular men of my subjects as peradventure you would, if you were in my room* [authors' italics—James could hit the nail on the head so adroitly when he chose]; when thus I enter in consultation with myself, I cannot surely satisfy myself with wondering upon these above-mentioned effects. . . . Now madam, I have refuge to you at this time as my only pilot to guide me safely betwixt this Charybdis and Scylla. Solve these doubts and let it be seen ye will not be abused by your own subjects who prefer the satisfying of their base-minded affections to your princely honour. That I wrote not the answer of your last letters with your late ambassador [Lord Zouch] and that I returned not a letter with him, blame only I pray you, his own behaviour;

who though it pleased you to term him wise, religious, and honest, had been fitter in my opinion, to carry the message of a herald, than any friendly commission betwixt two neighbour princes; therefore have I rather chused to send you my answer by my own messengers. Suffer me not, I pray you, to be abused with your abusers; nor grant no oversight to oversee your own honour.

James would not grovel at her feet, not even for her crown. He would not whimper under her scorching tirades. It says something for him as a student of psychology that he chose exactly the right approach to this incorrigibly perfidious female, who had been his lifelong sweet-penned correspondent and his bitterest political evil-wisher.

Elizabeth swallowed his letter, officially banished Bothwell, received James's ambassadors with syrupy smiles, and graciously accepted their invitation to be gossop (godmother) at the christening of the infant prince. She had no more intention of being at the festivities in person than she had had upon the occasion of James's own anointing. But she promised to send a nobleman of high degree in her stead, and gave hints of a rich present. Remembering the silver gilt font, James took this last with a grain of salt. At least he forced her shortly to forbid Bothwell to "show banner, blow trumpet, or in any way live and breathe in England." That was enough to put his mind at rest.

It also gave him the mental tranquillity necessary to prepare for the approaching baptism of his son and heir. The Master of Glamis, Treasurer of Scotland, anticipated this festivity with the most horrible financial apprehensions, despite the Parliament's generous grant of a hundred thousand pounds for the occasion.

No royal christening in the sixteenth century was accomplished without a pageant, a series of banquets calculated to ruin the digestion of the stoutest ambassador, a solemn procession to church or chapel, candles, jewels, yards of red and purple velvet, largesse to the poor, trumpets, banners, fireworks and . . . debts. These customary concomitants James would include, of course; but since his was the son of a father with no mean and mediocre gifts, the Courts of Christendom should be treated to a fete so originally planned and so ingeniously

executed that the baptism of the High and Mighty Prince Henry of Scotland should positively dazzle Europe.

Emissaries were sent not only to Elizabeth but to Denmark, France, the Low Countries, and assorted German Duchies. The Chapel Royal at Stirling, which had witnessed his own baptism, James decided was too small, too mean, and altogether too old-fashioned to house an event of such magnificence. Let it be rebuilt from the ground up. There was hardly time to complete so ambitious an architectural undertaking, but the chapel must certainly be refurbished and enlarged.

Daily the king stood about and watched carpenters and masons sawing and laying bricks as hard as they could go—but still it seemed doubtful whether the work would be done in time. James urged them on with offers of large and liberal payment. (There were groans from the Lord Treasurer of Scotland when he heard of it.)

As a matter of further annoyance, messages came from Englaand that the Earl of Cumberland, whom Elizabeth was sending as her proxy, was ill and could not travel. He was better—James sighed with relief and turned from the sound of trowels and hammers to designing costumes for the actors in the pageant he was devising. The earl was worse—James fretted, and put off the baptism again.

It grew to be July. Little Henry flourished on the milk of Mistress Helen Litell's daughter, and Anna, quite recovered from the trials of maternity, became bored with Stirling and began casting eyes at the Duke of Lennox. Still the Earl of Cumberland did not come, and the ambassadors from the Continent had visions of the winter storms setting in before they could get home. The date of the baptism was delayed, and delayed again. The foreign ambassadors grew more and more restive. James, sweating in the tower room of Stirling, where he had so often felt Buchanan's baleful eye upon him, finished his last directions to the costumers and broiderers.

At an expense of something over a hundred pounds, the lion was transported from his happy home in Holyrood and set down, growling and astonished, in the lion's den at Stirling. My Lord of Lendores and Mr. William Fowler, under special instructions from the king, daily went down from Stirling into the valley below and superintended the

erection of scaffolds and barriers. The armorers and heralds, also under their direction, worked night and day.

The queen's Moor was taken from her service without ado and pressed into mysterious rehearsals, at which James was always present. Never had the king been busier, not even when he had been hot after Bothwell. His presence was demanded in a hundred places at once; he had a thousand and one details to attend to.

No ambassador from England yet, and none from France. Was this, James's greatest show, to wilt for lack of audience? At last a messenger came spurring over Stirling drawbridge through the hot August sun. Not the Earl of Cumberland, but the Earl of Sussex, a young lad, doubtless at his first christening, was finally in Edinburgh. Now it was really high time for young Henry to receive official recognition of his existence from the Church. James gave orders that as soon as the Earl of Sussex set foot in Stirling, festivities would commence, with "martial and heroical exploits in field-pastimes" and "rare shewes and singular inventions in household."

Fifty brave yonkers from Edinburgh, armed with hagbuts and chafing in new liveries, were set about the field upon which my Lord of Lendores and Mr. Fowler had expended so much attention. The Queen's Majesty, with her honorable and gallant ladies, toiled down the slope from the Castle, together with the honorable ambassadors (everybody was honorable during this extraordinary week), and took her place upon a throne erected for her. All eyes were on the field, and even the breathless Earl of Sussex, who had been hustled into the grandstand before he had fairly washed the dirt of the Edinburgh road from his face, was on the *qui vive* to see the show.

Trumpets sounded, and three doughty Christians on horseback, in armor, and equipped with lances and pinions, entered the field. The first Christian bore upon his left arm the device of a lion's head with open eyes, and the motto "*Timeat et primus ultimus orbis.*" This was—and the spectators did not have to peer too closely—none other than the King's Majesty, smiling with delight, and ready for the fray. His brother Christians were the Earl of Mar and Mr. Thomas Erskine; conceivably less pleased with themselves, and hot in their armor. There followed three Turks, gorgeously attired in recompense for having to

play such ungrateful infidel roles, recognizable as the Duke of Lennox, Lord Hume, and Sir Robert Ker. And behold, after them, and still more sumptuously clad, as their roles were still more ignominious, came three Amazons; to wit, the long-suffering Lord of Lendores, the Lord of Buccleuch, and the Abbot of Holyrood. The sight of the abbot dressed as an Amazon must have afforded peculiar pleasure to the yonkers of Edinburgh, who, although contented with a lowly part in the festivities, were still allowed to appear in breeches.

After a parade of the *dramatis personae*, followed by pages bearing targets with devices, the running at the ring and glove took place, which was won by the Duke of Lennox who was duly rewarded by a fair and rich ring of diamonds, handed down by the queen's own hand. Thus the first day's pastime was ended with "great contentment to the beholders, and commendation of the persons enterprisers." James not having won, it was generally conceded that the highest ranking nobleman in Scotland was a very satisfactory person to have received the ring.

The second day's pageant, unfortunately, was prevented from taking place because the workmen who should have done the embossing for that event were frankly busy elsewhere; in the Chapel Royal, no doubt, which still left much to be desired.

However, the chapel finished or unfinished, James was determined that the baptism should take place next day. Accordingly, with all the old ceremonies used at his father's christening, young Henry was brought into the chapel and anointed by the Bishop of Aberdeen. The Earl of Sussex, representing Elizabeth, received him from the Duke of Lennox, who had taken the baby from the Countess of Mar. Held in the arms of the English lad, James's firstborn, swathed in twenty-three ells of thin white wool under his robe royal of purple velvet, was baptized Frederick Henry, Henry Frederick, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. After the always necessary Latin oration, the heralds and trumpeters, with scarlet banners fluttering, passed to the windows of the Chapel Royal. Here the Lyon King of Arms cried in a loud voice, "God save Frederick Henry, Henry Frederick, by the Grace of God Prince of Scotland!"

The multitude waiting in the courtyard obediently took up the cry. Sitting on his chair of state, canopied with cloth of gold, James heard

them and smiled. He glanced at the empty chair upon his right, and as quickly frowned. It was highly annoying that His Most Christian Majesty, Henry IV of France, had not been able to send an ambassador. Also, the Earl of Sussex, ensconced in a chair of scarlet velvet, with the arms of England conspicuously emblazoned above his head, was somewhat young, and lacking in *savoir faire*. It seemed a shame that the two principal spectators of James's fete should have turned out so badly.

However, there was nothing for it but to proceed as planned. After the baptism, the prince was taken to the King's Hall and dubbed knight. The Earl of Mar touched him with the spur, and James put the ducal crown upon the baby's head. The Lyon King of Arms proclaimed his titles—proud names which were given to James at his own baptism—Baron of Renfrew, Lord of the Isles, Earl of Carrick, Duke of Rothesay, Prince and Great Steward of Scotland. Whereafter he was taken back to his own chamber and, it may be supposed, dropped blissfully off to sleep, while his father dubbed sixteen gentlemen (with private fortunes) knights.

This ceremony over with, James shed his robe royal, and hustled off. The *pièce de resistance* was yet to come—his brain child, his own conceit, which should make this different from any other royal christening that had ever been or ever could be held.

At eight, accordingly, all the ambassadors and guests assembled in the Great Hall, and were placed (setting aside precedent) at the same table with the king and queen, grouped about three sides of a square. The first course (which was very sumptuous) had been downed and goblets of wine were being poured, when the doors opened, and the astonished spectators observed a chariot, twelve feet long and seven feet broad, bearing down upon them. It was ostensibly being pulled by Anne's patient Moor, who was hitched to it by chains of gold. As it approached the queen, she saw to her relief that he was only a figure-head, so to speak, and that in reality it was propelled from underneath by several pairs of stout arms.

James leaned back and squinted thoughtfully at the contraption. It certainly would have been more effective to have had it pulled by the lion, as he had originally intended, but also, as had been suggested, the

lights and torches might have "commoved" the animal's tameness, so perhaps the Moor was better, after all.

The passengers and contents of the chariot were delightful and original in the extreme. It was, in fact, a gigantic tray of dessert for the banqueters, served by six "gallant dames," three of them dressed in silver satin, three in crimson, their hair flowing loose in *antica forma*. These ladies were identified by the devices they carried as Ceres, Fecundity, Faith, Concord, Liberality, and Perseverance, and made a most pleasing impression, no less with their appearance than with the quality of the patisserie, frutages, and confections which they bestowed upon the gentlemen servers, who in turn served the guests.

The chariot withdrew, and now James held his breath. Would it turn out as he had planned, as he had seen it in his imagination? He turned to watch the Earl of Sussex. He saw that fresh and unsophisticated lad gasp and lean forward. It was—it really was majestic.

For through the door came sailing a ship, a real ship, eighteen feet long with forty-foot masts, white taffeta sails, ropes and cordage of red silk, with golden pulleys. This remarkable vessel seemed actually to swim through an opalescent sea, impelled by no man could say what motive power. This ship, too, was loaded with good things to eat and drink, and manned by six mariners in changeable Spanish taffeta. Her pilot, glorious in cloth-of-gold, stood at the helm and steered her toward the tables, while Triton in the bow blew his conch shell, and thirty-six cannon in her stern were shot off, with startling effect upon the acoustics of the hall. To James it was apparent that the pilot was over-glorious, having taken more than his share of cloth-of-gold from Triton, but none of the other guests remarked this little incident of domestic jealousy, and were properly amazed and impressed. The meaning of the pageant was borne in upon the dullest mind—it symbolized the journey of James to Norway for his Anna, to bring, "like a new Jason his Queen, our gracious Lady, to this kingdom."

Since the sea-god had joined their Majesties together, what more appropriate way to honor the fruit of their union than by a sea-pageant? James followed out this happy conceit to its most nautical end. No sooner had the ship cast anchor than a stream of delicacies poured out of her galleries: herrings, whittings, flukes, oysters, crabs, clams, and

other sea foods; "with other infinite things made of sugar, and most lively represented in their own shape. And whilst the ship was unloading, Arion, sitting upon the galley-nose, which resembled the form of a dolphin fish, played upon his harp." As the banqueters nibbled on these gastronomical oddities, a choir of musicians sang dulcetly in seven and in fourteen parts, ending with the 128th Psalm, in "sweet harmonie." After which Triton again blew upon his conch, the pilot whistled, the cannons roared, and with noise of hautboys and trumpets the vessel retired.

The cooks and turnebroches in the kitchens must have worked in shifts, for after this spectacular exhibition of food and pageantry, the company waddled to another part of the castle, where they vanquished a meal of similar gigantic proportions. Seven hours of eating and drinking, and the guests were allowed to go to bed. James could retire with a satisfied conscience and that delightful feeling of well-being which comes from the knowledge of labors well performed and inventions successfully carried out.

It was some time before the Scottish court settled down to normal after this. There were ambassadors to be further entertained, gifts to be exchanged (the Danish ambassador took home with him ten great deer hounds), letters of thanks to be written. Anna indited a saccharine composition to Elizabeth, thanking her for the cupboard she had sent by the Earl of Sussex; and James, the late epistolary unpleasantness forgotten, dispatched an ecstatic note back by the same young nobleman, commending him to the skies, and not doubting, since the Virgin Queen had been a godmother to both him and his son, that she would be a *good mother* to them both. He never could resist a pretty figure of speech—how well it sounded in a letter, and how far from being true it was, James knew as well as she. Elizabeth had never given him anything but the most miserable sort of poor-relation treatment. She had made promises to him and broken them; she had, to his certain knowledge, aided his rebels and traitors; she had been Scotland's most indomitable enemy. But after all, she had the one thing James wanted. He was far too well versed in her peculiarities ever to mention that when she died, he would succeed her—Elizabeth could not bear to be reminded of her own mortality—but follow her upon the throne of

England he would, regardless of her will. She might never say the word which would establish him as her heir (in point of fact, she never did), but by divine right, if not by law and by the consent and approval of the English people, he would be crowned in Westminster Abbey.

Here was already a son to follow him, a little Prince of Wales to be, lying in his oaken cradle in Stirling. This in itself made him as eligible as his descent from Henry VII. Now he must continue to prove to the statesmen, the nobles, and the stout yeomanry of England that James Stuart was their man.

It was for this reason, as much as to still the clamor of the Protestant ministers, that he decided to embark upon a campaign against his Catholic lords in the North. England would have no one for king who took a dubious stand in religious matters. He must prove that he was a Protestant, fit to govern a Protestant country.

With blowing of trumpets and prayers in St. Giles, an army was sent to rout out and eradicate the Catholic lords. The young Earl of Argyle was put in command and set out for Huntly's territory with six thousand men, while James himself, much as he would have preferred to ride his brown jennet after a stag instead of at the head of an armed force, set out for Dundee. The ministers of the Kirk, with the same zeal which had inspired Sir Godfrey de Bouillon to crusade against the Saracens, girded on their swords over their black gowns, and rode triumphantly with him, bent on complete and thorough Papist extermination.

The first news from Argyle dashed their hopes. There had been a bloody battle between his forces and Huntly's trained soldiers. Many lives had been lost; some of Scotland's finest gentlemen had fallen. Huntly had driven Argyle back and dispersed his Highlanders, and had ostensibly won the day, although the victory left him weak and crippled.

At once James pushed on to Aberdeen, with Andrew Melville, his old theologian of St. Andrews, hot in the saddle beside him. There was no trace of the enemy there. Huntly had lost so many men that he had no army to speak of and had fled into hiding. James set out for Strathbogie, Huntly's fine old feudal castle, and gave orders to bring forward the gunpowder. The bluff George Gordon, who had been his jolly hunting companion, who had served him so well when James had stood in such frightful need, had made one shattering error. He had allowed

the desperate Bothwell to join forces with him and had plotted with the traitor to seize the infant prince. James could not feel a qualm as he watched the walls of Strathbogie crumble.

Errol's castle in Buchan and the houses of six other Catholic noblemen were as summarily razed.

Within a prudent space of time after this harsh punishment, Huntly and his friends fled to France, leaving their rich lands to be confiscated by the Crown; and Francis Stewart, the Earl Bothwell, once the Lord High Admiral of Scotland, now a "grand traitor" with a price upon his head, forsaken of all but his guilty self, fled to France, too.

Huntly and Errol conceivably might look forward to going home again, but even the shortsighted Bothwell realized that he would never again sniff the crystal air upon the Scottish downs, nor see the reflection of somber hills in the dark waters of a Scottish loch. The High Street and Cannongate of Edinburgh were forever shut to him. In all the dark and swarming closes there was not one man he could call friend and not one lodging where it would be safe for him to hide. His estates had been confiscated, his revenues reverted to the Crown. He arrived in Paris a poor man, and left, to wander disconsolately through Spain and Italy, all but a pauper, for a quarter of a century.

Even James, implacably as he hated him, must have felt that a sharp thrust in the hurry and scramble of a Border raid would have been a better end than this for the most foolish and the bravest nobleman in his kingdom.

The king, having shown England what he thought of Catholics and of those who had dealings with his arch-traitor, at last turned south, his green riding breeches grayed with dust and ashes.

Ludovic, his uncertain cousin of Lennox, was to stay behind and try to achieve something like order out of the war-torn North. He was also to stay a safe distance away from Anna's questing eyes and quick little smile. She had been smiling at him so often in the last few months.

Anna—the name was not as heart-quickenng as it had been in those dolorous months at Craigmillar, when he had sighed and waited and yearned for his Norse bride. Anna was becoming one of the major problems which forced themselves unpleasantly on James's attention. She had always carried on a half-feud with Maitland, and now she was beginning

to nag about the Earl of Mar. Why should her child be given into custody of the earl? Why should that old busybody, Lady Minny, decide what her son should eat and drink and wear? They had already changed wet nurses; they were probably ruining the baby's health. She, Anna, had borne him, and she would care for him. Also, and her outraged maternity did not blind James for a moment, the queen wanted the guardianship of her son in order to mingle more craftily in politics and use him as a trump card against her enemies.

James thought of his own childhood, of raids, of plots, of bloody stains on courtyard stones, and of those iron bars across his windows.

"My heart," he said to Anna, "if I were to come to die, and could not speak, I should still make known to you by signs that our son is to stay in Stirling with the Earl of Mar."

Anna grew petulant. She was as rude to Mar as only a peevish queen could be, and in her rage at him, made an ally of her old enemy, Maitland. She cried. She pretended she was ill. She grew hysterical. Her pink and white skin was blotchy with tears, her eyes and nose were swollen. For a princess who had been married nearly five years, and was the mother of an heir apparent, Anna showed very little sense. She fumed herself into a real miscarriage, and pettishly blamed James.

The king's answer was a warrant to Mar, written in his own hand in June, 1595:

"My Lord of Mar: Because in the surety of my son consisteth my surety, I have concredited unto you the charge of his keeping upon the trust I have of your honesty; this I command you with my own mouth, being in the company of those I like; otherwise for any charge or message that can come from me, you shall not deliver him. And in case God call me at any time, see that neither for the Queen nor the Estates their pleasure you deliver him till he be eighteen years of age, and that he command you himself."

That would be a lesson to his dearest bedfellow, and a warning that feminine tears could not interfere in government. The convictions of his childhood and adolescence were crystallizing fast—women were troublesome creatures, always raising issues, always standing in the way of what he saw so clearly must and should be done. His mother had caused him nothing but grief; his dear godmother in England had

caused him nearly as much, and now this pouting Danish girl whom he had tried so hard to love was set upon thwarting him, and poking her little white fingers into what was none of her concern.

Men could be traitorous and fickle, as he had sadly learned. They could be quarrelsome and false. Was not Maitland himself, his staunch chancellor, joined in the plot to get the young prince away from Mar? But at least men did not wail and scream and chatter at him when his frayed Stuart nerves shrieked out for quiet. And there was no man to whom he was indissolubly bound and whose right it was forever to intrude upon his privacy. Not even Maitland could get his ear when he wished to be alone. Sagaciously detecting signs of the chancellor's fine Scottish hand in Anna's agitation and insistence upon her child, James withdrew himself to Falkland and eased his troubled mind with hunting.

Word came to him that Maitland was ill, that Maitland was dying of a "high melancholy" because his king refused to see him. James remarked dryly that no man need die of melancholy unless he wished, that Maitland had never been wont to pine for his company; and set out after a stag. Word came again that the chancellor was sick of a fit of the ague, and that in his fear of death and repentance, he had sent for the ministers of the Kirk.

On the third of October, 1595, the chancellor actually did die. The opinion at Stirling was that God had acted in the nick of time to keep a nasty kidnaping plot from maturing. James himself, though sorry to lose such a wise statesman and crafty politician, gave unmistakable signs that the loss of the chancellor was a personal relief. Maitland had always tried to gather too much power into his always self-seeking hands, and had he lived would undoubtedly have blocked James in his endeavors to reconcile Anna and the Earl of Mar.

As it was, the king turned out a competent but not heart-wringing epitaph, which was inscribed on a marble tablet in the church at Haddington, where Sir John Maitland, Lord Thirlstane, was laid to rest after twenty-eight stormy years in Scottish politics:

*Thou passenger who spiest with gazing eyes
This sad trophy of death's triumphing dart,*

*Consider, when this outward tomb thou sees,
How rare a man leaves here his earthly part,
His wisdom, and his uprightness of heart,
His piety, his practice in our state,
His pregnant wit well versed in every art,
As equally not all were in debate.
Then justly hath his death brought forth of late
A heavy grief to prince and subjects all
Who virtue love and vice do truly hate,
Though vicious men be joyful at his fall;
But for himself most happy, doth he die,
Though for his prince it most unhappy be.*

This much, at least, was due his old friend and fellow-rhymester. Let Maitland rest in peace, and let Scotland remain, for the time being, without a chancellor. James would play that role himself until he could find a minister who was not too powerful to be obedient.

In the interim he entrusted the actual management of his affairs to a group of eight fairly honest Scottish gentlemen, dubbed the Octavians, who were to control the king's finances as well as they had the queen's, and who were, by some legerdemain and necromancy, to make the royal budget balance. They were to meet daily, collect the Crown rents with an iron hand, and control expenditures with sharp fidelity. The idea was sound, in the case of a person of James's engaging carelessness in money matters. Aside from his gifts to his friends, the annuities granted by him to his old and faithful servants, and his considerable expenditures for horses, dogs, and hunting gear, a staggering amount of money was necessary to run three royal establishments—his own, Anna's and Prince Henry's. The sum paid out to servants yearly was over three thousand pounds, to say nothing of the two thousand pounds required annually for keeping up the royal castles, parks, gardens, and, as the exchequer rolls add, "beistis." Lions and camels were costly luxuries.

But honesty was a virtue difficult to encourage in Scotland. No sooner had the wise edicts of the Octavians begun at least to cover the bottom of the treasury chests with gold than complaints were mouthed

James I of England

in the palace, and the gentlemen of the bedchamber found themselves quite unable to promise favors to their friends. By slow and insidious means, the Octavians were forced out of office at the beginning of 1597, and James found himself as poor as he had always been.

There had not been even enough money to think of baptizing his second child (named Elizabeth for that death-defying termagant in England) with anything like the splendor due the first daughter of Scotland. A few paltry noblemen had been invited to Holyrood, and had been requested to bring their own wild meat and venisons with them. But that was not all. The child having been born in August, 1596, her christening was tactfully put off until November, so that the inclemency of the weather might provide a splendid excuse for celebrating *en famille*.

James could not help ruminating on the rich treasures of England and sighing for envy. Once he was King of England, he would not be accosted as he rode through the streets and "cried out upon for evil payment." Once he was King of England, he would not owe every gold and silversmith of any standing money which it seemed more and more difficult to pay back. Once he was King of England, by that God who had placed him on his throne, the royal finances would *not* be "exhaustit and sparpollit (hypothecated)," no, not if he bought Anna a great jewel every day in the week and imported all the coursers out of Spain.

Sighing and yearning, however, would move him no nearer London. It was, to use his own words, a "barbarous and stiff-necked" people that he ruled over, and a "wild unruly colt" that it was his duty to tame. If ever he were to transfer saddles from that colt to the "towardly riding horse" of St. George, he must not for one scant hour relax his hold over the Kirk, his sovereignty over his nobles, nor his influence with the powers abroad.

He had already recognized the necessity for having his powerful earls with him in case Elizabeth provoked illogical difficulties about the succession, and had so far brought the fire-breathing ministers of the Kirk about that they promised to receive a recanting Huntly into the fold.

My Lord [James addressed George Gordon], I am sure ye consider and do remember how often I have incurred skaith [harm] for your cause; therefore to be short, resolve you either to satisfy the Kirk betwixt and the day that is appointed without any more delay, or else if your conscience be so kittle [delicate] as it cannot permit you, make for another land betwixt and that day, where ye may use freely your own conscience; your wife and bairns shall in that case enjoy your living; but for yourself look never to be a Scottishman again. Deceive not yourself to think that by lingering of time, your wife and your allies shall ever get you better conditions. And think not that I will suffer any professing a contrary religion to dwell in this land. If you obey me in this, you may once again be settled in a good estate, and made able to do me a service, which from my heart I would wish. The rest I remit to the bearer, whose directions ye shall follow if you wish your own weal.

It took from October to June to satisfy both Catholic earls and the over-zealous Kirk, but at last Huntly, Angus, and Errol, upon their solemn repentance, oaths, and subscriptions to the articles of faith, were absolved and admitted into the Protestant Church of Scotland.

The temper of the clergy toward their new converts was undeniably softened by a harsh jolt which James had swiftly and skillfully administered. There had been a near-riot in Edinburgh, instigated, he was sure, by the most loud-mouthed of the men of God. Heads had been cracked, arms had been brandished, and for a moment it had seemed as though the royal pate of Scotland might receive a hideous thump, as the excited burghers milled about. After it was all over, the raucous divines realized their impetuosity in inciting the citizenry, and they began to tremble in their black gowns. Then James applied a weapon of modern warfare with telling success.

He boycotted Edinburgh. Before another day had passed, the king, the queen, and their entire court left for Linlithgow. No sooner had the last pack horse plodded out of the gates of Holyrood than a herald with scarlet lions on his tabard appeared under the Mercat Cross. A royal herald at this hour in the morning? The merchants who were preparing their booths for market day, the old wives arranging their baskets

of fish to best advantage, the goldsmiths setting out their precious trays, the woolen weavers draping the very Cross itself with their finest scarlet and purple wares, crowded about, apprehensive and fidgety. King Jamie would doubtless be clapping some of the ministers into prison, and perhaps some in the town, too.

The herald unrolled a scroll and raised his voice. After the third sentence, the air of apprehension turned to one of universally sick astonishment. King Jamie announced to his burghers that he considered Edinburgh a town unfit for the residence of his Court and the administration of justice. Therefore he had ordained all the Lords of Session, the sheriffs, commissars with their members and deputies to remove themselves forth of the town and be in readiness to repair to such places as should be appointed. Likewise all noblemen and barons were to repair to their houses and not convene in Edinburgh or any other place without his Majesty's license, under the pain of his highest displeasure.

The merchants could take down their woolens. The fishwives could pack up their eels. The goldsmiths could certainly put away their precious stones, for with the Court and nobles gone, there was not one soul in Edinburgh to buy such luxuries.

The preachers climbed into their pulpits and unleashed their fiercest floods of oratory. They thundered at the distraught townsmen not to give in to James. It did no good. The town of Edinburgh lived for and upon the Court. The Court was their bread and butter, and they wanted the Court back again.

They pleaded with the king for forgiveness and turned deaf ears toward the ministers. Now James had the Kirk where he wanted it. Its parishioners were his, wholly in his power. Rather than lose the patronage of the Court, the burghers of Edinburgh would leave the churches empty.

James relented inch by inch. It suited his purpose to do so, for he was preparing a swift stroke which should pull the fangs of militant Presbyterianism forever. He was now in a position, after months of jockeying, to force the Kirk to accept representation in the Parliament, thereby silencing clerical individuals who sought to interfere in government, and bringing the control of the Kirk's General Assembly under

his own fingers. It was a bitter pill, but the ministers had to swallow it, and eventually sent fifty-odd clerics to sit as commissioners—it would have been too blatant to have them attend as bishops—in a gathering of gentlemen, lesser landowners, nobility, and borough representatives, among whom it was considered good form to speak well of the king.

Although the seeds of a personal and emotional disintegration had already begun to sprout in James, his energy during these years was boundless. Not only did he find time to effect difficult reforms in government, but the records of the Lord High Treasurer of Scotland show that twenty-eight deer were sent from England to Leith, whence they were transported to Falkland in carts (how odd it must have looked to the cotters to see deer being drawn over the roads, their horns bobbing ignominiously above the cart-rails) for the king's pleasure in hunting.

He also found time to visit his son in Stirling and guide a pen in the little boy's fist, for among the Royal Household Accounts for the year 1598 is a document addressed to Thomas Fenllis, directing the said Thomas to deliver "incontinent upon the sight thereof" to the bearer the prince's silver work (a porringer, perhaps). At the bottom is a long scratchy mark, and underneath, in James's own hand, the words, "I will testify this is the Prince's own mark. James R."

Although Mr. Adam Newton, a properly Presbyterian tutor, had already been appointed for his Highness, the prince, James considered that the first impetus toward clerkship, as well as learning, should come from the prince's father. After all, he was quite as learned and well informed as any pedagogue in Scotland.

It was a pity he could see the boy only infrequently, but there was no close family life. Royalty was required to be everlastingly peripatetic, and it was by no means feasible for even the king and queen to travel together.

Each maintained a separate household and staff, so that while James was at Holyrood, Anna, likely as not, was trying on new French gowns at Dunfermline. And while James dropped in to see Prince Henry at Stirling, Anna might well be chasing English deer at Falkland.

After the death of Maitland, by strange coincidence, they had jostled themselves back into their old relationship toward each other: a kind of friendly camaraderie, marked by tittering confidences and

flashes of temper from Anna, and an absolute but tepid physical fidelity from James. She was his wife. He must and did love her; he must and would cleave to her all the days of his life. And perhaps compared to other women in Scotland, she *was* a paragon. In spite of years, dignity and a soft brown beard, James himself was no Caledonian Adonis. He knew quite well that he would weigh less in the balance of a lady's favor than many a dark Highland chieftain with sinewy hands and burning eyes. So possibly he should be grateful to his gelid spouse, who had given him two children, and seemed ready and willing to oblige with more.

He admitted that once she had given up dabbling in politics, she was quite the ideal queen, although she still demurred at having her children out of her hands. The little Elizabeth had been handed over to Lord and Lady Livingstone for rearing, but that was an age-old and necessary custom in Scotland, which helped to safeguard the lives of the heirs presumptive, and must be followed, Anna or no Anna.

If only she had wanted to search for the inward spark, to breathe it into flame. . . . James, observing his dearest bedfellow's ever-tightening lips, knew that she never would, and grew accustomed to the thought of leading his inner life in solitude. His writing in some measure filled that void; he must release his ego in another literary masterpiece.

He bent his fingers around his pen and brought out between 1597 and 1598 a terrifically dull treatise on demonology which should show the English people just where their ruler-to-be stood on the important and empire-rocking question of witches.

A recrudescence of the black art had sprung up in various parts of the British Isles, possibly stimulated by the fact that the harvest was scarce and rain fell continuously in the autumn of 1595. Therefore a few words from the learned King of Scots would be timely and might win him friends in those quarters where he would most like to be befriended.

In his "Preface to the Reader," he sums up his work so completely that the actual book, written in his stodgiest style, after the form of a Socratic dialogue, might very well have been omitted.

Thus the mind which could bring the Presbyterian Kirk to admit

three Catholics to its fold and which recognized the efficacy of an economic boycott:

The fearful abounding at this time in this country, of these detestable slaves of the Devil, the Witches, or enchanters, hath moved me (beloved reader) to dispatch in post, this following treatise of mine, not in any wise (as I protest) to serve for a shew of my learning & ingenuity but only (moved of conscience) to press thereby as far as I can, to resolve the doubting hearts of many; both that such assaults of Satan are most certainly practised & that the instruments thereof merits most severely to be punished:

And for to make this treatise the more pleasant and facile [easy] I have put it in the form of a Dialogue, which I have divided into three books: The first speaking of Magic in general, and Necromancy in special. The second of Sorcery and Witchcraft; and the third, contains a discourse of all these kinds of spirits & spectres that appears & troubles persons: together with a conclusion of the whole work. My intention in this labour is only to prove two things, as I have already said: the one, that such devilish arts have been and are. The other, what exact trial and severe punishment they merit: therefore reason I, what kind of things are possible to be performed in these arts & by what natural causes they may be. . . . But one thing I will pray thee to observe in all these places, where I reason upon the devil's power, which is the different ends & scopes that God as the first cause and the Devil as his instrument and second cause shoots at in all these actions of the Devil (as God's hang-man): For where the devil's intention in them is ever to perish, either the soul or the body or both of them, that he is so permitted to deal with, God by the contrary, draws ever out of that evil glory to himself either by the wrack of the wicked in his justice, or by the trial of the patient, and amendment of the faithful, being wakened up with that rod of correction. . . . And so wishing my pains in this Treatise (beloved Reader) to be effectual in arming all them that reads the same against above mentioned

errors, and recommending my good will to thy friendly acceptance, I bid thee heartily farewell. James R.

Judged entirely by this monument of humanistic inconsequence, James would deserve to be considered a sententious, pious and strait-laced prig. His was not a nature nor a talent which showed to advantage when he tried to copy what other men wrote, or to cramp his natural flow of words within theological bounds. It was a pity that the picture of James VI of Scotland had grown, in his own mind, to gigantic mental stature, and that he was forced to assert his ego by posing as a deep thinker and profound scholar in religious fields.

There was nothing whatsoever the matter with his powers of logic and his intelligence when it came to outwitting his bonnet lairds or managing his Parliament. Admiration and acclaim James had to have. His inner unsureness cried out for applause: the fears and qualms of his deep-buried boyhood kept rising up, to be stiffened only with the accolade of scholars upon his scholarship. He felt himself really wise, learned and secure only when other people told him he was. He felt himself every inch a king only when he could assure himself out loud that he was God's lieutenant upon Earth.

Most kings are not too happily born into their exalted stations. For James Stuart, his kingship was a blighting tragedy. Had he been simple *Sir* James Stuart, his neighbors would have found him a whimsical gentleman, fond of hunting, card-playing, and billiards; always interested in masques and plays (then, as now, a perfect withdrawal from reality for a sensitive and nervous nature); slightly given to cleric-baiting, and humorously proud of his not too original verse. His wife, had she been a plain Lady Stuart and not a Princess of Denmark would have been able to wind him around her little finger, and his children, had they been simply Henry, Elizabeth (and by this time Margaret, born in 1598), would have received a large measure of fatherly affection and constant good advice.

Instead, King James was forced to be decisive and energetic. He was driven to ruses and faced with the daily necessity of proving that he was better, braver, and loftier than other men. He was compelled to

view his children not as little pledges of love from his lady but as trumps in a game of cards with mercilessly high stakes.

Henry in particular, his firstborn, could not be to him merely a blond boy with typical Stuart eyes, wide apart and deep-set. He was an enigma, a problem. Was there intelligence in that round head? Was there political acumen in that baby nose, already beginning to point sharply, like his mother's? Would this chubby child in his doublet and breeks of violet velvet so bravely laced with silver realize what a fight his father was waging? Would he believe, heart and soul, in his father's divine right to two thrones? Could he, once he came to sit upon those thrones, know enough to stay there?

James turned this question over and over in his mind. For nearly two years he meditated upon it. At last he found an answer—exactly the right answer. It survives as a thin volume bound in purple velvet, with golden thistles at the corners and James's monogram and coat of arms in beaten gold in the center. Inside, on heavy linen paper, are the neat slanting lines of his own handwriting, covering the pages in a spidery, half Gothic and half Italian script. This is the *Basilikon Doron*,* his letter to his dearest son, Prince Henry, first published in an edition of seven copies, for seven pairs of discreet eyes, and later revised and issued in Latin, French, and Swedish to an admiring Europe.

Of all James's writing, this is the most original, the most untrammelled, and the most touching. The man's craving for love, for approval, for approbation glows out upon the pages; his vigor with words, his obstinacy, his humor creep in between the lines. This is no treatise written to win scholarly flattery. Here is the real James—and his sixteenth-century Scotland—limned with his own hand, and properly preserved for future ages in *couleur du roi* and gold.

Since the original edition of the *Basilikon Doron* was so very small, James cannot properly have been accused of having written it with one eye on England. Yet England would intrude upon his thoughts, and all his good advice had to be properly seasoned with references to Henry's inheritance; the idea was so ever present in James's mind, and the urge to force Elizabeth to name him her successor so continually seething.

* See Appendix for abbreviated text.

James I of England

He was not the man to stew about and feed himself on hopes within the confined precincts of Scotland. With his knowledge of diplomacy and familiarity with diplomatic (if not always scrupulously honest) channels, he had already begun to set considerable machinery in motion. He had sent to Mecklenburg, Hesse, Saxony, Brunswick, Sleswig, and Brandenburg to find out what these small Protestant principalities were prepared to do toward helping him climb on Protestant England's throne.

With one accord, they sent courteous, tactful, and final replies. They admitted his title to the throne, but held it dangerous to urge or force Elizabeth to anything.

Even his brother-in-law of Denmark, who had received a special family sort of request for men and money to help him, if worst came to worst, assured him of his undying affection, but declined either to meddle in the matter or to persuade the other Protestant princes to interfere at this juncture.

James bit his thumbs in vexation. Elizabeth was now sixty-eight years old, and although apparently in good health, growing somewhat feebler. It was beyond things natural to expect that she should survive indefinitely, and yet with persistent egomaniac reluctance, she steadily refused to admit that Elizabeth Tudor could be mortal and in need of an heir.

It would certainly have simplified matters if she could have been persuaded to name James as the next English king, but even had she done so, there were still obstacles in the way, which he saw clearly and which fretted him almost to the point of frenzy.

There was, for example, a law passed in the thirty-fifth year of the reign of Henry VIII which declared the succession to the crown of England to be in Prince Edward, the heir apparent, and if he should die without issue, to be in the king's daughters, Mary and Elizabeth, subject to such conditions as should be limited by "his last will in writing, signed with his most gracious hand."

In this will, drawn in 1546, the crown was settled, providing that Mary and Elizabeth died childless, (1) on the issue of Lady Frances, the king's niece, eldest daughter of his late sister Mary, Queen of France, and afterwards Duchess of Suffolk; (2) on the issue of the

behavoure therein to aspruce or inquire your same & accorde at the hands of your
 people, refuse & welcome the word & then as a faithful precepture & counsel
 I have over you, which I because my affairs will ^{not} permit me ever to be present with
 you ^{sent ordina} to be a resident & faithful admonisher of you, & because the
 house of death is unceasing to me as to all flesh I stand as my testimony &
 latter will unto you, charging you in the presence of god & by the fatherly
 authority I have over you that ye berge of our earth you do carryth as to me
 wherunder did the vices of homer, ye will find I write & ungerall coun-
 seiloure rather shewing you in any way nor improving you ungerall
 at present times, it will not come uncall nor speak any word, & yet
 confer my most grace upon ye are grace ye shall saye with joye that ye
 nunquam minus solus & acme cum solus, so conclude then I charge you as to
 ye church & doctrine my fatherly blessing to god & grace in a private of his
 father & son in you the precepte hereafter following, & as ye follow the concerning
 cause I take the greater god to record that this book shall and shal be a
 charge to usse me & you, & shall ^{procure to be} faithful in heaving the cause that in that
 case I have in I give you for I provide beyond hope that greater god I shall
 rather be not a father & child, nor be a father of a father of a father of a father
 bringing you every promising under my self that ^{that} some god shall in his grace
 blessing send you under me full in the same blessing as he hath given me a grace
 I make him a father & a father's son, for he is the son of his father
 (I have said now) I have this promise with my father's counsel to make of a fatherly
 manner the father of the blessing shall be my grace my father's blessing upon you

A PAGE FROM THE BASILOKON DORON

British Museum

Lady Eleanor, the second daughter of the same Duchess of Suffolk; and (3) on the next rightful heirs.

James had to face the unpleasant fact that the line of Scotland, descended from Margaret, Henry VIII's older sister, daughter of Henry VII, had been completely overlooked in this will, and that if everything were to be legally and properly done according to its terms, Lady Frances, the eldest daughter of the house of Suffolk, would sit on that throne which he so burningly coveted. However, in a maze of curious circumstances, which is not yet quite clear, Henry's will disappeared or was mislaid. Some lawyers claimed that it had been signed with a stamp and not with his "own gracious hand." In any case, although there certainly was such an instrument, which ought to have been binding, nobody seemed to take it very seriously, and a whole crop of pretenders sprang up who thought they had as good a right to the English crown as James.

One of these was Arabella Stuart, his own cousin, whose father had been Darnley's younger brother; another was Edward, Lord Beauchamp, a grandson of Mary, Duchess of Suffolk. His legitimacy was in question, and it was doubtful that he could supplant his aunt, the Lady Frances. Another was the Earl of Huntingdon. He and eight other persons descended from Edward III insisted *they* were the rightful heirs to England.

But worst, and most frightening of all, were the claims of the King of Spain, Philip II, widower of Mary Tudor, and his daughter, the Infanta Isabella Clare Eugenia, offspring of his later marriage with Isabella of France.

The Catholics throughout Europe were busy pressing the infanta's claims (Philip, having been in England, had better sense than to suppose the English would ever put up with *him*), and the very word "infanta" was enough to set plots spinning and tongues wagging with lies.

In short, there were fourteen claimants for that crown which James with every fiber of his being felt was rightfully his. Backed by the right parties, they stood some chance of snatching his lifelong ambition from him. If only he could get Elizabeth to make some sign, if only he could lay hold of any scrap of paper subscribed "Elizabeth R" which would prove to England that God meant him, James Stuart, to be her next and

James I of England

undisputed king! It was no use applying directly to her; she had long ago got wind of what was in James's mind, and knew full well that he was angling desperately for what she chose to withhold. Let the Scottish varlet squirm in uncertainty—she would teach him to sing funeral eulogies over those not yet dead!

Without Maitland to guide him, and willing to grasp at any straw, James did an astonishing and foolish thing. He let Robert Devereux, the handsome, wilful, insatiable and slightly mad Earl of Essex, once Elizabeth's darling, inveigle him into thinking that the whole of England, headed by Sir Robert Cecil, was fomenting a plan to bring the infanta over. Essex actually asked James, as a Christian prince, to defend his title, his Protestantism, and his country against such a blinding calamity. James was not at once taken in by the earl's dashing proposal to send an army down across the borders—that was not his way of doing things. But he did agree to dispatch two ambassadors, Johnnie Slaites, his trusted Earl of Mar, whose youthful vacillations were happily forgotten, and Mr. Edward Bruce, to London, to see what actually was brewing.

It was a hard and muddy road from London to Edinburgh in 1601, a cold road in the early spring, and a dangerous one. It was a long road, too, for postilions to travel over, and news seeped slowly from one capital to another, in spite of fleet and trusted spies.

Before Mar and Bruce even reached York on their journey south, all England had been electrified by a drama of the most intense and bitter emotions, which ended swiftly when the head of Robert, Earl of Essex, fell into a basket on the scaffold, after three strokes of the headsman's axe.

By the time the two Scottish ambassadors finally arrived in London, they could learn the whole truth: how Essex had planned a treasonable seizure of power, in order to have Cecil's post as secretary; how Essex had been duping James all along, simply in order to have Scottish men and money for his rebellion; how Cecil's efforts had brought the desperate earl to trial for treason; how Cecil, far from championing the infanta and crying down James, loathed the Spaniards with all his heart. The very words of the secretary were repeated to them.

"I have said," he had cried at Essex' trial, "that the King of Spain

is a competitor for the crown of England, and that the King of Scots is a competitor, and my Lord of Essex, I have said, is a competitor; for he would depose the queen and call a parliament and so be king himself; but as to my affection to advance the Spanish title to England, I am so far from it that my mind is astonished to think of it, and I pray God to consume me where I stand if I hate not the Spaniard as much as any man living!"

The Earl of Mar and Mr. Edward Bruce, an eminent Scottish lawyer, had been selected as ambassadors, first for the friendship and trust James bore them, second for the natural acumen with which each was gifted in high measure.

Simultaneously and instantly they recognized the joyful truth. Cecil, the little humpbacked, quiet-spoken Cecil, second son of the great Lord Burghley, and Elizabeth's right hand, and right eye, too, had made up his mind that James would be the next King of England. The King of Scots, with all his fluttering and fuming, and sending dispatches to Denmark, with all his spies and talk of Catholics, had been completely and utterly on the wrong trail. For once in his life, James had failed to perceive the solid ground and had been floundering up to his waist in a "quicksand of deceit."

Cecil had long ago recognized James's right, not because of divine intervention, not because of any personal predilection—indeed, he had frequently worked against James, and knew quite well how to thwart him—but simply because the English people needed and wanted a reign of peace and quiet under a monarch who spoke their language after a fashion, and who had been born upon their island. It was James's great and as yet undiscerned blessing that England needed him; needed a king who would keep peace for her, who would allow the glorious blossoming of trade and prosperity which had been flowering under Elizabeth to bear rich fruit.

One of Robert Cecil's most praiseworthy attributes was his insistence upon doing nothing rashly or in an ill-considered manner. It was lamentable that his mistress refused to speak of the succession, for it kept England so unsettled. A definite policy there must be, if not with her consent, then without it. He could not brook the thought of England

James I of England

without a monarch, tossed this way and that while all the various claimants flew at each other's throats.

Elizabeth would not name her successor. Well. Then he would name one for her and groom him secretly until her death. That was not treachery to his great mistress. That was loyalty to England, and a provident gesture for the house of Cecil.

Mar and Bruce were quick to perceive this. They also, sensing the temper of the English people, felt that the rank and file of the yeomanry would have no Spaniard or Frenchman in Whitehall. A Scotsman was bad enough, but since the great-great-grandson of Henry VII happened to be Scottish, they would make the best of him.

The ambassadors requested an audience with Cecil. He in turn was delighted to confer with two such distinguished and discreet emissaries. A meeting was arranged at the Duchy House in the Strand, one of those lovely sixteenth-century palaces, with gardens sloping down to the Thames, and there, at last, began the serious incubation of James's most fervent desire.

Cecil admitted to Mar and Bruce, without equivocation, that in his opinion James was the only fit candidate for the throne, and that until Elizabeth's death he would lay all his plans according to the assumption that James would be named by the Council when she finally did breathe her last. He himself would keep in touch with the king as necessity demanded; but on two conditions only: that an absolute respect should be paid to the feelings of the queen, and therefore that there should be a cessation of all endeavors on the part of James to procure any parliamentary or other recognition of his right to the succession; and that all intercourse between Cecil and the king should be kept an inviolable secret, so that it might never reach the ears of the queen, with whom it would be a subject of misconstruction and an occasion of the deepest offense against both parties.

Cecil was physically feeble, but he showed a lion's courage in setting forward his plans so resolutely and completely. If Elizabeth, whose temper since the execution of Essex had been even more variable than usual, should learn that her trusted secretary was joined with James, that he was admitting, nay, even planning for the certainty of her demise,

she would have had his head, as she had loathingly, and with a broken heart, taken Essex'.

She still refused to admit that she was aging, this resolute old woman, to believe that the ordinary processes of human life could ever apply to stout Harry's daughter.

While Cecil, Mar, and Bruce were arranging a secret code for letters which should pass between the secretary and James, Elizabeth was making it a point to hoist her ancient body on horseback and gallop after the hounds. While Cecil was writing to James about "that natural day wherein your feast may be lawfully proclaimed (which I do wish may be long deferred)," she was starting out on a long series of visits or progresses about the country, and forcing her tired old legs through the paces of a courante.

Therefore it was all the more imperative that James should be groomed for England. Who knew at what moment the flesh would refuse to obey the will, and death might clutch at Elizabeth with a cold hand?

Cecil cautioned him on several points. He must secure the heart of the Highest (Elizabeth, naturally), "to whose sex and quality nothing is so improper as either needless expostulations or over much curiosity in her actions." This was a well delivered dig at James for his impatient maneuvers over the succession. They had alienated Elizabeth and caused extremely bad feeling between the two sovereigns. This should be patched up with a string of soothing letters. Further, Cecil warned him, he must so govern his actions as to "conserve the Queen's good will entirely, to regain the affections of her honest subjects, and to invite them to respect you by shewing them an example of your kingly government." Cecil was not above a tart allusion or two. The phrase about "kingly government" may well have referred to an incident which had recently shaken Scotland and reverberated unpleasantly in England. It seemed utterly implausible to think that James was the instigator of that weird blotch of mysterious circumstances known as the Gowrie mystery, but at the same time, there were those (particularly in the Kirk) who laid "uncharitable constructions" on his actions. It behooved Cecil to furnish a prick of warning against such goings-on.

Manslaughter was involved—two of Scotland's most prominent

noblemen, the Earl of Gowrie and his brother, Alexander Ruthven (whose father had been executed for the Ruthven Raid), had been killed in the king's very presence. Had James and his intimates, Lennox and Mar, planned this grisly coup? Or had Gowrie and his brother, motivated by revenge for their father, and hope of winning Elizabeth's favor, planned to try the old, old kidnaping trick once more? The most careful examination of the evidence points to the latter solution, although James was certainly naive to the point of stupidity when he fell into their trap.

The young Master Alexander actually lured him to the family stronghold in Perth by the tale of having captured a man with a pot of gold, probably Spanish gold. James allowed himself to be enticed from his hunting in Falkland one August morning in 1600, to investigate this phenomenon. He impetuously rode to Perth with only the Duke of Lennox, Mar, and a handful of others who had hastily ridden to join him. There he was decoyed into a tower chamber, while the noblemen sat at a very poor and belated dinner, and came within an ace of being stabbed by young Ruthven, who had apparently rehearsed the plot with his brother, but whose courage failed at the sticking point. When James, with a dagger at his throat, demanded of Ruthven what he wanted, the nineteen-year-old lad fumbled his cue. He would have to ask the earl, his brother, he said, and turned to rush from the room. He came back with a garter in his hand, to bind the king, and a struggle ensued, in which James managed to reach an open window and cry for help.

There followed a mad scramble and scuffle. Mar and Lennox rushed to the king's aid, only to find the outer door to the turrent chamber locked. A young man named Sir John Ramsey discovered a back passageway and dashed to James's rescue, three or four others with him. The Master was stabbed and the earl was run through the body. An alarm bell summoned the town of Perth, and excited citizens scurried in all directions.

Another plot had miscarried; another attempt upon James's person had been clumsily bungled. Revenge upon the Gowrie family was swift and dreadful. England must see that the King of Scotland knew how to deal with traitors. The bodies of the earl and Alexander Ruthven were

hanged, drawn, and quartered. Their heads were affixed to the Edinburgh Tolbooth, there to stay "until the wind blew them away." Their quarters were (at a cost of eight pounds and eight shillings to the state) conveyed to Perth, Stirling, and Dundee, in a basket with hay and salt, there to wither horribly at the Mercat Cross. Their names, memories, and dignities were extinguished, and their arms, after being publicly torn, were canceled and deleted from the book of Arms and Nobility.

Many obstinate spirits in the Ministry failed to be impressed by this regal vengeance, so that even after the departure of Mar and Bruce to London, the shadow of the Gowrie tragedy hung gloomily over the Scottish court. Cecil refused to let this local scandal rock his convictions in regard to the Scottish king. He knew of it, of course. Mr. Nicholson, Elizabeth's agent in Scotland, had sent him the printed copy of James's version of the affair as early as September, 1600; but being a farsighted man, he allowed it to interfere no whit with his plans for tutoring a new royal pupil by means of a series of judicious letters, forcefully, flatteringly, and effectively written.

For two years this extraordinary correspondence continued, during which time Cecil adroitly and intelligently guided James, so that "his ship might come into the right harbor, without cross of wave or tide that could overturn a cock-boat," a really miraculous achievement, in view of the fact that there were six or eight people who knew what was going on, and consequently six or eight sources from which the secret might have trickled to Elizabeth's ears. The chief go-between was Lord Henry Howard, who was referred to in the letters as "3." James was "30," Elizabeth "24," Cecil "10," the Earl of Mar "20," Mr. Edward Bruce "8." The Earl of Northumberland, Mr. David Foulis (Bruce's secretary), and an unknown colleague of Cecil's made up the list of correspondents. Numbers were also assigned to the Earl of Northumberland, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Lord Cobham, for these three were inimical to Cecil. The secretary, not quite all altruism and love for his fellow creatures, considered it his duty to warn James about them and thus strengthen his own position for the future. It is significant that the gentlemen mentioned all lived to enjoy each other's society in the Tower of London, and that Raleigh, the most outstanding and intrepid char-

acter of them all, was as early as 1602 deftly but surely stigmatized by Cecil.

"For," wrote the astute secretary, "this I do profess in the presence of Him that knoweth and searcheth all men's hearts, that if I did not some time cast a stone into the mouth of these gaping crabs, when they are in their prodigal humour of discourses, they would not stick to confess daily how contrary it is to their nature to resolve to be under your sovereignty; though they confess (Raleigh especially) that natural policy forceth them to keep on foot such a trade against the great day of mart."

It is not quite certain how Cecil managed to get his letters up to Scotland without having them intercepted; probably by way of Ireland. In any case, none ever went astray, and "30," who was growing more and more fidgety as time went on and still Elizabeth did not die, found them his greatest comfort. He found, too, that in Elizabeth's secretary he had a servant after his own heart; discreet, intelligent, not too presumptuous, not too openly seeking for power—another Maitland, without Maitland's obvious delusions of grandeur.

Whether Cecil had ever instigated this correspondence or not, it is probable that James would still have come to the throne of England; not as peaceably, nor as smoothly as he did, but eventually. Without these secret letters, however, it is certain that James would never have made firm friends with his prime minister, nor gone to England with the feeling that he was actually to be among trusted confidants and loyal subjects.

It boded well for the future when James could write to his future secretary: "Rest assured that I shall never leave off to devise how I shall some day requite the daily great proofs that ye give of your affection towards me, and in the mean time shall in my heart constantly remain, your most loving and affectionate friend." It was not entirely self-seeking foresightedness that made Cecil write,

"I will therefore conclude with this petition, that whensoever I shall take upon me most to persuade you, either one way or other to that which shall be contrary to the prudent rules of your own great judgment, it will please you only to suffer my good meaning to plead my pardon; so shall you be assured that on the earth he treads not that is or shall be (next my dearest vows to my sovereign) more humbly or

affectionately ready to do you service than is your Majestyes forever assuredly, 'io'."

Now, since James was actually abiding by the advice of his trusted "io," there were no more hints of crossing the English border by force of arms, no more veiled speeches to the Scottish Parliament about not knowing how soon he should have to use arms, but whenever it should be, he knew his right, and would venture crown and all for it. No more of that; and no further talk of a "Band" (that favorite old Scottish custom) among his nobles for the preservation of his person and the pursuit of his right to the crowns of England and Ireland.

There was only the exceedingly discreet arrival of gentlemen with packets from abroad, and a good deal of private correspondence, indited by the king's own hand. Not even Anna knew of the letters to Cecil, and must have wondered to see her spouse so suddenly quiet anent a subject upon which he had moved his tongue unceasingly before. Perhaps if the queen had not been so busy with her prolifically increasing family, she might have found time to poke a bit and pry; but now there were added to her flock a son Charles, born in 1600, and a son Robert, born in May, 1601, shortly after Cecil's first practiced cast in Scottish waters. The body of two-year-old Margaret, second daughter of Scotland, had already been carried to Linlithgow in a little chest of lead, and Robert lived only until after his baptism. The Accounts of the Lords High Treasures of Scotland note tersely:

"Item for 4 ells of black velvet, to be a mort cloth."

"Item, for a chest of oaken timber, to lay the Duke Robert in after his death."

Well, the little silver plate and spoon ordered for Duke Robert might do for the next. Anna was proving splendidly capable at this business of providing heirs, and hardly were the tears shed for Robert dry before it was announced that she was again with child.

James heard the news absent-mindedly. He had but recently received a communication from Cecil, which was "set of music that sounded so sweetly in his ears that he could alter no notes in so agreeable an harmony." This was the draft of the proposed proclamation by which James should be announced to his happy people as king by the

James I of England

Grace of God of England, Ireland, Scotland, and France. True, they were still languishing between hope and despair of Queen Elizabeth's health, but there were now beginning to be definite signs that she could not, superhuman as she was, hold out much longer. As long ago as the opening of her Parliament in the fall of 1601, she had been so overcome by the weight of her royal purple robes that she had staggered at the foot of her throne and would have fallen, had not quick and tactful arms lifted her up.

The beginning of 1603 found her heavy-spirited and melancholy, dreadfully lamenting Essex, heaving sighs, and disposed to a mournful kind of lethargy. She seemed to have taken cold, and was moved, upon the advice of her physicians, to Richmond, where she grew better.

Those busy correspondents of James, "3" and "10," learned of this instantly and despatched the news of the queen's indisposition forthwith to Scotland. James lost interest in his New Year's gifts, rich jewels though they were, and even neglected to enjoy the sweet scents in his closet, which had been newly perfumed with "sweet powder," "sweet water," musk and civet. At last, at long last, it might be that this unpredictable old woman was coming to an end.

He shut himself up in Holyrood, and gave way to a series of fidgets, fussing and clamoring for news, causing Mr. Edward Bruce to write swiftly to Lord Henry Howard, for Cecil's eyes:

Because of the multitude of advertisements we receive, you must be the more frequent in sending at this time, for we mean to sail by no other compass than your counsel and advice in all things: care never how short you be to "30" so you give him any sense of your meaning for now he goes not abroad, and longs every hour for news from you; he would be glad now to read your letters in the worst characters that ever you wrote, since I knew you and your style. . . . It shall not be amiss you temper "30"'s too great haste in removing hence in case God call "24," for now he burns to be gone.

It was true, then, for it came to James from many sources. The queen had not succeeded in throwing off her cold, and on the twenty-eighth of February, she began to sicken again. On the seventh of March,

notice was given to her Lords of Council that she was ill of a cold, and she continued in a poor and catarrhic state of health for another week.

The Earl of Northumberland (who had on his own account decided to stand in well in Scotland) wrote to James that she had not had food nor sleep in nearly three weeks, and that she positively refused to take physic, in spite of the efforts of her doctors. "Yet sometimes," he added teasingly, "she gives us comfort of recovery, a few hours after, threatens us with despair of her well doing."

It is a sad and nervous business, waiting for death. Waiting for Elizabeth Tudor's death was nerve-wracking to an extraordinary degree, inasmuch as her struggle with dissolution was fought with a spirit which no human being could muster who had not the "heart and stomach of a Prince."

On Saturday she gave orders to prepare the great closet of the chapel, so that she might attend church services on Sunday, March 13. Shortly before eleven, she so far admitted weakness that she had them prepare the private closet instead. But try as she would, she could not force herself to walk, and lay on a heap of cushions on the floor of her room, near the closet door.

Her red wig askew, the glitter of death in her eyes, almost incapable of speech, and unable to move, the Virgin Queen lay fully dressed on the floor on her heap of pillows from Sunday until Wednesday, fighting death with every heart-beat. The Earl of Nottingham, High Admiral of England, at last persuaded her "what by fair means, what by force," to go to bed. It was unthinkable that a Queen of England should die on the floor.

Since it was obvious that the end was now only a matter of days, the Lords of the Council were summoned. Because of the queen's desperate plight, only three were admitted—the Lord Admiral, the Lord Keeper, and Cecil. The terrible moment could not be put off longer. The Earl of Nottingham, whose wife had been one of her closest friends, asked the question. Who was to be her successor? No answer from the motionless figure on the bed. Was it, Cecil pursued, to be the King of Scots? The old woman lying before them on her back was incapable of speech. But they all swore that she moved her hands toward her head as if to make the sign of the crown. Whatever she may

have had in mind to say of her successor, it was now too late. She had dilly-dallied too long with mortality, and her gesture was taken to mean "yes."

Cecil, watching the queen's faint breath come faster and faster, knew that all was well. Whatever that quavering movement of her dying hands had meant, it would be given out that she had actually named James.

The aged Archbishop of Canterbury arrived late on the afternoon of March 23 to pray with her and examine her in her faith. How hatefully his words of Christian comfort would have fallen on her living ears! But the dying woman had to listen while he told her plainly what she was, and what she was to come to; and though she had been long a great queen upon earth, yet shortly she was to yield an account of her stewardship to the King of Kings.

The terrible struggle had ended for Elizabeth. She listened to his admonitions and accepted the thought, sinking into a gentle sleep when he finally left near midnight. Her spirit was waiting now, not fighting, and on the twenty-fourth of March, 1603, at three in the morning, when all human vitality is at its lowest ebb, she at last did the inevitable, slipping from life to death quite imperceptibly.

The moment for which James had lived, ever since he was old enough to understand the meaning of the words "king" and "England" was at hand.

VIII. JAMES'S DREAMS COME TRUE

ENGLAND! A golden land where coins lay heaped in sacks for the king's use; England, where farmers drove their well-fed cattle down gentle country lanes; upon whose bosom rested the fabulous city of London, swarming with rich merchants; where hunting parks bristled with deer; whose citizens reverently obeyed the laws; and where the sovereign's person was inviolate.

The glittering treasures, the green fields, the stately palaces and parks, the mouth-filling, awe-inspiring title—they were now his, all his, undisputed, granted by God, by Cecil, and by the English people.

James had roused himself out of a half-slumber that cold night of March 27, to hear a strange commotion in his antechamber at Holyrood. What was this? An intruder? The king sat up in bed, and rubbed his eyes at the figure which suddenly appeared at his bedside. Sir Robert Carey, covered with mud, dropped to his tired knees, and seizing James's hand, pressed it to his lips.

"Sire," he cried, "by the Grace of God King of England, Ireland, Scotland, and France, Defender of the Faith!"

James's ears heard the words, but his mind could hardly grasp them. What was that he had been called—*King of England*? He pushed the bed curtains back and signaled to Sir Robert to speak, to corroborate that phrase, to assure him that it was really so.

The intrepid knight, who had ridden like a maniac from London to bring the news before the Council's official proclamation, and who had received a clout in the head from his horse's hoofs to boot, could no more than gasp the message once again and produce a sapphire ring. James took the ring, and urged Sir Robert on to tell the manner of Elizabeth's death.

He must have been bereft of breath. His mind must have rocked,

and his heart pumped frantically. No man can realize the fulfillment of more than thirty years of yearning without reeling from the sudden impact of having his long dreams come true.

Because it was so late and Sir Robert so obviously spent, the king dismissed him, after having had surgeons bind up his head. No word, of course, from Cecil (the Council must take time to make things official), but he knew England was his. It was true, it must be true. Sir Robert had seen the old woman all but breathe her last. The ring he had brought was from Philadelphia, Lady Scroope, Sir Robert's own sister, who had been secretly instructed by James to send the gem north the very moment the Virgin Queen should have been called by God.

Drawing the curtains of his bed shut again, James lay back upon his pillows and cautiously let the implications of his new felicity sweep over him. Even Anna should not know of it just yet.

He was rich, rich beyond the dreams of any impoverished Scottish king since Walter the High Steward of Scotland had founded his own dynasty. He was safe, forever safe from kidnaping, daggers, plots, and the harsh yelping of pestiferous Presbyterians. He could leave the brawls, the feuds and the incessant bickering of his unruly lairds behind him and go to a land where grave Councilors spoke respectfully, and where the words "Incontinent upon the sight hereof, it is our will," above his signature would bring instantaneous results. With his good Cecil to guide him, with all the coterie of Elizabeth's greatest nobles, who had already written, swearing fealty, he would find the reigns of government resting gently in his hands and could ride blithely, as on his steadiest courser, where he listed.

His dreadful bloody childhood sank gently away out of his conscious mind. The memories of a hazardous youth, a turbulent manhood, were smoothed out in the aureate glow of this invading happiness. The sharp east wind which even now was rattling round the chimney pots of Holyrood became a gentle zephyr, blowing playfully through the long windows of Whitehall. The smell of heather on the desolate Scottish moors became in his mind inextricably mingled with the scent of English roses and hawthorn hedges. When he arose and left the palace in the morning he would ride, not up the narrow stinking Cannongate, where the tall

houses shut out every bit of sun, but through the Strand, past sumptuous and generously landscaped palaces, or in the broad thoroughfare of Cheapside, lined with shops whose luxuries, whose gold lace or delicately fashioned jewels could be his, if he so chose.

The pinch-faced Scottish burghers, the slovenly women with shawls over their heads would metamorphose themselves for him into sleek English yeomen and blooming housewives, placid and contented, eager to do him homage.

James tore at the throat of his white taffeta nightgown. If only Cecil would hurry with the Council's Proclamation. He was in very truth "burning to be gone."

The wider political and social implications of his new status were not lost on him; no one must think that it was an entirely personal delight which made him so eager to take up his new duties. Were not the two countries, ancient enemies as they had been, at last to be united? Was not the island of Britain at last to put up a consolidated front against her continental rivals, France and Spain? With a pacifically inclined king, could not England lead the other nations in stamping out war and fostering trade, so that all Europe should be one blooming garden of prosperity and good will?

In his new bliss, utopian visions no doubt floated through James's mind, and he visioned himself as a kind of long-awaited Messiah, Prince of Peace and Plenty. No problems would be too difficult for him to solve, no knotty questions of government could arise which his wide learning and vast experience in kingship could not resolve.

The King of Scotland, misled by years of diplomatic letter-writing and unveracious reports laced with flattery, was letting his dreams run away with him again. The real and actual England; the England of three million independent, law-abiding and liberty-loving citizens, each fully aware of his inalienable rights, the England which was smugly content with itself and counted any man born outside its borders as a loutish foreigner, which considered "*the voice of the people in things of their knowledge to be the voice of God*"—this England had never entered James's calculations.

It did not dawn on him, as he listened a week later to the heralds at the Mercat Cross proclaim him King of England, that he would not

find every English heart from Berwick to Land's End filled with joy and affection for him alone. No one had ever told him, he had no way of knowing how deeply, how faithfully, and how staunchly England had loved Elizabeth, and how warily English affections were held in check. That Scottish James was the king for them most Englishmen agreed, but they could never adore another sovereign as they had that woman whose body now lay at Westminster awaiting burial. She had been astute enough not to let her people feel too heavily the yoke of her government. She had judged their temper perfectly; and they had her own words and deeds to prove that "though they had had and might have many mightier and wiser princes sitting in her seat, yet they never had, nor should have, any love them better."

In his relief and exultation at hearing the notes of that sweet harmony of titles after his own appellation, James lost sight of the fact that he was going to a nation "that was almost begotten and born under her; that never shouted any other *Ave* than for her name, never saw the face of any Prince but herself, never understood what that strange outlandish word *Change* signified."

The thought that he might have to adapt himself to the opinions of three million ardent nationals instead of bending them to his way, did not enter his mind. James saw England as prestige and glory—a blank sheet of gold which was only waiting to be graven with his name; as a smoothly functioning machine, already oiled, waiting only to be guided by his directing hand.

He had but one thought—off, off to London without a moment's delay. Scotland was an overcropped pasture now; the lush meadows of England were waiting for him.

Within ten days after Sir Robert Carey had burst into the privy chamber at Holyrood, James had listened to a last sermon in St. Giles; had spoken movingly to the entire city of Edinburgh, bidding them farewell, and admonishing them to love and bear one with another; had publicly kissed the slightly pouting Anna upon the High Street to the accompaniment of tears and hoarse cries of emotion from all beholders; and had set off for London with Lennox, Mar, Cassilis, Argyle, Moray (son of the Bonnie Earl), Lord Home, Lord Oliphant, the English lords Howard and Cobham, and a vast concourse of Scottish

as well as English sycophants in his train. He did not even have time to say good-bye to little Prince Henry, but wrote him a touching letter of farewell in his neatest hand and sent him a copy of the *Basilikon Doron*, with instructions to "study and profit in it as ye would deserve my blessing." This was no time to think of traveling with children, "this great occasion wherein time is so precious," to quote from the same letter. Anna, too, would have to stay behind and follow when she could.

Although time was so precious, the journey to London was to be made by easy stages—no sitting in the saddle twenty hours at a stretch, like any common messenger. All the principal cities were to be visited, and their keys received from humble and obedient Lord Mayors. Various great manor houses were to be honored with the king's presence, and the deer in their hunting parks put at James's mercy. At the borders of every county, the king was to be greeted and escorted by the High Sheriff, surrounded by all the gallant gentlemen of that shire, to the boundaries of the next county, where another High Sheriff would take him in tow.

If James had delayed his departure only a little while longer, the cities on his itinerary might have been able to concoct some sort of entertainment fitting for so extraordinary an occasion as the visit of the King of Scotland and England; but with scarcely more than a week to work in, there could be no small boys fluttering down out of globes, or beauteous virgins dressed in allegorical costume to hand him city keys and bid him welcome in Latin.

At Berwick, the Border town, which had been alternately Scottish and English during its long life, James was greeted merely by cannon shot—true, the finest peal of artillery ever heard, even by old soldiers—and simply presented (oh, grateful gift!) with a purse of gold.

Here, once on English soil, he could stop to breathe and order his affairs a little more completely. To his enormous relief, his old servant, Roger Ashton, met him at Berwick with urgently necessary travel funds, advanced by the English Privy Council; and since a messenger was posting back to London, the king snatched a moment for his personal problems. He insinuated that it would be agreeable to him to have several of the Privy Council start northward to meet him; he agreed to abide by the Council's decision as to the etiquette of his arriving before

or after Elizabeth's burial; and he suggested pointedly that Anna, who would shortly follow him with Henry and Elizabeth, would find it convenient to have some of the dead queen's jewels shipped to Scotland—not the best ones, of course—and such other of Elizabeth's personal property as would be suitable for their new king's dearest bedfellow.

The Council did not follow these suggestions with that avidity which would have pleased his Majesty. None of them, not even the youngest and strongest, considered it necessary to endure the fatigue of a journey to York. And as for Elizabeth's jewels—Anna could quite well wait until she got to London. They did not say this in so many words but no gems were dispatched. They did, however, make later arrangements to have several English ladies go out to meet her, at James's instigation, so that the negligible effect of the paltry pearls and balas rubies of Scotland might be overcome by the luster of the English beauties about her.

The farther he got from home, apparently, the more tenderly James began to think of his wife. Not that there had been anything but harmony between them, since Maitland died and the Mar affair had blown over; that is, harmony of a comradely and complacent sort. She was still pretty, his Anna, in her pink and white way, after thirteen years of marriage and seven pregnancies. She had clapped her hands so gleefully when he had called her, "the Queen's Grace of England." His heart grew warm as he thought of her, and he felt sorry, as he entered Withrington, that she was not with him to share the prodigious hospitality of Sir Robert Carey and his Lady. Sir Robert, of course, had had the advantage of being in on the secret from the beginning, and had stocked the larder as well as the park. James graciously slew two deer, and returned with a good appetite to the house, where he was most royally feasted and banqueted.

England was proving to be even more beautiful than he had anticipated. The forest glades seemed greener, the houses more richly furnished, his subjects more courteous and grateful than his imagination had pictured they could be. Even if Elizabeth had been so long in dying, this heritage of hers had been worth waiting for. In a glow of well-being and happiness, James began knighting nearly every eligible gentleman he met. This was such a felicitous way of repaying hospitality that his

sword fell upon English shoulders no less than two hundred and thirty-seven times between the day he entered Berwick and his final arrival at London, sending the heralds into a frenzy of armorial research, and enriching the exchequer by thousands of pounds in knight's fees. In Scotland, the fewer lords the better. In England it seemed wise to draw to his court as many of these delightfully wealthy and peaceable gentry as possible for future support and the good of the treasury.

To the citizens of Newcastle fell the lot of entertaining their new king over Sunday, and they "thankfully bare all charge of his household during the time of his abode with them, being from Saturday till Wednesday morning." During these five days James pleased his subjects by going to church and staying for the entire sermon; by releasing all the prisoners except those accused of treason, murder, and Papistry, and by knighting the Lord Mayor.

From Newcastle, the way was short and agreeable as far as Durham, and at Durham, jovial Toby Matthews, the bishop, was waiting to receive his prince, reinforced by a hundred gentlemen in tawny liveries. The previous week had been one of feasting, of obeisances, of leisurely sport and holiday spirit. Now James was to have added pleasure. The Bishop of Durham was noted for his wit, and was just the man to appreciate merry and well seasoned jests. He was also just the man to point the contrast between the grim and repressed Presbyterianism of Scotland and the more worldly and genial Protestantism of England. James could hardly tear himself away—the old palace overlooking the wooded banks of the Wear was so stately, the Norman towers of the cathedral reared themselves so majestically above the ancient town, and Dr. Toby could laugh so merrily at James's own salty humor. Ah, England was all that he had expected and more. In a burst of friendliness, he promised the good bishop Durham House in the Strand, at present occupied by Sir Walter Raleigh—handsome payment for a night's lodging.

Beyond Newcastle, on the road to York, even James, enveloped as he was in an aura of well-being and all's-right-with-the-world, noticed that things were not as they should be in his entourage. Hordes of curious hangers-on had attached themselves to his train, and he found the Great North Road swarming with all manner of strange and unrec-

James I of England

essary attendants, both English and Scottish. Indeed, the countryside was becoming depleted of foodstuffs, and his hosts were beginning to be more chary of their venison and mutton. This would never do. He issued a proclamation, commanding every one not in his immediate party to return home instantly. It is unfortunate that the deportation facilities were so limited. If he had only been able to ship back every begging Scot at this juncture, he would have spared himself much later grief and acrimonious criticism. The Scotsmen were hardly to be blamed. Sharing with their king, as they did, the idea that he had inherited most of the world's treasure, and wanting to be on hand to lap up any crumbs that might fall from that rich table, they steadfastly refused to leave the court. Yet England, cordially as she was determined to greet her new ruler, wanted none of these northern compatriots of his, who spoke as if they had oat-cakes in their mouths.

"And have you noted," Englishmen asked each other, "what speech the king himself uses? He speaks as broad as a pikestaff—just like a foreigner." Now that good Queen Bess was gone, the largesse from the court might be looked for once again (a rare Queen she had been, but tight with the purse-strings!) Englishmen themselves began to wonder if there might not be a fat living at the court for them; and thronged to offer the new king the benefit of their experience and assistance, with an eye to recompense. In spite of all that James could do, there must have been an army of at least a thousand persons raising a cloud of dust along the Great North Road behind him, as he rode south.

Passing along streets well lined with respectfully gazing subjects was one thing; but jouncing through Yorkshire in the midst of a noisy, buzzing cavalcade of favor-seekers was something too unpleasant. James wished with all his heart that he could be alone in some cool forest, with none but his hounds and his trusty huntsmen. He felt himself to be gaped at as an object of curiosity; and a small, uneasy perception that he and these people were alien began slightly to darken his rosy view of the universe.

Just outside York another cloud—a considerably more ominous one—blew over the rim of his happy horizon. Word came from Scotland that Anna, the moment his back was turned, had put herself at the head of a coterie of trouble-brewers who wanted to snatch Henry from Mar's

protecting care. After his tender farewell to her, her promises of fidelity and affection, and his trouble about seeing that she had proper jewels! Her old hatred of Mar had flamed up, hotter than ever, he learned, consuming her better judgment and her loyalty. There was nothing for it but to send faithful Johnnie Slaites posting back along the road he had just come, in answer to a furious epistolary tirade from the queen, who in a blind rage accused James of preferring Mar to her and of believing calumnies about her. This cool Danish girl could be a very virago on the subject of her son, and could also be as small and unjust as any other female featherbrain.

Travel-stained as he was, and vexed at having his festive progress interrupted, the king sat down and wrote her, upon receiving Mar's report:

My Heart [he began, without date or address], Immediately before the receipt of your letter, I was purposed to have written you, and that without any great occasion, except for freeing myself at your hands from the imputation of severeness, but now your letter has given more matter to write, although I take small delight to meddle in so unpleasant a process.

I wonder that neither your long knowledge of my nature, nor my late earnest purgation unto you can cure you of that rooted error that any living dare speak or inform me in any ways to your prejudice, or yet that ye can think them your unfriends, that are true-servants to me. I can say no more, but protest upon the peril of my salvation and damnation, that neither the Earl of Mar, nor any flesh living ever informed me that ye was upon any Papish or Spanish course, or that ye had any other thoughts but a wrong conceived opinion that he had more interest in your Son, or would not deliver him unto you, neither does he farther charge the Noblemen that was with you there, but that he was informed that some of them thought by force to have assisted you in the taking my Son out of his hands. But as for any other Papist or foreign practise, by God, he doth not so much as allege it. Therefore he says he will never presume to accuse them, since it may happen well to import your offence; therefore I say over again, leave these for-

James I of England

ward womanly apprehensions, for I thank God I carry that love and respect unto you which, by the law of God and nature, I ought to do to my wife and mother of my children, but not for that ye are a King's daughter, for whether ye were a King's or a cook's daughter, ye must be all alike to me, being once my wife.

For the respect of your honorable birth and descent I married you; but the love and respect I now bear you is, because that ye are my married wife, and so partaker of my honour as of my other fortunes. I beseech you excuse my rude plainness in this; for casting up of your birth is a needless impertinent argument to me. God is

Sir,

as nothing is more wellcom to me
 then your letters (for which I thank
 you) so can they bring me no better
 tidings then of your good health (of me
 much desired) for I cease not to
 praye for the increase and Con-
 tinuance of your good both of mynde
 and bodie, and thereof rest assured,
 so kissing your handes
 I remaine she that will ever love
 you best
 Anna. R.

my witness I ever preferred you to all my bairns, much more than to any subject; but if you will ever give place to the reports of every flattering sycophant that will persuade you that when I account well of an honest and wise servant for his true faithful service to me, that it is to compare, or prefer him to you, then will neither ye or I be ever at rest or at peace. I have, according to my promise, copied so much of that plot whereof I wrote unto you in my last, as did concern my Son and you, which herein is inclosed, that ye may see I wrote it not without cause, but I desire it not to have any Secretaries than yourself. As for your dool [complaint] made concerning it, it is utterly impertinent at this time, for such reasons as the bearer will show unto you, whom I have likewise commanded to impart divers other points unto you, which for fear of wearying your eyes with my rugged hand, I have herein omitted, praying God, my heart, to preserve you and all the bairns, send me a blithe meeting with you, and a couple of them. Your own, James R.

In another effort to pacify his fulminating wife, James reminded her that Mar had been largely instrumental in securing the English crown, and that any man who could accomplish such an important mission deserved to be thought well of. Anna probably threw his letter on the floor, stamped on it, and flew to her writing table, for the next messenger brought James the sharp retort that she would rather not have England than be obliged to Mar for it.

James saw that there was no other way out. He had intended bringing Henry and Elizabeth to England as soon as possible in any case—Charles was too sickly a child for travel. He might as well allow Anna to fetch them with her when she came, and put an end to this silly enmity between her and his old friend. His roadside efforts at mediation bore soothing fruit. Anna set about supervising the construction of a chariot which George Hendry was to make for her journey, and bought thirteen ells of purple velvet for a footmantle, with a binding of the same to keep the hem from showing wear. It was not much use taking many new clothes to England—Elizabeth's fabulous wardrobe was waiting for her; but she did order one new gown of figured taffeta,

and had an old white satin made over and furbished up. Henry had just had made for him a purple satin doublet with breeks to match, and two pairs of fine garters, with fair fringes of gold, one for his dagger, and one for his legs. Little Elizabeth might also expect wonderful new gowns of satins and velvets in London; but at least she should have a new Spanish taffeta bodice, and a brown satin poke "to put her night gear in" for the journey. Thomas Dury, Anna's fool, should go with them, she decided (James had taken his jester, the ribald Archie Armstrong), and so she ordered a new green coat for him; they were rich now, and it would never do to arrive like beggars. How glad she was to be leaving this harsh country, where she had been living for thirteen long years (and which she was never to see again); how joyously she turned her back on that high spur of rock which was Stirling and which had raised its forbidding heights between her and her son since the day she bore him. She could forget Mar now; she could erase the memories of the humiliations he had caused her. She could show him that in spite of having gone to school with a king, he could not run counter to her, for she was a king's daughter and a queen—now queen of the mightiest country on earth.

She thought of James, riding in to receive the keys of York from a kneeling Lord Mayor, and allowed her ill nature to subside. She would take keys of cities as well when she came south, and would win English hearts.

To tell the truth, James's own entry into the proud city of the North did not begin quite so felicitously as had been planned. Festivities were a trifle marred at the last minute by a bitter sotto-voce dispute between the Lord President of the North (Cecil's brother William) and the Lord Mayor, as to who should carry the sword before the king.

"My Lords," cried James, whose hearing was ever acute, "An ye grant that the sword is mine, so will ye allow me the disposing of it?"

"Your Highness to command." The two wranglers felt suddenly ashamed.

"Then I bequeath it to one who knows well how to use a sword, having been tried both at sea and on shore—the Earl of Cumberland." (Cumberland had distinguished himself as commander of a ship against the Armada.)

This tactful mediation in favor of a neutral third party satisfied everybody and allowed the royal procession to proceed under the gray stone Micklegate Bar, splotted with scarlet and gold banners, directly to York Minster. And here, surely, James must have gotten even a fuller realization, perhaps mixed with a little pang of awe and abashment, that England had an inheritance immeasurably richer, immeasurably more glorious than that of poor, cramped feud-torn Scotland. Entering the west front, between the two magnificent towers which still lift lacy spires toward the Yorkshire sky, he must have felt the impact of a more gracious, a more mellow and more sophisticated civilization than that which had raised the massive pillars of St. Giles. This provincial Scotsman could never have seen such transcendent chromatic beauty as flowed through these stained glass windows. He could never have visualized the unbelievably ornate grandeur of the choir. A people who could build such a church and worship in it were not the same order of subjects as yellow-shirted Highlanders or whinger-thrusting lairds.

Humility, however, was a virtue which James had never felt he could afford to cultivate, certainly not a humility mingled with awe in the presence of any man-made thing. That would have been unkingly. Only before the works of God and the Devil could Mary's son condescend to bend his spirit. The beauty which had grown under the hands of dead Englishmen, the vital, independent quality of living Englishmen's thinking, were not at once perceived in their true light by James, the king.

He entered York Minster quite pleased with himself over the happy outcome of the sword difficulty, momentarily forgetful of the unpleasant episode which Anna had precipitated. He heard the organ, the great swell of choir voices lifted in song. He listened to the Dean's oration in Latin, and sat complacently throughout the Divine Service under a canopy supported by six lords, with such a blaze of color and ritual about him as served to lift his spirits and obliterate his inner vexation.

When it was over, disdaining a coach, he insisted upon walking through the streets, still under a canopy, between conduits running with claret and white wine.

"The people are desirous to see a king," he said condescendingly, "and so they shall, for they shall as well see his body as his face."

James I of England

From Saturday until Monday afternoon, the king was entertained in York, being feasted by such plenty of all delicacies as could be possibly devised, and gracing twenty-one Yorkshire men, including the Lord Mayor of York, with the honor of knighthood. He also took the opportunity of showing his pleasure by knighting his loyal secretary's brother, swearing in five Englishmen to be his servants, promising the inhabitants of a neighboring town that he would defend them against the onslaught of Dunkirk pirates (how, does not seem clear), and releasing the usual number of prisoners.

When he finally left, he expressed himself as delighted with the homage and honors paid him, and with regal benignity offered to come and be a burgess among them. To prove the genuineness of his democratic spirit, he stopped the next night at The Sign of the Bear in Doncaster, like any traveling Englishman, airily paying the host with the lease of a manor house in reversion.

This light dip into a world where blood was red instead of blue was followed by a descent upon Worksop, the seat of the Earl of Shrewsbury. Here James was greeted by the astute earl, who met him with a company of huntsmen all in green and allowed him to hunt in the park for a good space before escorting him to the handsome old mansion. Gilbert Shrewsbury was ready for his king with a display of such lavish hospitality that what was left after the royal appetite had been sated was enough to let any man who cared to come have all he craved of fish, fowl, beer, and wine. Shrewsbury had planned efficiently. As early as the thirtieth of March, he had sent letters to his friends, insinuating that he would not refuse such fat capons, hens, partridges, and the like as they cared to lend him.

Yes, England was, without exaggeration, a land of plenty, where wine flowed in the streets, and even the common man could dine off partridge. Never again would he be cried out upon for the "evil payment" of his debts, nor need to worry over money matters. The world was transformed to a lovely place, flecked by tender shadows of April green and peopled with obedient Croesuses.

At Newark, his next stop, he slightly overreached himself. It was a small matter, to be sure, but somehow significant. A cut-purse had been apprehended. James forthwith commanded him to be hanged, and

thereby cast an articulate damper over English enthusiasm. It was not within the rights of an English sovereign to order hanging, solely on the king's warrant and without trial. What was this Scottish fellow about? A little muttering was heard, and some outspoken criticism. Cecil, making ready to receive his Majesty in London, must set him straight about this.

James had now been gone from Scotland something over two weeks, and for that length of time had been out of touch with developments in his augmented realm. His correspondence had consisted mainly of scathing letters from Anna, troubled communications from Mar, exceedingly welcome reimbursements from the English Privy Council, and a note from Cecil to the effect that it might be more tactful if England's new king did not appear for Elizabeth's funeral. (The mortal husk of the last and greatest Tudor was still above ground, pending completion of sufficiently imposing burial arrangements.)

No one wrote to announce the significant news that during the past weeks four persons had died in the grimy London slums of Stepney with horrible purple spots upon their bodies. No one thought it at all important to mention the fact that the crowded districts of the capital city, where 250,000 people lived tightly packed together, were becoming filthier and filthier; or that a recent ordinance, forbidding pudding and tripe wives to throw the paunches, guts, and entrails left over from their unpleasant livelihood into the streets, was being wholly disregarded. It did not occur to seasoned Londoners that there were an increasing number of rats attracted by the street refuse. Nor did they know that the throngs of people drawn to the city by the great events of the year provided additional hosts for rat-fleas to feast upon. There was nothing at all out of the ordinary in the number of plague deaths. Even in healthy years there were always a few mortalities in crowded parishes.

James himself would not have been perturbed; he had seen the bubonic plague brought into Edinburgh from Leith; he had known people who died of it, and had, as a young man, been hustled into the country to escape it. Both he and his subjects accepted a plague epidemic as an act of God, since they did not know what caused it or how to check it. Rosemary strewed on the streets in Moorditch for the funeral of a young bachelor, dead of infection, told a sad story to passers-by.

Its significance was sentimental and its odor salutary. Rue, stuffed into the nostrils of the mourners, was good for prevention, and bonfires, lit to purify the air, would help. But all the street corners in all of London could be set ablaze until the flames shot up higher than the house-tops—the seventeenth century was helpless against epidemics. The first year of James's reign was to see such a decimation of population, such a falling off of trade and commerce, such a shrinkage in the treasury as would bring England close to bankruptcy and sap the swift-running stream of English energy and enterprise for years to come.

Cheerfully unaware of the future, and bubbling over with his own peculiar humor, James continued on from Newark toward Belvoir Castle, seat of the Duke of Rutland, hunting all the way. He stopped long enough to knight the Sheriff of Nottinghamshire and three other gentlemen, arriving in good time at the castle. His spirits were lifting. The long hours in the open air, the temporary freedom from worry, were making him feel as fit as a fiddle, and next morning, just to prove that he could spring out of bed as joyously as a lad of sixteen, he knighted forty-eight gentlemen before breakfast.

Thereupon the whole bustling cavalcade got under weigh once more, this time making for Burleigh House. A stop was made for hunting in Sir John Harington's park at Exton, and then it was planned to press on to Cecil's ancestral home for the night. But the sport was so phenomenally good, in view of the preparations which had been made for the king's coming (live hares in baskets were carried out on the heath and Sir John sent his best hounds with good mouths to follow the game) that James undoubtedly kept the townsmen of Stamford, the High Sheriff of Northamptonshire, not to mention Lord Burleigh himself, waiting for some hours.

Lord Burleigh, Cecil's elder brother, knowing the temper of monarchs, had spared no expense, both in displaying the gorgeous furnishings and tapestries of Burleigh House—one of the great Elizabethan mansions—or in setting the king's table. The second course at dinner alone included such tidbits as hot pheasant, partridge, artichoke pie, chicken, roast curlews, buttered peas, rabbits, duck, plover, turkey pie, pheasant tart, red deer pie, hot roast herons (three to a dish), roast lamb, gammon of bacon, roast pigeons, pear tart, pullets and grease,

dried tongues, pheasant pie, dried hog's cheeks, and cold turkey chicks. Wines, beer, and ale, of course, flowed more freely than water.

In spite of this prodigal entertainment, the memory of Sir John Harington's deep-mouthed hounds lured James back, and he started out to ride over to Exton. On the way, his horse fell on him and bruised his arm quite badly. James stoically refused to pay attention to his injury, and continued on his way; but the next day it was plain there would be no hunting. His arm hurt him so much that he could not hoist himself on a horse or hold the reins. Reluctantly yielding to the flesh, and regretfully giving up the thought of riding behind those wonderful hounds, James allowed himself to be packed into a coach and trundled back to Burleigh.

In the morning he found himself well enough to travel, and against the advice of the Court, insisted on pressing on. Having just acquired this king by the expenditure of considerable effort and diplomacy, the English Privy Council were in no mood to lose him before his coronation, and were considerably disturbed over the accident; but, as Cecil philosophically wrote, "It is no more than may befall any other great and extreme rider as he is, at least once every month." This was no time to suggest that his Majesty would do better to traverse the rest of the distance in a coach; particularly as at his next resting place his host, Sir Anthony Mildmay, presented him with a gallant Barbary horse and a very rich saddle, with furniture suitable thereunto, which James urbanely accepted with pleasure.

The king was now within fairly close distance of London. Happily unconscious that eight had died of the plague that week, in scattered parishes of the city, such citizens in the country shires as could swing their legs over a horse or pay for coach hire, began to travel for a glimpse of the first James in English history. He, rapidly recovering from the bruise on his arm, proceeded, behind the Earl of Southampton carrying the sword, to the house of none other than Sir Oliver Cromwell, uncle of the man who would one day behead James's second son.

Sir Oliver, not to be undone by any peers, went the limit, and assembled such quantities of food that practically the entire country got its meals free for two weeks. Here at Hinchinbrook, the Heads of the University of Cambridge, brave in scarlet gowns and mortarboards, waited

James I of England

upon their learned colleague, the king. The occasion naturally could not be signalized by anything but a Latin oration, which James heard graciously; so graciously that the grave scholars were emboldened to ask for confirmation of their charter and privileges. This was granted. Thereupon, to show their gratitude, the Heads of the University of Cambridge presented their king with various books printed by the University, one of which was entitled *Sorrow's Joy, or a Lamentation for our late deceased Sovereign Elizabeth, with a Triumph for the prosperous Succession of our gracious King James*. Several authors had collaborated on this remarkable piece of literature, with the result that James could find any sort of poem in it he wished. It would have been more than human of him if he had not preferred, among the other little gems with which the pamphlet was stuffed, that part of an effusion entitled "A Stay-Grief for Englishmen," which ended,

*Come then, good James, pluck up thy heart,
For all that's good will take thy part.
Come in betimes, and cure our sores,
For thou canst quench even all uproars.
Our hearts thou hast, goods, lands and life,
To keep in peace and end all strife.
With thee we'll live, with thee we'll die,
In truth, faith, love, eternally.*

This was probably the most flattering tribute that James had yet had—this acknowledgment by Cambridge. It not only proved that the learned men in the kingdom were convinced of his right to the throne, but that they had in a measure welcomed him as one of them.

James thought of his own University of Edinburgh and of the crabbed Melville at St. Andrews. He compared his Scottish scholars with these mannerly English gentlemen, so brave in scarlet, and found another reason for rejoicing in his inheritance.

Reluctantly he tore himself away from Sir Oliver's munificence. His good Cecil would be waiting for him at Theobald's. His dearest sister and cousin's Privy Council was awaiting him. Her body had that very day been interred in Westminster Abbey, having been borne through the streets embalmed in lead, topped with a "lively image" of herself

in her parliament robes, with a crown on her head and a scepter in her hand. The London populace, augmented by strangers who had swarmed into the city to greet the new king, stood lining the streets, and wept honest tears as the chariot, muffled in black velvet and drawn by four black horses, rolled slowly by. She had been hard on them; she had been brutal; she had, in her later years, been captious and difficult to please. But she had, as they well knew, been the greatest sovereign in England since William of Normandy, and grief at her passing struck deep in every heart.

Times would be changed now; everything would be different. Already they had begun to refer to events which were but three months old as happening in "our good queen's time." A new king was coming to London, and nothing would ever again be the same. The people of London gazed after the great embroidered banner of England borne before the hearse by the Earl of Pembroke and Lord Howard of Effingham. Ah, well, next time they saw its glimmer, their new king would be riding behind it.

With discreet behavior, he did not press toward the funeral or make much conversation over it. It would have been uncouth if he had done so. He accepted, instead, a great standing cup of gold, goodly horses, fleet and well trained hunting dogs, and divers hawks of excellent wing from Sir Oliver Cromwell. Then he departed for Royston.

It was on the way thither that James, riding through a small town called Godmanchester, learned of what ancient and durable fiber English tradition was made. Seventy plows, drawn by seventy teams of horses, came out to meet him, each team driven by an English farmer gallantly dressed in his Sunday cloak and breeches.

"How is this?" asked James. "Who are these fellows?"

"They offer you these plows, your Majesty, because they of this Town hold their lands from the Crown by the tenure of so meeting every sovereign who comes to it."

The seventy teams rattled their harness, the ribbons in their manes and tails fluttered in the wind, making a splendid show.

"I am glad," James told them, "that I am landlord of so many good husbandmen in one town, and I hope that ye will use well your plows."

Here was new evidence that England was a land bursting with

plenty. James would have been hard put to it to find seventy new plows in all of Scotland; nor was there much more arable land than could have been plowed by that number, as he came to recall the vastly bare and stony land of his Scottish kingdom. As for the rich fields about Godmanchester—yes, yes, here would be wheat and oats aplenty.

At Royston he was met by Sir Edward Denny, High Sheriff of Hertfordshire, a worthy knight of a "deliver" [active] spirit and agile body, who appeared artistically clad in a rich suit of yellow dun color, to match his saddle and his horse. Sir Edward, who undeniably had an eye for color, had dressed his seven score retainers in blue coats with slashed sleeves, white doublets, and hats and feathers, and had mounted them on horses with red saddles. The king, with the memory of those bright plowshares still in his mind, was properly cordial, and consented to accept the usual gift of a magnificent horse, a rich saddle, and furniture to go with the same, all of great value. The royal stables would certainly have to be enlarged immediately at this rate.

The landscape within forty miles of London now began to present the appearance of a gigantic and brightly hued fairground. Englishmen were still flocking north to gratify their curiosity (or cupidity) at the peripatetic court. Scotsmen, in spite of proclamations and decrees, were still seeping south in alarming numbers. Here came a solid English knight, in a wonderful tawny cloak, with a gold chain about his neck, jogging worthily onward to present his respects to the king. Ten retainers in green doublets accompanied him, to let the world know he was a man of means. Crowding on their heels, and anxious to pass, was the canopied coach and three of the Countess of Cumberland, who rode with her daughter, the Lady Anne, and her sister, the Countess of Warwick, to Theobald's, where she knew the king would arrive shortly. At a crossroads, the entire cavalcade was halted. A Scotsman in a plaid was leading a pack train, laden with goods for the honorable Scottish lords, in the opposite direction. Four tattered beggars limped in his wake, and seeing the coach, swarmed toward it with their hands outstretched. Before the coachman could strike them back, a messenger on horseback, his very boots sweat-stained, came charging through the crowd, knocking men right and left, a pouch buckled across his chest. One of the Privy Council's servitors, beyond doubt, bound for the court. All day

and every day the dust was churned upon the highways, by the tread of hoofs and by creaking wheels of heavily loaded wagons. For the entire month of April the population of southeastern England was in a state of flux, flowing north, ebbing back again, spreading, receding, shifting. Plague deaths were mounting steadily now, and on the walls of some London houses there was placarded a red circle, or a cross, with the words, "Lord Have Mercy on Us."

Now it was May, the weather was warm, and as England had noted by sad experience, it was not at all unusual for plague to strike oftener and more swiftly as the days grew longer and the sun grew hotter.

Upon the third of May, Elizabeth's entire Privy Council moved to Theobald's, the delightful country house which Cecil had built twelve miles from London; here James was to come face to face with his faithful "io" at last.

The lovely grounds and gardens had been swarming with people since four o'clock in the morning, although the royal procession did not enter the gate until late afternoon, and then only at a snail's pace, so thickly did the king's new subjects press about his path. By dint of sounding trumpets before him, a lane was cleared. James rode slowly through it, two noblemen before him, with their hands at his horse's bridle, and two behind. At the entrance to the first courtyard, every man dismounted except the king, so that the throng, standing on tiptoe, could see clearly this weary man in the green riding cloak and high-crowned hat who had come down from the North to rule over them.

At the court door, James himself alighted, and there, kneeling before him, he saw a shriveled little figure all in black. He stooped to raise him, and saw that it was—it must be Cecil. This little manling his secretary? This small gnome the great statesman who had guided Elizabeth with a sure and easy hand? Well! They might not be the handsomest two who had ever ruled England, but he and this mite had more brains between them than all the others put together. A surge of friendliness swept over James and he laid his hand on Cecil's shoulder. Together they turned and went inside, followed by the peers of England.

The king had thought to rest a while before supper, but the buzzing

throng outside would not still their shouts of "Long live the king! God save King James!"

James marveled to think that he could ever have doubted the temper of this people, or worried for one second lest they prefer a Spanish princess for their ruler. They were loyalty itself. They were if anything almost tiresomely loyal. Instead of resting, James dipped the tips of his fingers into a basin of warm water, swallowed a cup of wine, and took up his station at an open window, that they might see him and be appeased.

He looked down upon hundreds of well-fed, upturned faces, a bright motley of cloaks and bejeweled hats. He heard the good-natured roaring and rumbling of a docile crowd, the flat, unaccented English words striking his ears strangely. No bailiffs appeared to police the spectators; he saw no man offer to lift his hand against his neighbor, although many a toe was trodden upon and many an elbow came thwacking sharply against an abutting rib. In a throng of this size in Scotland there would have been at least ten heads broken and two death feuds begun within the space of time he had been standing at the window.

In Scotland . . . why, he had been gone only two days less than a month, and already the smell of heather had vanished from his nostrils; already he could not quite remember the outlines of Edinburgh Castle towering above the city as one rode up the West Bow.

James passed his hand across his eyes . . . how was this? Could he have forgotten Edinburgh so soon? He tried to think back to the day he had left; to recapture the feel of the bitter April wind as he bent to salute Anna in farewell. He tried to remember what it had felt like to cross the border and step on English soil at last; how his heart had beaten when they shot off the guns for him at Berwick! Less than a month ago . . . then every group of twenty Englishmen shouting huzzah had stirred his blood and assured him that all was well. Then every English manor house had seemed more rich and splendid than the last, each shaming Holyrood, each more of a palace than the Scottish king could claim for his own.

Every vista over the English landscape had seemed gently fertile, promising plenty; every plowed field had seemed to welcome him with hints of rich harvest and bulging granaries.

It was still so—England was still rich—she was still his.

But somehow, he could not quite tell how, the enormous zest with which he had entered on his pilgrimage had disappeared. The incredible thrill of realizing that he was King of England had somehow vanished.

Still the people shouted on the lawn below, and would not let him go. The corners of his mouth pulled down, a crease appeared between his eyebrows.

James the First was a tired man. He was tired of being stared at, tired of being shouted after, tired of being acclaimed. He wanted no more Latin speeches, no more gilt cups, no more banquets of eight dishes to a course. What he really wanted, it suddenly seemed to him, was to go hunting in the park at Falkland, with Esmé Stuart, so long dead, and hear his old hound, Tell True, giving lusty tongue.

"Come," he said to Cecil at last, "I care not whether they have seen enough of me or not. Is there no place where we can be quiet?"

The secretary led the way downstairs, and out behind the manor house to a secluded garden. They passed between rows of lay and rosemary into a winding labyrinth of shrubs, the King of England and England's greatest living statesman; the one suffering from the dreadful, paradoxical disillusion of more than having his dreams fulfilled; the other, having long ago given up dreaming, quietly satisfied with the success of his ambitious plans.

Together they walked up and down between the meandering hedges, until England's sun should cool, talking, no doubt, of affairs of state and laying plans for England.

In a day when government archives, files, desks, and all the modern paraphernalia for conducting a constitutional monarchy were, perhaps happily, not yet thought of, the seat of government was actually always with the king. London was not now the capital of England. All Elizabeth's councilors, every man in whose hands authority rested, made haste to repair to Theobald's (a far more convenient journey than to York). The Lord Keeper, the Lord Treasurer (Cecil's elder brother), the Lord Admiral, every nobleman who had influence, all the old servants and officers of Elizabeth's household, and the Guard of her Majesty's body, now converged upon that luxuriously comfortable country seat. Cecil bore this cheerfully, although an old chronicle remarks

that to speak of what it cost to entertain this conclave "were but to imitate Geographers, that set a little round O for a mighty Province; words being hardly able to express what was done there indeed, considering the multitude that thither resorted beside the royal Train, none going thence unsatisfied."

There seemed little enough that James could actually do—Cecil had managed so well during the interregnum. He could, of course, remind Englishmen that their empire was now not one nation but two; and promptly swore in a few Scotsmen to leaven the Anglo-Saxon unanimity of the Privy Council. Ludovic, Esmé's son, was given a place, and his friend Johnnie Slaites (still, by the way, at Stirling, pacifying Anna). Lord Home, that character of great integrity, conduct, and resolution, although Catholic, Sir George Hume, Treasurer of Scotland, Sir James Elphingston, James's secretary, his good friend Edward Bruce, now Lord of Kinloss, Master of his Majesty's Rolls, were all included. And lest some carping minds should think this show of favor too one-sided, he included the sycophantic "3" of Cecil's correspondence, Lord Henry Howard; the latter's nephew Thomas, Lord Howard, whom he made Lord Chamberlain; and finally Charles Blount, Lord Montjoy, then Deputy in Ireland.

In between such weighty sessions on affairs of state, and the creation of twenty-nine knights, there was hunting in Enfield Chase, and the reception of a steady stream of visitors. Ladies more beautiful and more gorgeously gowned than any at the Scottish court, buzzed about every hour of the day, waiting to kiss James's hand. Scholars, noblemen, knights, substantial burghers, and adventurers filled every gallery, and took up squatters' quarters on the wide green lawns. Not for a moment could James be alone; not the slightest gesture could escape the hundreds of watching eyes. Cecil himself wrote, "The King doth find scant room to sit himself, he hath so many *Friends*, as they choose to be called."

James moved and had his being in as fierce a glare of publicity as could have been achieved in any camera-less days. At first it had been flattering, and had given him a swelling sense of power. Then it had become astonishing by reason of the widespread and incessant curiosity of which Englishmen appeared capable. At last—and this feeling followed him now even into the hunting field—James began to sense a

kind of shrinking, a desire to escape. The mantle of kingliness should be cut to his own order, not to that of all the gaping yeomen and burghers in the land. It was for him to say what actions and what behavior suited a king. It was for him to allow such glimpses of himself to a thrilled populace as suited him. Instead, he found himself obliged to live up to the brazenly public standards imposed upon him by tradition. He began to have a doubt—oh, ever so slight a doubt—as to whether England's and his own conception of a king would quite agree.

Never having known his great great uncle, Henry VIII, nor having had his eyes dazzled with the actual sight of his dearest sister and cousin Elizabeth, the splendor of Tudor showmanship had never been adequately realized by James. The nervous, sensitive Stuarts had had no flair for doing things in a hearty, showy and superlatively prodigal manner. Unfortunately for their heir, they had bequeathed him a squeamish stomach, a horror of crowds, a desire for privacy, and no sense of the dramatic. England probably would have been willing to trade all James's book-learning for Elizabeth's treasury of fluent profanity and robustious lack of refinement.

James could no more give it to them than he could be unfaithful to Anna. It was too late now to learn to be picturesque. It was even too late to recapture the zest of his most recent dreams. To his own unhappy surprise, he found himself plodding through the motions of accepting England's homage.

At last, after four busy days at Theobald's, the entire Privy Council and the royal train planned to set out for London, in spite of the fact that James found himself very loath to leave this idyllic Tudor mansion. The spacious hall, sixty feet long and thirty feet wide, with its gushing fountain, gave him a wonderful sense of freedom from oppression after the crowds and cramped quarters of the previous weeks. He liked the quaint conceit of having artificial trees set about the upper floor, trees so naturally adorned with birds' nests, leaves, and fruit that when the windows were opened, little feathered songsters flew in from out of doors and perched upon inviting twigs.

Cecil's father, Lord Burleigh, had often entertained Elizabeth here, and had, in consequence, spared no expense in the furnishings. There were inlaid tables and bossed ceilings; tapestries, paintings, busts of

Roman emperors, armorial bearings and oak paneling enough in the many rooms to have satisfied even her extravagant taste in interior decorating. James found the house and grounds delightful. They were so colorful, so luxurious, so open and space-embracing, that he really wished he could stay there forever. Was there perhaps some flicker of fear that once in London, he would never again be permitted to enjoy the informal rusticity which had reigned at the Scottish court?

But the Council was adamant. Even a king's holiday could not last forever, and it was time they brought Elizabeth's heir into the capital.

Sextons and gravediggers were busier than ever in the squalid London slums, but there were not enough deaths from the plague to shut the theaters yet, and it was considered safe to permit the king to skirt the city proper.

If James had been amazed at the crowds before, he must have been struck speechless on this final segment of his journey. People stood so close together, pressed forward so rudely to get a glimpse of him ("Ah, that one there on the brown horse, with the long cloak and the diamond in his hat!" "Aye, the one with the beard and the white face—that's him. God Save King James!") that many a rib was broken and many a hat tossed in the air fell into alien hands. By stringent police work, and under prodigious difficulties, a hunting course was laid from Stamford Hill to London, with a tame deer, using such twinings and doublings that the hounds could not take it faster than the king could ride. The huntsmen cleverly contrived to have the train in full-mouthed cry all the way, and a short distance from the highway, so that the king could ride straight into London with the sound he loved best of all ringing in his ears.

His jaded interest began to revive slightly as he felt historic ground under his feet. This gently spreading city, encircled by low hills, lying so comfortably along the Thames—this was London? The streets were not so steep as Edinburgh's, the houses not so tall. He noticed an entire absence of that stony, cramped feeling inherent in Scottish cities, and, of course, some of the fine dwellings he had passed would put any Scottish nobleman's house to shame. The city was undoubtedly prosperous; he had already seen more foreign merchants, and more elegant cloth-stuffs commonly worn, than he would have believed possible.

The cries of the hounds grew fainter, the noise of human tongues grew louder. He was guided into a small lane, out of the crowded highway, and led into an enclosed garden, which, although pleasantly remote, was not uninhabited. Spectators stood row on row, to see their king, jostling and thrusting for a better view. A chorus of children's voices burst into song—the Blue-coat boys from Christ's Hospital had been especially trained for the occasion—and Lord Thomas Howard, his new Lord Chamberlain and host, came forward to make him welcome to Charterhouse.

In this ancient Carthusian monastery, now made over into a sumptuous town house, James at last slept in London, hub of his universe, dream city toward which he had bent his hopeful eyes ever since he could remember. For four days he lingered there, meeting with his Lords of Council, walking in the gardens, acclimating himself to the geniality, hubbub, dirt, and strange smells which were seventeenth-century London. Just outside Charterhouse walls stretched Goswell Street, "replenished with small tenements, cottages, allies gardens, banquetting houses, and bowling places," so that if he had cared to investigate the home life of his new subjects, he might without undue exertion have discovered for himself what it meant to live in a two-story wooden cottage, with a pile of refuse in front of the door and stray dogs swarming over the threshold. England was rich and powerful, but England's city dwellers were just as poorly fed and lived in as noisome surroundings as any Edinburgh starvelings.

The duties of English kings in the seventeenth century, however, had not yet come to include patting poverty-stricken infants on the head or visiting the dwellings of their pauper parents. James was expected to, and did, confine himself to mingling with the upper reaches of society. He made one hundred and thirty-three new knights during his stay, and dined contentedly on rare and wild fowl, while the city prepared itself to welcome Mary Stuart's son.

A reward of ten shillings was offered to any one who would gather up dogs and other decaying things out of the Thames, and bury them. Bonfires were lighted on all street corners to purify the air, for plague deaths had now risen to something like twenty a day, and it was considered definitely unsafe for the king to linger in crowded districts.

James I of England

On the eleventh of May he climbed into a coach to be "closely carried" through the old Aldersgate, then skirted the city's confines until he reached Whitehall. A peaked roof, topped with a bulging turret, rose before him. A gatehouse, guarded by sentries wearing his badge, a thistle and a rose, upon their sleeves, appeared across the road. At his left, he noticed with pleasure a fair garden and orchard; and upon his right there were "divers fair tennis courts," a bowling alley, and, sure enough, a cock pit. His uncle Henry had left him something worth having! James thought of the pleasure gardens at Holyrood, of the poor lions now growing old and mangy, and felt a renewed thrill and appetite for his English kingship. Something of his erstwhile holiday mood swept over him again, as he embarked at Whitehall stairs for a short river trip.

The barge, gliding from Whitehall down the Thames to the Tower, bore a Scotsman all agog upon her crowded decks. Never had James seen anything so fine as this view of London from the river, with roofs and church spires shining in the sun. Never had he thought that this rich city would be so fair to look upon. On either hand, white swans floated benignly, two by two, their mirrored reflections dappling the refracted images of the trees and gardens on the banks. Upon the breeze was borne a many-throated cry of "God Save King James!" and immediately after the air reverberated with the sound of cannon shot. The gunners at the Tower were giving a royal salute. The echoes died away as the barge passed under London Bridge. James glanced up at the heads withering upon the ramparts of the bridge gate, and remarked that his dearest sister and cousin had known how to deal sharply with traitors. Now the royal party became aware of a white forest of ships' sails, clustered thick upon the water. Here was more shipping than James had ever seen before; English vessels bound for the Low Countries, for the fabulous islands where spices grew, even for the distant, enchanted terrain of the New World. Boom! the great ordnance on the Tower wharf discharged another volley, and the royal barge passing in front of the great fortification, old as London itself, moored at the King's Stairs. James alighted, received the keys of the Tower from the Lieutenant of the Tower, and walking behind the sword borne by the Duke of Lennox, inspected this historic stronghold.

In view of the increase in the plague, which was now really beginning to alarm the authorities, it was decided to postpone the monarch's official entry into the city, and to curtail all celebrations and gatherings.

Although he had already been in London proper, according to a charming survival of medieval ritual which still exists, he would not be considered actually at home there until he had been made free of the City—the lozenge-shaped strip which extended from the Tower, on the east, to the old Fleet Ditch, on the west, from the river, on the south, to approximately the site where the old church of St. Giles Cripplegate still stands, on the north. Suburbs were beginning to burgeon without the old city walls, fanning out in all directions, even hemming in the adjacent city of Westminster, but the City of London stood firm, and would allow no encroachment, either on her territory or on her ancient rights.

England's new king might inspect the Tower, if he wished, but he would not have the freedom of the City until the Lord Mayor handed him the keys. Therefore it was decided to house the royal retinue in the fortress for the nonce, rather than go back to Whitehall through the crowded streets—a plan which suited James perfectly, for this ancient stronghold impressed him more than any building he had yet seen in England. It was so incredibly old, this bulky Norman fortress, so incredibly impregnable, and so saturated with English blood, that it seemed to have achieved an articulate personality. It could not fail to occur to James that the White Tower, upon whose turrets the eyes of William, Duke of Normandy, had rested, stood triumphantly beside the Thames when Scotland had been little better than a pagan wilderness, peopled with tribes even more barbaric than the Highlanders. James inspected it carefully. He also viewed the armory, the rich artillery, the Ordinance house, the Mint, and the Lions (among whom there was one called Harry, with a reputation for prodigious bravery), and then went to walk in the gardens for recreation. There were matters of state requiring his attention, and the Tower was a fitting place in which to transact them. So it was that here, at the actual heart and core of his empire, he rewarded Cecil for those long nights of letter-writing and adroit secretive manipulations. He created him Baron Cecil of Essenden, and let him know how kindly and well-disposed the kingly mind

had become. In point of fact, he spoke to the small misshapen man and called him "My Little Beagle," a term of highest endearment coming from a man who loved his hounds as did King James.

Lord Cecil, thinking of the heroic efforts he had put forth in this provincial Scot's behalf, rubbed his hands together and smiled quietly. Lord Cecil of Essenden—it sounded well enough, but unless he had heinously misjudged the man, there would be an earldom forthcoming from this king. For a younger son, and an unprepossessing one at that, Robert Cecil was looking after the family fortunes very well indeed. His brother William might have inherited the title and Burleigh House. He himself had Theobald's now, and riches—only patience, and he would feel an earl's coronet upon his brow! Position, riches, immortality—Cecil knew them to be all within his grasp.

Strangely enough, by royal proclamation six days later, another Englishman was promoted; to a position of a sort far inferior to Cecil's, and to a paltry stipend which that quiet little man would have found insufficient to keep an under gardener at Theobald's. On the nineteenth of May, 1603, royal license was granted to Laurence Fletcher, William Shakspeare, Richard Burbage, Augustine Phillips, and the rest of their associates, "freely to use and exercise the art and faculty of playing comedies, tragedies, histories, interludes, morals, pastorals, stage-plays and such like others as they have already studied or hereafter shall use or study, as well for the recreation of our living subjects, as well as for our solace and pleasure, when we shall think good to see them, during our pleasure; and the said comedies, tragedies, histories, interludes, morals, pastorals, stage-plays and such like to shew and exercise publicly to their best commodity when the infection of the Plague shall decrease, as well within their now usual place the Globe, within our County of Surrey."

It was well for the company to be thus licensed; but the clause "when the infection of the Plague shall decrease," postponed their debut as the King's Servants, for nearly a year. According to custom and in strict conformity with the waxing heat of early summer, the plague now began to smite in deadly earnest. From St. Giles Cripplegate to St. Olaves' Southwark, church bells were tolling and coffins were being carried through the streets. At the beginning of the month those who

could afford it had journeyed north to see this Scottish king who had come down to take the great Eliza's place. Now, every foresighted man who could hire a coach began loading his goods and his family into it, preparatory not to a pleasure trip but to flight from the dreadful swift sickness which was striking all about.

The Lords of the Privy Council held conferences. It was anticlimactic, this hanging about waiting for a coronation and for a proper entry into the City, when it was really too dangerous for the king to be in London. Without the queen, no coronation would be possible, of course, and Anna had not yet left Edinburgh, "being delayed by an illness." It seems probable that she had had another miscarriage, brought on once again by her insensate rage at Mar. In any case, it would be another thirty days before she could hope to join her husband, and in the meantime London was becoming more and more unsafe.

In every parish now there were houses with the dreaded red circle and the piteous plea, "Lord Have Mercy On Us." In every parish there could be heard the groaning of sick persons, or the wailing of mourners, and already sextons were beginning to find their graveyards overcrowded.

There was nothing for it but to remove the king and court to outlying palaces. Thus for nearly two months James was forced to hover about, moving from Greenwich briefly back to Whitehall; from Whitehall to the home of Sir Francis Carew in Bedington; to Sir John Forestouë's at Hendon; to Simon House in Middlesex, built by Henry V, and property of the Crown; to Hanworth, in Essex, where Elizabeth had hunted as a girl; to Windsor; and back to the towered palace of Greenwich on the Thames.

Although foreign ambassadors now came in droves to pay their respects, and the court was thronged with noblemen seeking preferment, new titles, places for their needy relatives and friends, so that at one time there were no less than ten thousand persons crowded about one small bandy-legged man from Scotland, all matters not of the utmost importance were deferred until after the coronation. The exacting of various monopolies had been done away with by proclamation, and the oppression done by saltpetre-makers, purveyors and cart-takers had also been forbidden, as a first taste of the new monarch's clemency

and justice. The rest of the magnanimous reforms which had simmered briefly in the back of James's head would have to wait.

Although still depressed by the constant turmoil in which he lived and the continual invasion of his privacy, he felt a momentary sense of respite and relief when it was agreed that his coronation could not be held until the end of July, and that in the meantime he would have nothing to do but move back and forth between salubrious manor houses, trying out the caliber of the deer in the various hunting parks.

He had begun to find England too complex. Under her friendliness and behind her wealth, he sensed a strangeness, a hardness which left him puzzled. Not that he would be unable to rule this country—had he not restored something like order out of chaos in Scotland?—but would he ever be able completely to understand the English? They were at once so subservient and so independent; so tolerant and so pig-headed; so generous and so parsimonious. Well, at least they were not all bent on killing each other or kidnaping him, and for the moment he could forget Scotland, since English intrigue no longer stirred up the lairds and loud-mouthed preachers north of the Tweed. He could even take another four weeks' holiday, despite the tongues constantly clamoring at him, "Your Majesty's gracious consent," "If your Majesty would but——," "My nephew, your Majesty, who desireth——." He could postpone by that much longer the fatal day when he must sit with his Council and thresh out finally the matter of England's foreign policy, of England's finances, and of England's religious problems. There was no doubt in his mind that he could solve these difficulties—or was there?

James had been quick enough in the past to sense intangibles. Could it be that the whole complicated picture of England as he had seen it in the last six weeks, the ceaseless impact of English personalities upon his own, had raised a barricade of complications which had never occurred to him before?

He had had such a thorough grasp of Scotland, had known so instinctively how each of his lords and burghers would act under given circumstances, had been able to foretell with such accuracy the words his obstreperous Presbyterians would use in the pulpit, that sudden

transplantation to a country where thought and speech were alien to him may well have brought on a paralyzing bafflement.

But the traces of any inner perplexity were easily smothered. For once in his life, James could follow a policy of do-nothing with complete ease of conscience. If he did not, even with Cecil at his elbow, know quite how to go about governing England, there were excuses aplenty for delaying that acknowledgment to himself. Between the increasing range of the plague and this subconscious uncertainty, James could allow himself, without a trace of self-reproach, to devote as much time to hunting as could be snatched from official receptions. His hand, aching from the hundreds of ardent kisses pressed upon it, found relief in grasping the firm leather of his horse's rein. His mind, rocking from the impact of disturbing and unfamiliar facts, found peace, as it had always done, in the sound of the horn and the deep baying of the hounds.

This loitering was not, somehow, quite the fitting climax to the fulfillment of his life's desires; but James himself did not realize this, and spent the time until Anna's arrival in a contented return to the mood which had so filled him with happiness when he first set foot in England.

The queen, it seemed, was at last ready to depart from Edinburgh with Henry and Elizabeth. Charles, still sickly and unable to walk at the age of three, was to be left behind in the hands of Lord Livingstone; while the other three members of the family, in miniature state, made last minute preparations for their journey. Various noble ladies of England, with an eye to the future, had already traveled north to offer their services. The Countess of Bedford, Lady Hastings, Lady Hatton, Lady Harington, and Cecil's wife were the first to tender their respects. Upon their heels, as official escort, traveled the Earl of Sussex, the Earl of Lincoln, two lords and two knights, the Countesses of Kildare and Worcester, and four knights' wives. Anna had behaved abominably during his absence, but at least James would see that she came into England in the state befitting a queen. Lapped in the purple velvet footmantle, but without Elizabeth's jewels, she set out during the first week of June to join her husband and grace another throne.

If English curiosity about James had run rife, it billowed still higher

at the prospect of seeing this Danish princess. Was she handsome? Was she well dressed? Would she have the regal bearing of Elizabeth? An astonishing number of gentlewomen managed to leave their husbands and fare forth to answer these questions for themselves. After she had passed Leicester, Anna was surprised to see an infinite number of coaches in her train and to meet "an infinite number" of English ladies willing, nay eager, to serve in her bedchamber, or to take care of her children. With a little of that taciturn distrust of strangers which may be laid to her Danish blood, she disregarded all pleas but that of the Countess of Bedford, who was sworn of the Privy Chamber, and that of the Countess of Kildare, who, with Lady Harington, was made Elizabeth's governess.

At Althorp, the seat of Sir Robert Spencer in Northampton (whom James later elevated to the peerage for his pains) a masque was presented to the delighted queen—a masque by none other than that popular dramatist, Ben Jonson. It was full of fairies, elfin music, and fantastic dances; and by a tour de force of ingenious management ended with the appearance of Sir Robert's eldest son dressed as a huntsman, and the unloosing of a brace of choice deer. These were fortunately killed, as they were meant to be, in the sight of her Majesty, and the whole entertainment was heartily applauded.

Anna was on the whole making a very good impression, by the simple expedient of saying little and smiling continuously. Sir Dudley Carleton, the seventeenth-century equivalent of court reporter, noted that she gave great contentment to the world in her fashion and courteous behavior to the people.

Indeed, the Anna who had screamed at the Earl of Mar a month ago, seems to have arrived in England in a softened and chastened mood. Her meeting with James, at Sir George Haddon's seat at Easton-Neston, was cordial, her behavior, aside from a little regal standoffishness, was amiability itself. She did not at once clamor for Elizabeth's jewels, she did not pout over the court's enforced absence from London, but followed her husband docilely about, patiently waiting to be crowned. Henry accompanied his parents, but Elizabeth, who was only a little girl, not quite seven, was left with Lady Harington.

This united family made a splendid impression. The young prince

was generally conceded to be one of the finest boys of his age that Englishmen had ever clapped eyes on; and after a half century of virgin rule, it was pleasant to see young heirs to the throne thriving and lusty. James, noticing his son's popularity, conceded that perhaps after all it had been a good thing, that temper of Anna's, and how it was all for the best that the boy had come down from Scotland. He wrote to Johnnie Slaites, discharging him from his duties as custodian of the heir to the throne and gave him a rousing recommendation.

He [Henry] had been received in so good estate of health and constitution of body and mind, that we have occasion, not only to take comfort in God's favour thereby so confirmed unto us; but do now testy and declare, by virtue of these present letters, that we do discharge, acquit and exonerate, against us, our heirs and successors, our trusty and well-beloved Cousin and Counsellor, the Earl of Mar, and all other persons cautionary for him, of all manner of obligations, bonds, causions, and assurances, concerning the custody, education and delivery of our Son as aforesaid, and do hereby notify to the world, that we have received full and entire satisfaction answerable to the trust reposed in him, and are resolved to lay it up in memory as a record of his constant faith, love and duty towards us, taking ourselves bound in the honor and gratitude of a Prince, not only to give him his acquittal, but to reward him in time coming for so great and memorable a service.

Johnnie Slaites's reward was not long in coming; it was nothing less than the rare dark blue ribbon, edged with gold, bearing the motto "*Honi Soit Qui Mal Y Pense*" in gold, which was to be worn on his left leg below the knee. He, together with the young prince, the Earls of Southampton and Pembroke, and Esmé's son Ludovic were installed Knights and Companions of the Most Noble Order of the Garter at the Feast of St. George, held at Windsor on the second of July. Anna swallowed the elevation of her enemy with becoming silence. It would have been difficult not to, for her brother Christian and the Duke of Wirtemberg were elected into the Order at the same chapter meeting.

James entered into the spirit of this ancient English ritual with smug energy. He himself had worn the Garter since the birth of Henry,

at which time Elizabeth, having withheld the honor as long as she decently could, sent the coveted emblem north with the Earl of Worcester. It was one thing to be able to don the blue velvet mantle of the Garter, knowing that it was grudgingly bestowed, and quite another to take one's place as the rightful head of this most hoary and time-honored institution, relic of a bygone age of chivalry.

Here was a role which he could perform with kingly dignity. Seated in the wonderfully carved old stall in the chapter house at Windsor, he could feel himself a part of that swarming kaleidoscopic spectacle, which had so far been England. And leaning forward from his throne to put the blue ribbon with the medal of St. George and the Dragon suspended from it, about the necks of the elected knights, he could pronounce with heartfelt solemnity the admonition: "Wear this Ribbon about thy neck, adorned with the image of the blessed Martyr, and Soldier of Christ, St. George; by whose imitation provoked, thou may'st so overpass both prosperous and adverse adventures, that having stoutly vanquished thy enemies, both of body and soul, thou may'st not only receive the praise of this transient combat, but be crowned with the Palm of Eternal Victory."

Close upon the heels of this solemn ritual, there was pressing business to be attended to. The Earl of Nottingham in addition to his title of Lord Admiral was made High Constable and High Steward of England. The Earl of Worcester was made Marshal, since a coronation could not be held without this important officer, whose duty it was to manage such festivities.

The various little bickerings which had broken out between the king's English and Scottish subjects, caused naturally enough by mutual jealousy, were inveighed against in a tart proclamation; and all visiting Scottishmen were again cordially urged to go home.

Since it was now impossible to blind anyone's eyes to the fact that England was in the grip of a widespread and fatal epidemic of bubonic plague, with bills of between seven and eight hundred deaths a week in London alone, a royal proclamation was also sent out from Windsor on that subject. It struck dismay into the hearts of London merchants, who had hoped to fill their coffers during coronation festivities, and was endited reluctantly by James himself, who perceived that his status was

rapidly dwindling in the public mind to that of some visiting but impermanent oddity. The public had flocked to see him as they would have had he been a camel or an elephant, or one of those six-legged calves which occasionally excited Elizabethan inquisitiveness.

However, it was imperative that he be crowned—he could not go on forever loitering about the countryside, king in name but not in fact, proclaimed but uncrowned, without a fixed abode, no more a fixture in English life than any other visiting Scot. The coronation must take place, but as quietly as possible. It was hard that a man who had waited all his life for this must be content to slide onto his new throne all but noiselessly. Since he had been old enough to realize who he was, or what he might hope to become, James had envisioned himself seated in Westminster, bowing his head to receive the crown of England from the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Outside there would be throngs and throngs of people—more, even, than had pressed about him on his way down from Theobald's—all shouting themselves hoarse for joy, all willing to spend their money, their resources, and their lives for their new king. But now, by some strange whim, some necessity for revenge and punishment, God had sent down this sickness. Even as all London pressed forward to get a glimpse of the king and queen leaving the Abbey in their coronation robes, there would be two or three in the crowd who felt themselves unwell; who would burst out into cold sweat, and who, before the horrified eyes of their fellow spectators, would sink gasping to the ground.

Therefore there was given under James's hand and seal, the following pronunciamento from Windsor which smacked a little of the king's own verbiage, and reeked with his royal magnanimity:

Foreasmuch as we find that the Infection within our City of London doth daily increase and is like, to our grief, rather to augment than diminish, as well by reason of the season of the year as by the great concourse of people to said City against the time of our Coronation, some to do their duties in such necessary services as to them belongeth at the solemnity, and some for comfort they take in sight of our Person, of the Queen, our dear Wife and of our Children; although there could be no greater joy to us than the

James I of England

presence and confluence of all sorts of good subjects at such a time, when the more there should be partakers of that public rejoicing, the more should be our particular comfort, yet such is our fear lest this their resort should work a contrary effect both to their and our expectation, namely to be a means not only of increasing the infection within our City, but of dispersing it into all parts of this Realm, as we had rather forbear some part of our ornament and custom, which is due to the honor and solemnity of our Coronation, than by having the uttermost there performed, by occasion of so great an evil to our people as is the spreading of the infection amongst them; wherefore we have thought it best to forbear of that solemnity whatsoever is not essential to it, and to defer all state and pomp accustomed by our progenitors which is not of necessity to be done within the Church at the time of our Coronation, as also to omit our solemn entry and passage through our City of London for this time intending to perform the same hereafter in the Winter, when we shall perceive our City to be free from sickness; and of this our purpose and of the causes thereof, we have thought good to give notice to all our subjects by Proclamation, to the end that, as well those of our said City may forbear to proceed in such shows and ornaments as we hear they out of love have in hand to honor our said entry, as also all other people may abstain from resorting to our said City at this time, other than such as have necessary employment in that solemnity, and chiefly about such parts thereof as are to be performed only within the Church, whom also we require to bring with them no greater train of servants than of necessity they must use each of them in his degree about their persons, wherein they shall provide for their own good and give us great satisfaction in conforming themselves dutifully to this our admonition.

The usual fair held at coronation time was forbidden; and the number of attendants upon noblemen taking part in the coronation was strictly limited. Earls were allowed sixteen, bishops and barons ten, knights six, and gentlemen only four retainers each.

A date had actually been set for James's and Anna's crowning. It

was to be held about the twenty-fifth of July, plague or no plague, and the time was drawing very near. There was a great deal to be done in preparation, however restricted the pageantry was to be; and the king, suddenly faced with the prospect of having his holidays cease, busied himself in several odd ways. First, because of the spreading sickness, Prince Henry and the blond-haired little Elizabeth were removed from the court and established in a palace of their own at Oatlands, one of the Virgin Queen's favorite country houses, with a modest retinue of seventy servants.

Next, upon viewing the Lord Treasurer's Reports, and the notes, listing the expenses of his journey down from Scotland, which cost no less than ten thousand pounds, James perceived with something like dismay that the treasury was not as bottomless as he had always imagined. That, in fact, quite like the Treasury of Scotland, it could be all too easily exhausted. His one comfort against the charge of extravagance was the fact that the funeral of Queen Elizabeth had cost seventeen thousand pounds. Even so, with business and trade at a standstill because of the plague, with the harvest in danger of rotting on the ground for the same reason, it was essential to bring in money at once. With the consent of the Privy Council, an order was sent out to all persons who had forty pounds a year in land either to come and receive the honor of knighthood or to compound with the King's Commissioners. Further, only a few days before the coronation, all the judges, sergeants at law, doctors of civil law, and gentlemen ushers in London who had not before received the honor, were knighted in one fell swoop by James, in the royal gardens at Whitehall.

The day was warm, and the task of raising his sword three hundred times was onerous. But James stuck to it, until the last usher had risen with the title of "Sir." There had to be more money.

Elizabeth had been very parsimonious with her honors, and knights in her reign had been dubbed but rarely. It was only fitting that new blood should be admitted to the lower ranks of nobility, and that there should be a plenitude of titled persons to point to the king's generosity and feel themselves beholden to him. But all such estimable considerations aside, the knights' fees would help more than any other measure to enrich the dwindling exchequer until Parliament could meet and

vote more taxes. James was not seriously worried about England's financial condition—but it was hard not to have enough money just now when it was needed the most.

By dint of such wholesale ennoblings, sufficient funds were forthcoming to pay for two robes royal for the king and two for the queen. The necessary amount of ermine was purchased, as well as musk, civet, and ambergris for the perfuming of those magnificent habiliments of purple and crimson, so heavily embroidered with gold. A new Crown Imperial was fashioned, and such accessories as barge cloths of cloth of gold and silver, canopies covered with cloth of gold, red velvet covers for the Sieges Royal, and a new garnishing for St. Edward's sacred chair in the Abbey were also provided. This last was a wonderful piece of fabric of crimson and gold, with long gold fringes and gold-headed nails for tacking it in place.

It was sadly in keeping with the anticlimactic atmosphere of James's entire sojourn in his new kingdom that only the Lord Mayor of London, in crimson velvet, with his brother aldermen in gowns of scarlet, attended by a meager twelve citizens, were allowed inside Westminster Abbey for the festivities. They arrived by barge, and all other citizens were "stayed from passing thither, either by water or by land, as much as might be."

Peers and barons with their wives furnished a rich and ermined background for the impressive ceremony. Westminster Abbey was hung with tapestries and banners for the great occasion. But there were no cheering subjects waiting to echo the cry "God Save King James," and there were no gorgeous-colored patterns cast by the streaming sun through stained-glassed windows upon Westminster's historic pavement. Outside, the sky was gray, and there were fitful chilly squalls and gusts of rain.

Thirty-six years ago that very month a fretting baby had been crowned King of Scotland in Stirling's austere parish church. Trouble had lain ahead of the little boy—bitter years of struggle and disillusionment.

This second crown, heavy with jewels, lined with two yards of purple velvet, which was placed upon his anointed brow, carried with it far greater power and prestige, the ceremony of its donning was accom-

plished with more color and ritual than the poor kingdom of Scotland could have mustered.

Would it bring him more happiness than had the first? Was this carved circlet, as James had fondly dreamed, to be the answer to his heart's desire?

Mary Stuart's son, sitting upon the throne last occupied by his mother's fatal enemy, aware that a wrathful God was smiting his people with a virulent sickness for their sins, felt an indifference to this ceremony of his coronation which he himself could not explain.

He duly swore to keep and maintain the rights and liberties of the Church; to keep all the lands, honors, and dignities righteous and free of the Crown of England, and the Rights of the Crown decayed and lost, he promised to call again unto the ancient estate. He swore to keep the peace of the Church, of the clergy and people, and to do equity and justice with discretion and mercy. He would hold the laws and customs of the realm, put the evil laws out, establish peace to the people, and grant no charter except by oath.

All these things he would do. He would allow the Archbishop of Canterbury to anoint him upon the palms, the breast, between the shoulders, upon the bending of both arms, and upon the crown of his head. He would grasp the rod with the dove, and would be enthroned while the choir sang "We praise thee, O God."

And yet he could not recapture that first feeling of rapture, that wonderful sense of realization which had filled his heart when he first heard the news of Elizabeth's death. These ceremonies, these jewels and robes, impressed him very little. He knew that he was King of England, and all this ritual was a confirmation of the fact. Yet, somehow, in spite of all his expectations, he could not make himself feel like anyone but James the Sixth of Scotland.

IX. HOLY WRIT, MONEY, AND GUNPOWDER

THE swans upon the Thames at last could paddle along its somewhat turgid waters without being violently rocked by the backwash from the oars of state barges. The red velvet and metallic lace displayed so lavishly for the coronation had been put into large chests, plentifully sprinkled with herbs, and shut away from the eyes of man until another king should need them. The vagrant mongrels that had lived such a carefree and well sated life before the Lord Mayor began to clean up the streets in anticipation of the coronation came sneaking out of their hiding places and once more scavenged joyfully in the offal heaps of London byways.

The city itself, after a feverish two days, took on a deserted air. Every nobleman who had come to Westminster had gone away again as quickly as his coach and horses would speed him. Eight hundred had died with the purple spots upon their bodies in the past week, and the church bells never left off tolling. The people in the streets knew there had been a coronation, and they felt defrauded because they had not seen so much as one gold canopy. They knew a king had come to England, for they had heard the cheering in the month of May and had listened from afar to the fireworks on the river. They had heard that he was a kind man and spoke with a strange burring speech. Some said he would raise prices and help them all to be more prosperous. Others said no, that he had need of money himself and that before winter they would all be taxed more heavily than before.

For the present, all that mattered was that the gravediggers and sextons were working in twenty-four hour shifts, and that London was being mightily smitten by a God of wrath, in punishment for her sins. St. Paul's church, between whose pillars business men and merchants

were accustomed to meet daily, grew so empty that a casual visitor heard his own footsteps echoing hollowly under the vaulted roof. Cheapside and the Strand were deserted. The fountains in the gardens at Whitehall were turned off, for there was no one to watch their spray fall sparkling in the summer sun. Harry, the lion in the Tower, stretched himself and roared with discontent, for it had been weeks since any stout mastiffs had been thrust into his cage.

Outside of London, such cities as lay along the path of the royal progresses scraped together what food and fuel they had to offer, inaudibly grumbling. It was a great honor, of course, to entertain the new king and queen, but prices of foodstuffs were rising, landlords were grasping, taxes were pressing, and it was not easy to see the best carts and horses and the finest wagons temporarily confiscated for the service of their Majesties. The continual passage of careless city folk along their roads was damaging, particularly now, when it was just time to cut and stack the hay. As for the plague, the veriest bumpkin knew that the nobility brought it with them, infesting village after village! There was such a vast retinue with the king and queen that no country house, however commodious, could accommodate them all. Tents were erected in lawns and parks, and in these tents it was nothing unusual for a serving man or woman to feel the chill of death clutch suddenly upon the bowels and to die horribly, with swollen groins.

Jogging contentedly along, at the rate of eight miles a day, from one manor to the next, James began to recover his sense of superiority. The hurly-burly of the court had died down after the coronation, and on his leisurely jaunts through Surrey, Wiltshire, and Oxfordshire, he was able to get back something of a sense of leisure and vacationing. Anna, praise the Lord, was behaving in a ladylike and quiet manner, infusing a desirable touch of feminine grace and gentleness into the hunting-lodge atmosphere of the king's court. It was remarkable with what complete abandon she could give herself up to the absorbing pursuit of enjoying herself. Her mother, the busy Queen Sophy, would have been aghast at the spectacle of a well trained Danish daughter without embroidery in her hands, books on her desk, or a clerk kept solely to take care of private correspondence. Anna, aside from becom-

ing pregnant with delightful regularity, performed absolutely not one useful function during this period of her life, nor gave one iota of herself to anyone with whom she came in contact. She neither wrote, nor read, nor employed her hands. She neither spurred James on to face the world nor bolstered his ego when the going was precarious. She seems to have accepted England as placidly as a cow takes to a new pasture.

James, too, now that he had room to draw his breath, lost that irritable anticlimactic feeling he had had in London, and again saw England as a rich and fertile country, peopled with efficient husbandmen and hospitably rich country gentlemen. Everywhere he looked there sprang up well-fed faces and happy smiles. The villagers he met upon his way lined the road with appropriate enthusiasm and tossed flowers at him, crying always lustily, "God save the king!"

It was like an operetta. The physical aspect of the land was as beautiful as if it had been painted for a stage—gabled manor houses alternating with quaint half-timbered cottages, all of them amply spaced in wide parks and smooth village greens. At intervals noblemen in jewels and satins came out from the wings, to make obeisance; or lusty country folk in linens and bright smocks trooped in front of such a verdant backdrop as could be painted only by an English midsummer. The words they spoke were pleasant to James's ear, and not of very great importance. The king heard them, and smiled in his benign manner. The English peasantry were polite and courteous, not like the Scotch, who called their sovereign by harsh, rude names, and who applauded when Presbyterian pulpit-bangers referred to him as "God's silly vassal."

Moving mildly across this bright, sun-dappled stage, James spent his days mostly on horseback, following the hounds, galloping furiously after fleet English deer, stopping a night here, two nights there, eating plentifully of the tasty English food and drinking copiously of the English wines and ales. Sheer physical exercise, coupled with the satisfaction of the appetites it aroused, was rapidly becoming James's greatest pleasure, and his more and more familiar refuge from reality.

He never admitted, nor for one heart-sinking fraction of a second, not even to himself, that he might be unfitted for the job which lay

ahead of him. For so many years he had bolstered up his feeling of kingliness, for so many hundreds of worrisome days, he had been accustomed to assuage his feelings of inadequacy with the soothing unguent of regality, that it had become a habit. Long ago he had convinced himself that he was king not by any mere accident of birth but by the Grace of God, and that he must be worthy of this act of divine graciousness. He had, in fact, made his kingship of Scotland a matter which lay only between God and himself. His kingship of England was at once put on the same lofty basis, and his management of English affairs was to be conducted in the same intimate-with-God manner which had literally kept him alive in the past and made him master over his enemies in Scotland.

In the turbulent days of his youth, he had managed to survive by dint of this companionship with Deity, and by the exertion of an enormous amount of energy. With the added weight of years upon his back and the slow decline of physical and mental alertness, this energy had ebbed and waned. In spite of prodigious prowess in the hunting field, James no longer had the physical stamina necessary for kingship in a country whose leading citizens were demons of explosive energy. He no longer had the powers of concentration necessary for kingship in a land whose best minds were trained to razor keenness.

It did not lie within the seventeenth-century powers of observation to notice the economic and sociological evils which were devouring the English peasant and to diagnose them as such. A royal tour bent on observing housing conditions would have been unheard of. A royal investigation into the living conditions of the tenants of rich absentee landowners never could have occurred to the Elizabethan mind.

There was a frightful discrepancy, of course, between the standards of living of the rich and the poor, and the forelock-pulling country yokels who seemed so hale and hearty did have to put in back-breaking hours of labor in order to buy corn and other necessities of life. But there had always been poor and always would be poor. That a nobleman's income was £3200 a year—equivalent to something like six times that amount today, or \$90,000 in American currency—while the average day laborer's was £5, or roughly \$150 a year; this was nothing so extraordinary that a king should take cognizance of it, let alone do

anything to ameliorate the conditions of the working classes. In the year 1603, these were not questions which agitated any mind. Peace between England and Spain, religious unanimity, favorable conditions for trade and export were much more important to Englishmen than the relief of the destitute, or raising the standard of living of the average English family. There was no collective responsibility for the mental or physical well-being of the individual. The inflow of money and the checking of expenses were matters of more vital importance; these, and a leadership which should be firm but not too firm, tolerant without laxity.

It never occurred to James to wonder what England wanted of him, or what he could give England. Quite the other way round: it was England which was to give to him, the England which had fulfilled his own personal ambitions. As long as she was his, what need to pry and analyze? What need for scrutiny and sharp study? Elizabethan minds did not run in channels of either introspective or objective analysis. Englishmen had an enormous appetite for seeing, tasting, touching, feeling, believing, and predicating their opinions upon what their senses told them. There was no man in England, with the exception of that court hanger-on Francis Bacon, Cecil's cousin, who would have been able, had he been in James's shoes, of backing off and viewing the country with intellectual detachment. His position was at the moment so lowly that no one would have thought of asking his advice. It may indeed have been too soon for any man to see that England had been welded into a homogeneous nationalistic whole under the Tudor princess, and that having outgrown a beneficent tyranny, was now ready for a democratic monarchy. Elizabeth had banged respect for the law into Englishmen. She had taught them to revere it and to recognize its power, by dint of having given them, in the main, good laws to follow. After a long apprenticeship of five and forty years under her flashing leadership, they had reached the point where they could live, without the necessity of strong action from the Throne, under the laws they themselves had made and accepted.

It would not have been possible for James to have perceived this the moment he set foot over the border at Berwick. But in his journeys about the countryside, in his contacts with noblemen and country gen-

tlement, he could, if he had been acute and willing, have perceived this newborn national independence and made good use of it.

Instead, he leaned more heavily than ever upon his old partnership with God. God had made him king, God must sanction his actions so long as he himself remained in daily humble contact with God, and avowed to the world at large that he had always taken God into his confidence. So, during a time when he should have been alert and learning, grasping at all clues which might lead to the clarification of his impressions of the English mentality, James rode blithely in the restricted and secluded parks of his great noblemen, and relaxed into that jocose and sportive familiarity which would so well have suited Squire Stuart, but which sat so badly, somehow, upon his royal narrow shoulders and increasing paunch. Since he was so persistent in his claims to Majesty, as he had had to be in the days when he was young, in order to save his throne and skin, it was unkind of Nature to have endowed him with so unmajestic and easy a personality, so quick to make friends, so eager to be well liked.

An amiable personality alone was hardly enough in the days when the popular man was always the strong man. Sheer brain power, except in the case of a talent such as Cecil's, was not enough to compensate for bandy legs and weak arms. James's passion for hunting, for some physical exercise at which he could excel, had never flamed so brightly as it did during those first months in England, when a horse doubtless helped to impress beholders with his princely appearance and when it was so necessary for his ego that he be physically as well as mentally above the crowd.

Dressed in his green hunting doublet, upon which silver buttons blinked and shone, his legs appropriately cased in green boots with silver laces, James made an odd impression upon the English public. His voice was soft, his accent rough, his manner mild. Where was that imperiousness which Elizabeth had taught them to associate with the throne? The king spoke pleasantly to all and sundry. He made gifts with a prodigal liberality—before he had been in England a year £14,000 had flowed out of the treasury upon no other warrant than the king's generous impulses.

Where was that sharp negation with which Elizabeth had known

how to cow the boldest and most daring adventurers? And what of the tight check on government which she had taught them to expect from their ruler?

This little brown-bearded Scotsman seemed never to want to attend to business and to care more for the society of huntsmen than for that of his Privy Council. The foreign ministers who came to see him—from France, from Spain, and from the Low Countries—were received in anything but regal state, at whatever country house or hunting lodge the king happened to be. He left most of the details of government to his trusted secretary. The discovery of an alleged plot to put Arabella Stuart, the king's cousin, on the throne, had been Cecil's work, and Cecil it was who engineered the incarceration of Sir Walter Raleigh in the Tower for complicity in this ridiculous cabal. The favor which the dead Elizabeth had shown this handsome Devonshireman more than twenty years ago still redounded to his hurt, and kept Cecil his implacable enemy. The gay swashbuckling swagger which had won her heart still clung to Raleigh, and made it impossible for him to keep out of politics, between his epic-making voyages to the New World. How much he actually knew about a scheme to alter religion, as conceived in the cracked brain of a discontented Catholic priest, no one yet knows. It is certain that he and Henry Brooke, Lord Cobham, one of the other conspirators, lied to each other, lied to the Privy Council, and probably lied to the Catholics, pretending to support their cause, when their real grievance rose out of sheer discontent at having been passed over in the frenzied giving of lands and titles in which the king had been indulging and out of anger at having been deprived of some of their income from the Crown.

James refused to become too agitated over these slight fulminations. It was August by this time, and the Gowrie plot was still so fresh in his mind that he celebrated the third anniversary of his delivery from the Ruthvens more assiduously than he persecuted Raleigh and Cobham. Besides, it suited his purpose to be fairly lenient with Catholics at the moment. He might need their support some day, and he had a glimmering of an idea which was hard for Englishmen to understand. If the Catholics would only promise to keep their noses out of politics, and stop invoking the power of the Pope, in a country which wanted

none of his authority, the king conceived it possible for Protestants and Catholics to worship amicably side by side, each according to his own fashion.

The Puritans, who had hoped to win James militantly to their cause, were horrified. The Catholics, remembering James's mother, took new hope and began to view the state of England with premature optimism. Neither faction realized that the king was in a holiday mood and that for the summer, at least, he was disposed to pursue a policy of tolerance three hundred years ahead of his times. People were dying like flies, to the count of hundreds each week in London, and there was really nothing better to do than tour about, prolonging the holidays and "chasing away idleness by violent exercise and early rising." The Court, as Cecil wrote to the Earl of Shrewsbury, was being "driven up and down so round, as I think we shall come to York," because of the sickness, so why should James try to settle down to work? After the stag and buck hunting season was over, there were hares to chase, and the Earl of Worcester also wrote to Shrewsbury that "we [the Court] are like to be more violent for the hare, than ever we were for the buck and stag, and we will chase royally, if all go not as we could wish."

It was a dreadful calamity for England, this plague of 1603. It was even more disastrous for the king, for it gave him an excuse to play to his heart's content. He was one of those men who work best when precipitated into a crisis, and who excel under pressure and in short spurts. If he had been faced with a taxing problem immediately upon setting foot in England, and thereafter had been forced to cope daily with urgent matters of state, his naturally good brain and inherent tact might have helped him overcome his increasing lack of mental energy. The sorrow of it was that the longer he shied away from the responsibilities of government, the longer, so to say, he hunted round the outskirts of the problems awaiting him, the more formidable the prospect became, until at last circumstances rather than planned action guided his career.

The summer of 1603 taught him how verdant and rich a land was England. The winter of 1603-4 was to teach him of what unconquer-

able stuff Englishmen were made, and the herculean difficulty of imposing his will upon them.

In September the hunting was still excellent. In October, when the stags went to rut, the huntsmen's horns and the baying of hounds were still the sweetest music James could have wished to hear. But even swathed in padded breeches and a padded cloak, it was getting a little too chilly now to spend the entire day on horseback. Besides, with the coming of frosty weather, the sickness seemed to be gradually relinquishing its hold, and there was talk of holding a court at Winchester to determine the fate of Sir Walter Raleigh and his co-conspirators, who had been pacing restlessly along the gray stone copings of the Tower since July.

Justice, in the person of Mr. Attorney General Coke, the most brilliant lawyer and the most rasping personality of the day, brought the prisoners to trial in November. In the straightforward and direct manner of the seventeenth century, he found them guilty, upon no direct evidence whatsoever. Raleigh pleaded for his own life, and pleaded so eloquently that Mar and the great Cecil himself shed tears. But lachrymose sentiment had no effect on the jury, and the conspirators, Raleigh, Cobham, Lord Grey, George Brook (Cobham's brother), Anthony Copley, and a Sir Griffin Markham, were condemned to die for conspiring to kill the king, raise rebellion, alter religion, and procure invasion by strangers. It seems impossible that any jury would convict Raleigh of planning to let Spain enter England, but Mr. Coke had his instructions, and knew, apparently, how to coerce the twelve men and true who were to decide Raleigh's fate.

This matter disposed of, the Court began to think of Christmas. The first Christmas in England! Anna grew homesick at the sound of the word, and had only to shut her eyes in order to smell the burning Yule logs in the great fireplaces at Elsinore's Kronborg; to sniff the tantalizing scent of the Christmas cakes and cookies which were baked in the Royal Palace as well as in every humble Danish cottage. She could still remember taking a bowl of rice, plentifully sprinkled with sugar and enriched with cream, up into one of the high tower rooms of the palace at Copenhagen, as a propitiatory gift for the Nisse—the little man in the long red hat and gray homespun who helped the good

with magic and played pranks on the wicked. Ah! They knew how to make Christmas in Denmark! But here she was in England, a queen and the most powerful lady in the land. She could have whatever she wanted—she had only to command. Anna considered. What she really wanted was a masque, a new and gorgeous kind of masque, in which she herself (oh, daring innovation!) could take part, and in which she could wear a costume to set off the dazzling whiteness of her bosom. After all, she had been steadily on the move since May, and she longed to come to rest and set her little court to rights. James, too, with a fine sense of magnanimity, having dramatically saved Sir Walter Raleigh's head, at Cecil's instructions, when it had all but been laid upon the block, determined to make the most of this holiday season, and gave orders that the Court was to reside in Hampton Court for Christmas.

The red brick chimneys of the old palace began to buffet smoke against the sky. The vast rooms, the courts, the kitchens, the galleries were all hurriedly cleaned and set in order. The linen-fold paneling in the little rooms which had been Cardinal Wolsey's special pride and joy was cleaned and polished. Enormous stores of provisions were laid in. On the twenty-third of December Anna, James, and the little Henry, came riding over the battlemented bridge between rows of stone "beestes" holding brilliant banners in their paws, to take up their quarters in the rooms where Henry VIII had dallied with Ann Boleyn. Anna's farthingale billowed along every passage and the tap-tap of her rosetted shoes was heard in every gallery. She had so much to do, to rehearse the masque and to see that all the costumes were ready in time! Elizabeth had kindly left a fabulous wardrobe of silks and satins, cloths of gold, and velvets powdered with pearls, so that it was no trick at all, for a clever queen with a sense of color, to dress the actresses ravishingly.

A Mr. Sanford was detailed to "direct the order and course of the Ladies," and under his supervision a mountain was built at one end of the Great Hall and a temple was erected behind the stage proper, near which must have been a cave, for in the pageant devised for the occasion by the competent but uninspired poet Samuel Daniel, and entitled resoundingly "The Vision of the Twelve Goddesses," a lady repre-

senting Night, in a black vesture set with stars, opened the scene by waking her son Somnus, seen sleeping in the foreground, with the words, "Awake, dark Sleep, arouse thee from out thy cave."

The cave and temple were made to serve double duty, for they were finished in time to form a fitting background for the performance on January 4 of a play by Mr. William Shakespeare, entitled a *Playe of Robin Goodefellow*. For the queen to dabble in histrionics was certainly an original departure, but to celebrate the holidays in truly regal style, the King's Company of Actors was invited to Hampton Court and invested with the status of "Grooms of the Chamber."

James's sense of importance swelled as he saw these sophisticated servants of his bustling about the palace in their doublets and hose of red cloth, with the initials I.R. worked upon their cloaks in silver-gilt thread. Among them he must surely have noticed a thoughtful fellow, with a brown beard, more closely clipped and pointed than his own, who spent most of his time whisking back and forth between the tiring room and the stage in the Great Hall, since he was both actor and author of the presentation. There is no record of Shakespeare's having stayed over-long in the Drinking House—a cozy small apartment beneath the pages' chamber, from which, not so long ago, a dozen bottles of a sweetish wine were excavated intact—but his fellow-thespians kept the pages busy, for James allotted an extra allowance of beer to all the company, bringing each man's total quota to twenty-four glasses a day.

The palace was crammed with ambassadors and visitors; the kitchens were bursting with food, and the oaken stillages, or barrel rests, supported many a sweet gallon of sack or Rhenish or French wine, down in the commodious wine cellars.

The little Prince Henry wrote a New Year's letter to his father, all in his own hand, beginning "*Rex serenissime et amantissime pater,*" and concluding with a short Latin poem. James and Anna presented each other with rich jewels, and hopeful courtiers showered them with gifts—golden purses, jewels, fans, and horologes—which were laid out for display and admiration in that beautiful old gallery down which the legend goes that Catherine Howard ran screaming to find Henry VIII after her arrest. A hooded woman, all in white satin, has been

supposed to haunt this historic passage way, flitting past the mullioned windows and shrieking in unearthly despair.

Anna, who was not given to imaginings, seems not to have been troubled by Catherine's ghost. She had more practical matters on her mind than assuaging the grief of a queen whose head had rolled off thirty-five years before she was born. She was busier than she had ever been in her life.

James, lurking about on the outskirts of all this feminine activity, fingered his beard and wondered what it would cost. Cecil had brought him unpleasant news—the city of London had refused to accede to his request for first twenty thousand, then thirty thousand, and finally forty thousand pounds. And this in spite of the cogent argument that there had been very heavy expenses incidental to his induction to kingship, which the taxpayers of England really ought to take into consideration. Cecil, amidst all the gaiety and frolic of the holiday season, was not pleased, was in fact moody and morose, and spent much time writing letters. He was suffering from the same complaint which had in the past gouged so many furrows across Maitland's brow. He was wondering where to get more money and how to restrain the ebullient financial generosity of James and Anna. As early as September he had written tersely to Shrewsbury, "Our Sovereign spends £100,000 yearly on his house, which was wont to be but £50,000. Now think what the country feels, and so much for that."

Yet here was this lavish masque, with yards of gold and miles of silver cloth. The galleries were full of minstrels and the drinking house was full of players. The haunted gallery represented an outlay in presents which Cecil shuddered to estimate. And there were such items as a grant to Sir George Hume of £1,000 for the king's use, a bagatelle of £36,000 for the coronation, and grants to all and sundry (particularly Scotsmen) of pensions for life—little beneficences which had made James feel benign as he awarded them and about the payment of which he never appeared to worry. As for Anna, she had been equally generous, with ten pounds for life here and a High Stewardship there, with a General Receivership to Sir George Carew, and the office of General Surveyor to the Lord Sidney, at a fee, naturally, which ran up to £30 per annum.

The viols and the flutes sounded sweetly from the Great Hall; there was a last scurrying of maids-in-waiting and pages into the Great Watching Chamber, where Henry VIII's guards had once had their headquarters, and which was now given over to the more mincing use of a tiring room. Cecil, as the king's right-hand man, must not be caught moping upon an occasion like this. With a weary sigh he must have passed out of the small Council Chamber and made his way into the Great Hall, where a thousand candles blazed under the most gorgeously ornate timber roof in England.

The masque was already in progress. Night, according to schedule, had awakened her son Sleep, who obligingly waved a wand, thereby causing curtains to part, behind which Mr. Sanford's mountain could be seen. Iris, played by one of Anna's ladies, who appeared to advantage in a rainbow-colored gown, with her face properly masked, identified herself as the "Daughter of Wonder, now made the Messenger of Power, here descended to signify the coming of the celestial presence of Goddesses." She warned Sibylla, the Prophetess, another peeress, somberly dressed in black and white, to prepare for the rites fitting to entertain such deities, handed her a perspective glass, and invited her to identify the twelve Olympian ladies who were about to make their appearance.

"O admirable Powers," exclaimed Sibylla, as the female divinities entered from the top of the mountain, "what sights are these!"

Juno, Pallas, Venus, Diana, Vesta, Proserpina, and the rest of the heavenly coterie, were indeed a spectacular sight for eyes unaccustomed to seeing women act upon the stage, either in costume or out of it. Pallas, in particular, drew all eyes to her, as she came smirking down the mountain and announced herself to be

*Warlike Pallas, in her helmet drest,
With lance of winning, target of defence,
In whom both wit and courage are exprest,
To get with glory, hold with providence.*

This was Anna, instantly recognized in spite of her mask, with a blue mantle draped about her, upon which were embroidered in

silver all the weapons and engines of war. In conformity with her lines, she wore a helmet and carried a lance and shield.

The more acute in the audience were at once struck with the unhappy coincidence whereby their queen appeared decked out in engines of war, while the king's well-known motto was "Blessed are the Peaceful." They were also struck, as Anna intended them to be, with the unconventionality of a queen who dared break with tradition to prove that women could act as well as men, and who courageously displayed a skin so white and thighs so shapely.

There was a mighty craning of necks, as the cornets, "sitting in the concaves of the mountain, and seen but to their breasts, in the habit of Satyrs, sounded a stately march," to which the goddesses proceeded the length of the hall, delivering presents to Sibylla, and then dancing with "great majesty and art." The beholders found this spectacle delightful and applauded mightily as each goddess drew a lord out to join the dance. It does not appear that Anna held out her hand to James, for the king, in point of fact, seems to have been lost in the shuffle and to have spent at least part of the evening in a recess off the stairway leading to the hall, where he could look down upon the festivities without being seen. He felt himself to be a little strange at this kind of gaiety, and decidedly at a disadvantage. His legs were not shapely, he could not walk with a swagger. He could not, he knew, dance even as well as the seventy-year-old Lord Admiral, the Earl of Nottingham, whose first wife, dead not quite a year, had been forgotten in the heady joy of the septuagenarian's union with pretty Lady Margaret Stuart, great-granddaughter of the Regent Moray.

James was, however, markedly on hand for the brilliant collation which followed the evening's theatricals. The guests appear to have literally hurled themselves upon the food, for one of them, describing the affair in a letter, remarks that there was the "customary confusion." The king quaffed cup after cup of good French wine, bending down from his chair of state on the dais to chat familiarly and to see that the guest of honor, Don Juan de Tassis, ambassador from Spain, was enjoying himself to the fullest. There was a good deal of emphasis on the ambassador from Spain at this masque. The most harrowing catastrophe had narrowly been averted when at the last moment it had

seemed likely that the French ambassador would also be present—an unthinkable diplomatic faux pas. James had neatly saved the day by inviting the French diplomat to an exhibition of Scottish sword-dancing on Twelfth Night, for it would have been fatal to have had his plans for peace with Spain upset by any hint that England and France were on amicable terms. Both the continental powers were engaged in the most desperate machinations to win England away from each other.

It was not only the traditional Christmas frame of mind, of Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men, which prodded James on to try and arrange matters with Spain. All through the summer, in what desultory hours he devoted to business, he had been urging that England bury the hatchet with her ancient enemy and put an end to the lingering state of hostility with her great rival, a hostility which had been a languishing, inactive irritant for years.

His inherent dislike of unfriendliness lay at the bottom of his efforts to get Spain to agree to a peace which should also include a recognition of the independence of England's allies, the Dutch. And besides, it would do wonders for his own opinion of himself as a peacemaker if during the first year of his English reign he could put an end to a footless war, which Elizabeth had started and seemed unable to stop. He could fairly hear all the small princes on the continent and their clever ambassadors purring over the "Peacemaker of Europe," and mouthing complimentary phrases. His brother princes would be forced to admire; the peoples of Europe would feel thankfulness welling up in their hearts whenever his name was mentioned.

It was incomparably more important to make nations lay down their arms, he thought, smiling at Don Juan de Tassis, than to be able to foot it gracefully in the figures of a courante.

After the sweet strong wine had begun to warm his blood, James found that he was beginning to enjoy the merry-making. He caught a glimpse of Anna's blue mantle flashing through the crowd and smiled at the vivacious abandon which animated her eyes and caused her tight mouth to relax in laughter. How much wiser it was for her to expend her energy on fantasies of this nature than to try and dabble in politics, of which she naturally enough understood nothing. Since that letter in which he had protested upon the peril of his salvation and damna-

tion that he never had been informed that she was upon any Papish or Spanish course, he had heard rumors, and seen letters hinting that his dearest bedfellow and the mother of his children had actually put some sort of machinery in motion to turn Catholic. Whatever silly intrigue she had muddled into, she had greatly raised the hopes of all the Jesuits abroad and at home by her vague flirtations with Rome. Such a foolish woman! James saw her turn to whisper in Lady Bedford's ear and giggle like a girl of sixteen at some small jest between them. The words in the *Basilikon Doron* came back sharply to him: "And for your behaviour to your Wife, teach her not to be curious in things that belong her not."

In view of the events which had been scheduled for the coming week, James wished heartily that he had been more firm in administering his own rule and that any story of Catholic indiscretions had never been allowed to become audible. Now that she had discovered play-acting and the making of wonderful costumes to be her forte, perhaps Anna would leave "the politic government of the Commonweal" to him and desist from her dilettante meddling with affairs beyond her comprehension.

It was long after midnight before the company of guests departed and the candles were snuffed by sleepy pages. Even then, in the myriad guest chambers which the great Wolsey, builder of Hampton Court, had thoughtfully erected, tongues wagged and gossip was whispered in the dark. How did his Majesty take the appearance of the queen in such a public fashion? That slip-tongued Spaniard—he had hardly stirred from the king's side all evening—would it really come to pass that England would ally herself with her old enemy—why, the very thought was enough to make Elizabeth burst the marble confines of her tomb. Those Scots! Everywhere one went at court, there were rough-tongued Scottishmen about. The Earl of Mar and the Duke of Lennox were as mighty as any noblemen in the kingdom now, and prodigious sums of money were flowing into Scottish pockets. The king, it was said, was hot for a union between Scotland and England. Ah well-a-day! There never would be such times again as had been seen under good old Bess. The very tapestries on the walls here at Hampton, and the collection of antlers which she had displayed in

the Horn Room, must have looked down on the masque tonight and missed the sight of her arrogant red head and the sound of her cracked old voice ringing out above the music of the lutes and viols.

For days afterwards the Court buzzed over the queen's entertainment, and flattering tongues dripped syrup. How enchanting her Majesty looked in Pallas' blue and silver robe! How beautifully she carried herself in the dance! In short, how wonderfully clever she was to have planned such a masque. Anna's face brightened like a rose put into water. After those thirteen dull years in Scotland, this was paradise. She must have more masques, and more elaborate ones. This little thing of Mr. Daniel's had been well enough, but she would have the phenomenal Ben Jonson, talked of on every hand, to spin his fancy for her next time.

James listened to her prattling absent-mindedly. He had weightier affairs than Court frolics to occupy his attention at the moment. It was time, as the king himself well saw, to let the English have a taste of his personal brand of government, and to teach them with how firm a hand he could hold the reins of state.

A proclamation was made to summon Parliament, the sickness having almost entirely abated. Almost immediately a Conference was called to meet at Hampton Court and discuss the question of toleration in religion. Several hundred ministers had already signed a petition asking for religious reforms. He might as well inform any upstart clergy now, at the beginning of his reign, what opinion he held of Puritans, and how he proposed to deal with any rebellious ministers who would try to tell him, the king, how to govern his Church.

Yet strangely enough, James was one of the most tolerant men of his day. He, among few, could visualize a state whereby Protestants and Catholics would worship side by side, each according to his desires. He, among few, hesitated to exact heavy fines from men who differed from him in religion, and he shrank with loathing from the thought of the fires which Bloody Mary had kindled for so many of her dissenting subjects. There was only one tenet of faith upon which he insisted—obedience to himself as king, acknowledgment of his own supremacy in the Church. The long years of wrangling in Scotland, the

insults, the meddling ministers who tried to run his government for him, had fixed this credo firmly in his mind.

There must be but one organized Church, and he must be the head of it. He must have the power to dictate its ritual and to regulate its functioning. He had seen what could happen when the Church refused to accept his authority—it could positively swing people over to a democratic way of thinking. And democracy, either in religion or government, James had convinced himself beyond all manner of doubt, was one of the worst errors into which mankind could fall. Puritans were loathsome to him, not because of any violent religious objection he had to their boorish way of doing things, but because they denied his authority and claimed the right of self-government. After all, he was a theologian in his own right. He knew his Bible and his classic authors better than many a conceited parson here in England. Let the Nonconformists come to a conference on religion. He would show them who was their master!

On the fourteenth of January, 1604, then, the hitherto festive halls of Hampton Court were invaded by a flock of black-clad divines, who hopped in like crows where peacocks had so shortly before flashed the blazing beauty of their plumage. They were shooed into the king's private apartments to a small withdrawing room (in the magnificent Tudor wing pulled down by William III in a burst of misguided vandalism), where their grave habiliments and sober faces would not disturb the chatter and laughter in the queen's court. There some eighteen Conformist deans and bishops who knew which side their bread was buttered on came to grips with four doughty Puritans, in the presence of the king and the Privy Council.

James at once elected himself Moderator of the Conference (a dominie was surely lost in Darnley's son!), took his place a pretty distance from the clerics, and with becoming gravity declared the Conference open. He spoke for an hour to begin with, delivering himself of an extraordinarily dull address, during which he thanked God's gracious goodness which had brought him into a promised land, where religion was purely professed, where he could sit among grave, learned, and reverend men, not as before, elsewhere, a king without state, without honor, without order, where beardless boys would brave him to his

face. He went on to mention that there were various matters of religious import preying on his mind. He was worried about confirmation, about absolution, about private baptism by women and laics, about excommunication, and about the state of religion in Ireland. Since the four Nonconformist ministers, numbering Dr. Reynolds, President of Corpus Christi, Oxford, Mr. Chaderton, Master of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, Dr. Sparks, and Mr. Knewstubs were not invited to this session, but were allowed to cool their heels in an ante-chamber all day long, James felt he could speak freely.

He spoke so freely, indeed, that the deans and bishops began to twitch in their seats. Three hours on one point, concerning baptism, was surely long enough for any discussion. At the close of the meeting, it was finally decided to consult whether in the Rubric of Private Baptism, which left it indifferently to all, the words "curate or lawful" minister might not be inserted.

The next day's session was a little more spirited. Young Henry came to sit on a stool by his father's side, and the prospect of Puritan-baiting livened the proceedings considerably. The smug deans and bishops breathed more easily. His Majesty was not slow in taking fire, for Dr. Reynolds brought James to his feet almost at once with the suggestion that the clergy be allowed to hold regular meetings.

"If you aim at a Scottish presbytery," cried the king, "it agreeth as well with monarchy as God and the devil! Then Jack and Tom and Will and Dick shall meet and censure me and my Council. Stay, I pray, for one seven years, before you demand; and then if you find me grow pursy and fat, I may perchance hearken unto you; for that government will keep me in breath and give me work enough. I shall speak of one matter more, somewhat out of order, but it skilleth not. Dr. Reynolds, you have often spoken for my supremacy, and it is well. But know you any here or elsewhere who like of the present government ecclesiastical and dislike my supremacy?"

Dr. Reynolds had heard of Scottish dungeons. He had spoken with Scottish ministers who had been pent up for days in that hole at Blackness which had but the living rock for a floor and a ceiling too low to permit a man to stand upright. He answered as expediently as he knew how.

"I know none," he said.

The deans and bishops pulled grave faces and vowed, each man to himself, never to cross this Scottish Solon in matters of religion. Let him quote and orate and discuss as long as he liked. Their livings were rich, they had done well in the Church; by all means, they would allow the king his supremacy. They looked at Dr. Reynolds a little pityingly, and wondered what bite of conscience could egg him on to such a foolhardy performance.

By this time James was warming to his duty with all the gusto of which he was capable. Argue with him, would they? Defy his authority with talks of meetings? In his own words, they fled him so from argument to argument that at last he was forced to say to them that if any of them had been in a college disputing with their scholars, and any of their disciples had answered them in that sort, they would have fetched him up in place of a reply and the rod would have played upon the poor boy's buttocks.

Some of the reverend gentlemen present took mental exception to this uncouth language but openly exclaimed that his Majesty spoke by the power of inspiration. Now the discussion continued, flitting from the use of the Cross at baptism to the use of the ring in marriage, topics which today seem nothing short of absurd, but which could arouse the emotions of the seventeenth century to white heat.

Suddenly, in the midst of these rhetorical vaporings, Dr. Reynolds proposed a reform which to him and the other divines seemed no more iconoclastic than the rest, but which, by virtue of the importance which posterity has attached to it, has made the Hampton Court Conference immortal.

In this small withdrawing chamber, stuffy with the heat of many bodies and the smoke from a coal fire, the idea of the King James Bible was born and the plan devised by which the mightiest piece of prose in the English language has lived to emblazon James's name with glory.

"May it please your Majesty," said Dr. Reynolds almost casually, after having introduced a motion condemning the profanation of the sabbath day, "May it please your Majesty that the Bible be new translated, such as are extant not answering the original."

The Bishop of London, Richard Bancroft, objecting to Reynolds' every suggestion on general principles, remarked sourly that if every man's humor might be followed, there would be no end of translating.

James pondered a moment and looked at the men gathered about the long oaken table in front of him. This was a project which, if these bothersome Nonconformists but knew it, had been titillating his interest ever since he had wrestled with the Psalms under gouty-tempered old Buchanan.

"I confess," he admitted, "that I could never yet see a Bible well translated in English; but I think that of all that of Geneva is the worst. I wish," he went on, "some special pains were taken for an uniform translation, which should be done by the best-learned in both universities, then reviewed by the bishops, presented to the Privy Council, lastly ratified by royal authority, to be read in the whole Church, and no other."

The Bishop of London died hard. "But it is fit that no marginal notes should be added thereunto," he interposed.

James bowed toward him slightly, the jewel in his hat winking in the somber light (the clergymen were, of course, sitting uncovered in the presence of their sovereign).

"That caveat is well put in," he agreed, "for in the Geneva translation some notes are partial, untrue, seditious, and savouring of traitorous conceits. As when, from Exodus 1:19 disobedience to kings is allowed in a marginal note; and 2 Chronicles 15:16 King Asa is taxed in the note for only *deposing* his mother for idolatry and not *killing* her. To conclude this: let errors in the matter of faith be amended, and indifferent things be interpreted, and a gloss added unto them. For, as Bartolus de Regno saith, 'A king with some weakness is better than still a change,' so rather a Church with some faults than an innovation."

On this note of absolute authority James conducted the Conference for another day, and then with apparently little grace and some haste dissolved the meeting by the simple expedient of vanishing into the next room, leaving the Bishop of London to gasp out a hasty benediction. As years went on, the king seemed less and less capable of

sustained effort. Three days upon one subject was as much as he could bear.

Contemporary opinion perceived various portentous results from this Conference: some alterations in the Liturgy; women's baptizing of infants, formerly frequent, hereafter forbidden; the words "remission of sins" inserted in the Rubric of Absolution; Confirmation also termed "an examination" of children; and some words altered in the Dominical Gospels. The project of translating the Bible was viewed as perhaps less than these in importance, and nobody was unduly excited when forty-seven learned men in the kingdom, divided into six companies, actually sat down with their assignments to consider the work before them.

The king's directions to them were explicit: Ten from the diocese of Westminster were to translate the Pentateuch from Joshua to the first book of the Chronicles exclusively. Eight from Cambridge were assigned Job, the Psalms, Proverbs, the Canticles, and Ecclesiastes. Seven from Oxford were allotted the greater Prophets with the Lamentations, and the twelve lesser Prophets. Another seven from Cambridge were to translate the Prayer of Manasseh and the rest of the Apocrypha; another eight from Oxford the four Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, and the Apocalypse; and another seven from Westminster the Epistles of St. Paul and the Canonical Epistles. Dr. Reynolds and Dr. Sparks were among them; also Dr. Lancelot Andrews, the Dean of Westminster; Dr. Abbot, a future Archbishop of Canterbury; Dr. Barlow, afterwards Bishop of London; the heads of colleges at Cambridge and Oxford; and Dr. Lafield, parson of the fashionable London Church of St. Clement Danes, "who being skilled in architecture, his judgment was much relied on for the fabric of the temple and tabernacle."

There was also included in the first Oxford seven an obscure scholar by the name of Miles Smith. He it was who penned the "learned and religious preface"; the words of which have given posterity such an elevating picture of James the First, and which, ironically enough, have been far more widely read than anything James himself ever wrote. Indeed, it is more than likely that the swing of Mr. Miles Smith's rich prose will be remembered long after the last

remaining copy of the *Basilikon Doron* has crumbled into coffee-colored dust.

Once assembled, these companies were given a precise method of procedure by the king's own orders.

The old Bible was to be followed and altered as little as the original permitted. The proper names were to be retained as nearly as might be, accordingly as they were vulgarly used, and the old ecclesiastical words were to be kept. The division of the chapters was to be altered either not at all or as little as might be, according to necessity, and no marginal notes (showing the erudition of the translators) were to be affixed.

To avoid all wrangling among the bishops and other learned gentlemen, the following methods were to be put into practice:

Every particular man of each company was to work on the same chapter or chapters, and having translated or amended them severally by himself where he thought good, they were all to meet together, to confer on what they had done and agree for their part what should stand. As soon as any one company had dispatched any one book in this manner, they were to send it to the rest, to be considered of seriously and judiciously. His Majesty was very emphatic on this point. Further, if any company upon review of the book so sent should doubt or differ upon any places, they were to note these and send their reasons. If the original translators did not consent to these corrections, the difference was to be compounded at a general meeting, which was to be composed of the chief persons of each company at the end of the work.

When any place of special obscurity was doubted of, letters were to be sent to any scholar in the land, for his judgment in such a place. Moreover, letters were to be sent from every bishop to the rest of his clergy, admonishing them of this translation in hand; and any such as were skillful in the tongues, or had taken pains in that kind, was to send his particular observations to the company either at Westminster, Cambridge, or Oxford.

As a final direction, if they agreed better with the text than the Bishop's Bible, then commonly used, the following translations were to be incorporated: Tindal's, Matthew's, Coverdale's, Whitchurch's,

and the detested Geneva revision, undertaken by Nonconformists who had fled to Switzerland from Elizabeth's severity. The king wound up his instructions with the following wise provision:

"Besides the said directions before-mentioned, three or four of the most ancient and grave divines in either of the universities, not employed in translating, to be assigned by the vice-chancellor, upon conference with the rest of the heads, are to be overseers of the translations as well Hebrew as Greek."

The savants began their work, "vigorously though slowly, proceeding in this hard, heavy and holy task; nothing offended with the censures of impatient people, condemning their delays, though indeed but due to deliberation, for laziness."

James gave them plenty of time. He, perhaps better than their critics, understood the tediousness of their labors, and the meticulous polishing necessary. For his careful management and thorough appreciation of the difficulty of the project the forty-seven were undoubtedly grateful, and for this sympathetic patience posterity is deeply indebted to him. The English language had come to its full flowering, and raced from men's pens with a vigor and rhythm which have never been equaled. A new translation of the Bible would undoubtedly have been achieved in the seventeenth century, even without James's magnanimous approval, but it might well have fallen short of the incredible prose perfection of the King James version. In his youth, James would himself have sat and labored with the kingdom's scholars. Now he had neither the time nor the energy. But at least he could give the impetus and see that the work was brought to a triumphant conclusion after seven years of diligent toil and inspired drudgery.

By the beginning of February it was known that Parliament would definitely convene on the nineteenth of March; and that the royal family would make their long-deferred procession through the city of London, from the Tower to Whitehall, a few days before. Eighty joiners, sixty carpenters, thirty sawyers, and seventy common laborers were at once set to work, building triumphal arches along the route which the king would follow. An assorted number of poets and writers, including Thomas Dekker, Michael Drayton, and Ben Jonson began to scratch out "Paeans Triumphal Congratulating his Highness," and

other hyperbolic laudatory panegyrics. Four mastiffs, one after the other, were driven into the lion's den in the Tower for the edification of the king, queen, and prince upon their arrival in London, and on the fifteenth of March, James, mounted on a white jennet, under a rich canopy borne by eight gentlemen of the Privy Chamber, began the most arduous day of his life.

He passed under seven triumphal arches, one after the other, and listened to an oration at each. He smiled at the children of Christ's Church Hospital, and halted while they sang to him. He saluted the Liveries of the Companies of the City of London, those fine, autocratic guildsmen, and passed between an impressive set of railings adorned with their streamers, ensigns and bannerets. He nodded indulgently at the citizens as they fell over each to get at the claret running in the conduits along Cheapside, and sat patiently while the Italians in the city tendered him a pageant. He accepted a rich gold cup from the Lord Mayor, the Aldermen, and the Commons of the City. He heard an anthem sung by the choristers of St. Paul's to the "musicke of loud instruments," and managed to maintain his equanimity through a Latin oration delivered *viva voce* by one of the scholars at the Free School founded by the Mercers. As he rode up the Strand, he allowed his eyes to dwell upon an artificial rainbow, a moon, a sun, and seven stars moving between two pyramids, and heard Ben Jonson's words:

*Time, Fate, and Fortune have at length conspir'd
To give our age the day so much desir'd,
What all the minutes, hours, weeks, months and years
That hang in file upon these silver hairs
Could not produce beneath the Britain stroke,
The Roman, Saxon, Dane and Norman yoke,
This point of Time hath done.*

And as he neared Whitehall, he wiped the dust from his face and vowed that never as long as he reigned would he sacrifice himself again to the pleasure of this gaping, insatiable, curious city, jammed with eager citizens ready for a show.

Anna, in her richly decorated chariot, might bow and nod until her neck ached. Little Henry might smile and wave at his future

subjects until he collapsed from weariness. He, James, had no stomach for this clamorous Roman holiday jamboree. In future he would limit his riding out to strictly secluded hunting parties.

Worcester, the Earl Marshal, bearing the sword of state in front of him, heard the king's grumblings, and thought back on Elizabeth. How regally Gloriana would have ridden through all this pomp and noise! How high she would have carried her red wig, although her body wilted from fatigue! How graciously she would have stopped at every arch, and found the right, the condescending, and dramatic word for each performance!

The lords on horseback, every one resplendent in his most gorgeous apparel, his animals caparisoned in purple velvet; their ladies in chariots, and the baronesses (to the enormous satisfaction of the multitude) also on horseback, with saddles of crimson velvet—all knew the king had vowed this to be his last public celebration and his last great fete. The Stuarts were not made of martyr stuff. James had heard enough Latin orations and enough eulogies in Scotland. He had seen enough allegorical figures and heavily draped females to last him for the rest of his life. From now on he would see such shows and plays as pleased him and expose himself to the public gaze only when it suited his convenience.

True to his resolution, when he came to ride to the opening of Parliament, he neither leaned out of the state coach to nod and smile to his subjects, nor turned upon them the happy light of his countenance. He sat frowning in a corner of the chariot, swathed in velvet and ermine, oblivious of Anna's sweet acceptance of public acclaim, and brooded upon the address which he intended to make to the Lords and Commons of England.

He had already heard that his advice to the Commons as to how to elect their knights and burgesses had been taken rather ill; and that his orders that the election returns be received in Chancery, to which Court complaints were to be made, if any dispute were to arise, had struck the great voting English public as something extraordinary, if not unheard of, in a free monarchy.

Well, after the tumultuous meetings of the Estates in Scotland,

surely he could manage an English Parliament. He advanced to the throne with confidence and a certain air of aggressive competence.

Seventy-two peers of the realm were present, augmented by four hundred and sixty-odd knights and burgesses, all expectant, all a little apprehensive. There had been no Parliament for two years and a half, not since Elizabeth had staggered and almost fallen under the weight of purple and fur. No sovereign had addressed them from the throne since she had thanked them for their loyalty and assured them of her undying love. This Scotsman would find it hard to obliterate her memory.

"My Lords of the Higher House," he began, "and you Knights, and Burgesses of the Lower. It did no sooner please God to lighten His Hand and relent the violence of his devouring Angel against the poor people of this City but as soon did I resolve to call this Parliament, and that for three chief and principal Reasons."

The accent was a little uncouth, the voice not quite so bold and manly as they would have liked to hear, but the bearing was self-contained and the words themselves seemed good. Moreover, the manner of beginning appeared to promise that the address would be brief and to the point. They did not know their king. He took five hundred words to thank them for having received him so cordially, and two thousand more to outline for them the blessings which God in the person of himself had bestowed upon them all.

The first blessing was the almost concluded peace with Spain; the second blessing (and here the gentlemen of the Commons were observe to stir uneasily) was the prospect of a Union with Scotland, since, as James naively pointed out, "I am the Husband, and all the whole Island is my lawful Wife; I am the Head, and it is my Body; I am the Shepherd, and it is my Flock; I hope, therefore, no Man will be so unreasonable as to think that I that am a Christian King under the Gospel, should be a Polygamist and Husband to two Wives; that I being the Head should have a divided and monstrous Body; or that being the Shepherd of so fair a Flock (whose Fold hath no Wall to fence it but the four Seas), should have my Flock parted in two."

Thomas, Earl of Dorset, Lord High Treasurer of England, was not the only man sitting under the arched ceiling of the old House of

Lords who knew what Free Gifts had been paid out of the exchequer to Scotsmen. Others were aware that Johnnie Slaites had had £500; Arabella Stuart £666; Alexander Livingstone, the Earl of Linlithgow, who had cared for Princess Elizabeth, £3000; Sir John Ramsay, he who had rushed into the turret after James had cried for help in the Gowrie house, was awarded £900; and George, Lord Home, James's trusted High Treasurer of Scotland, had received £1266—all these grants paid from the Treasury of England. This knowledge did nothing to warm Englishmen's hearts toward the Union.

The atmosphere in Parliament, on the nineteenth of March, 1604, was not saturated with that delight and willing subservience to the better judgment of a divinely anointed monarch which James had decided was the proper attitude for a representative legislative body. The Commons were not particularly elated over his remarks on Catholicism, in spite of a recent proclamation ordering all priests to leave England. They did not cheer at his proposal to keep the Puritans strictly out of any share in the government because of their perpetual discontent and unwillingness to submit to any form of authority. The Lords were even unmoved at his apology for having been so profuse in his gifts, and took his promise to moderate his generousities with remarkable equanimity. In fact, Parliament met in a recalcitrant mood, and its first acts were such as made James tremble for his authority.

They refused to accept his decision that a certain gentleman from Buckingham was an outlaw, and bade him take his seat in spite of the royal veto. They refused to ratify the union between Scotland and England until the matter had been discussed by a commission. They refused to confer with the Convocation of Episcopal Bishops about how to strengthen and increase a learned ministry. They drew up measures designed to reform the evil practice which allowed the royal purveyor to take supplies for the king's household at arbitrary rates; and they suggested a reform by which the system of wardship, a left-over from the age of chivalry, should be done away with and a fixed money revenue be returned to the Crown instead.

Such rebelliousness fretted the king beyond endurance. He could not, would not stay in London to be defied. The thought of long drawn-out bickering with this congregation of stubborn Englishmen

wilted his self-assurance. The sight of closely written papers brought in daily from Westminster brought an ashy taste to his mouth. He knew beforehand that they contained disagreeable news. It was all so muddled, so disillusioning. They would not see what he himself perceived so clearly was best for them. James wrote to Johnnie Slaites, who was in Scotland, administering its somewhat improving affairs, wishing him a short and fortunate Parliament there, for an antidote to "our fashious and froward [vexatious and perverse] Parliament here." Then, in a flurry of irritation and egocentric discouragement, he dumped the whole annoying situation in Cecil's lap and fled back to his hounds and stags.

He hunted that spring at Royston, and attended a May-day celebration at the house of Sir William Cornwallis at Highgate, replete with the usual mythological figures of Aurora, Zephyrus, Mercury, Flora, and Pan. This little drama, which flowed from the skillful and robustious pen of Ben Jonson, took place in the garden, about a fountain which flowed with wine. Pan filled glasses from this al fresco keg, and presented one to James with the words,

*By my beard and my horns, 'tis a health and shall pass.
Were he a King and his mistress a Queen,
This draught shall make him a petulant spleen.
But trow, is he loose, or costive of laughter?
I'd know, to fill him his glass thereafter.
Sure, either my skill or my sight doth mock,
Or this lording's look should not care for the smock;
And yet he should love both a horse and a hound,
And not rest till he saw his game on the ground. . . .*

In truth, he did love both his horses and his hounds better than that cantankerous assortment of outspoken bigots sitting in St. Stephen's chapel at Westminster, and nothing would have pleased him better than to have been able to ignore their existence. They were not civil, they were not obedient. They sent him documents containing phrases which had never met his eyes before—they even dared to state, in an Apology which was never formally presented to him, but which he nevertheless had an opportunity to see—that the privileges of the House, and therein the liberties and stability of the whole kingdom,

had been more universally and dangerously impugned than ever since the beginning of Parliaments.

They complained that the freedom of their speech had been prejudiced by frequent reproof; they asserted that they had cause to watch over their privileges, for the prerogatives of princes were daily growing, the privileges of subjects being for the most part at an everlasting standstill. They had the impudence to tell James that he had been misinformed if any man had insinuated that the Kings of England had any absolute power in themselves either to alter religion or to make laws concerning the same, except in temporal causes by consent of Parliament.

We stand not [this Apology concluded] in place to speak or to propose things pleasing. Our care is, and must be, to confirm the love and to tie the hearts of your subjects the Commons, most firmly to your Majesty. Herein lieth the means of our well deserving of both. There was never Prince entered with greater love, with greater joy and applause of all his people. This love, this joy, let it flourish in their hearts for ever. Let no suspicion have access to their fearful thoughts that their privileges, which they think by your Majesty should be protected should now by sinister information or counsel be violated or impaired, or that those who with dutiful respect to your Majesty speak freely for the right and good of their country shall be oppressed or disgraced. And if your Majesty shall vouchsafe at your best pleasure and leisure to enter into gracious consideration of our petitions for ease of those burdens under which your whole people have long time mourned, hoping for relief by your Majesty, than may you be assured to be possessed of their hearts for ever, and if of their hearts, then of all they can do and have. And we your Majesty's most humble and loyal subjects—shall both we and our posterity serve your Majesty and your most royal issue for ever with our lives, lands and goods.

For all the understanding which this simple and forceful deposition conveyed to James, it might as well have been written in Hindustanee. "Subjects," in his mind, was a word inextricably bound up

with lawlessness and need for restraint. "Privileges" was a word which could mean only such grants and gifts as he himself saw fit to proffer as a reward for good behavior. Yet here were these knights and burgesses, these merchants and lawyers, talking of freedom of speech, and insinuating that the growing prerogatives of Princes was an evil thing.

No Scottish laird could ever have laid his tongue to such phrases as these. No Scottish burgess would have dared to hint that the king had dangerously impugned the liberties and stabilities of the whole kingdom. Only the clergy, in all of Scotland, would have had the courage to indite such sentences, and of the Presbyterian clergy he had most heartily had enough. Spawned from a little seed of fear deep within him, James's anger and frustration spread red across his brain and made him permanently blind. Never, now, could he learn to understand the English heart and the English mind. Never would he learn how to yoke this resolute independence to his own governmental powers for the good of England.

Early in July he rode into a warm and humid London, to prorogue these contumacious lords, knights, and burgesses. His humor was acid and his temper uncertain. The "wild unruly colt" he had complained of to Cecil had been a hobby horse in many respects compared to the "steed of St. George." These English! They had balked him at every turn, had shelved his cherished plan of a union with Scotland, and their last acts had been to refuse him a new subsidy, on the grounds that part of the last grant to Elizabeth had not yet been levied, and to urge the passage of a bill allowing free trade. The king and his Council were not sure what the results of such a step would be, but it seemed likely that the amount the Crown could collect on customs if all merchants engaged in trade as seemed to them best would be regrettably diminished.

At two in the afternoon of the seventh, the king donned his heavy purple robes and took his place upon the seat under the Lion and the Unicorn of England. He gripped the scepter more firmly in his sweating right hand and bent a stern gaze the length of the entire House of Lords to where the Commons stood pressing forward in great numbers behind their Speaker, Sir Edward Phillips.

The peers were addressed briefly and courteously. The Commons were told that if *they* expected thanks for what they had done, they would be deceived in their king.

"I will not," said James succinctly, "give thanks where I think no thanks due. You would think me base if I should. It were not Christian, it were not kingly."

"I do not think," he went on, "that any of you had seditious minds to overthrow and confound this Monarchy, but out of divers humors and respects you were moved to curiosities."

With that sentence he sounded the requiem of any accord between Parliament and king during his lifetime. He had called the rising tide of self-confidence and interest in self-government in England "curiosities." He had labeled the ancient right of free speech "humors and respects."

"You see in how many things you did not well," he told them, "and how many things you have done rashly. I say not you meant disloyalty, only I wish you had kept a better form. I like form as much as matter. It shows respect and I expect it, being a king well born (suppose I say it) as any of my progenitors. I wish you would use your liberty with more modesty in time to come. . . . You must know now that Parliament not sitting, liberties are not sitting. My Justice shall always sit in the same seat. Justice I will give to all and favor to such as deserve it. In cases of Justice if I should do you wrong, I were no just king, but in cases of equity if I should show favor, except there be obedience, I were no wise man. Take this with you for a conclusion and believe it; that never king was more loving or thankful to a people or more careful than I am to ease their burdens."

Five days later he was back at Oatlands's pleasant manor, with its well stocked park. It was time for the deer to begin rubbing the velvet off their new antlers against the trunks of trees, and the hunting would be fast and furious. In the leafy copses and glades he would try to forget the sharp hurt his sense of power and his vanity had received. In the resonant cries of the huntsmen. "There boy, there! To him, to him, to him!" he would drown out the distasteful sound of the Speaker's voice as he had presumed at the close of Parliament to outline to him, James, king by the Grace of God, the duties of a monarch.

It took so many hours of sport to wipe out the raucous echoes of the parliamentary sessions that the summer season "yielded very small matter of busy-ness." The peace with Spain was finally sworn; the necessary banquets were finally eaten. A tablet of diamonds with a pearl pendant, enclosing pictures of James and Anna, was presented by the queen to the Constable of Castile, one of the signatories, and the Count Arembergh, emissary from the Archduke of Austria, received a jewel with the initials A and R outlined in diamonds. The bill for these slight tokens of friendship was considerable: for the sum total of all the jewels and plate presented to ambassadors during the year 1604 amounted to £9643 5s 6d—enough to support approximately 1600 laboring families for a year.

The cost of this peace did not bother the king. Whatever had to be spent on ambassadors, it was cheaper than equipping soldiers and fighting ships, and besides no price was too high to pay when one considered the advantages of holding the balance of power between Spain and France. James was so delighted with the success of his secretary's efforts (here at last was one undertaking which he had been able to carry through) that he created his Little Beagle, the invaluable Cecil, Viscount Cranborne. Then, the various commissioners delegated to the peace conference having been disposed of, the king rushed back to his head huntsman, who was waiting for him with the fewmishings (droppings) of several noble harts tastefully arranged upon a platter of leaves. By glancing at these objects, James would decide which was the largest and most worthy of pursuit.

Time drifted by in a routine of violent outdoor exercise and lethargic indoor conversation. Anna was pregnant again, and little Charles was finally brought down from Scotland, under the escort of Lord Fyvie, the Scottish Chancellor. He had always been a weak and sickly child, but James was shocked to see how thin and pale he looked, and how slow he was in walking. The little boy had some sort of impediment in his speech, too, and stuttered so that the king spoke hastily of having the string under his tongue cut. Lady Carey, wife of Sir Robert, the child's custodian, protested violently against this mutilation. Proper food and care, she said, would soon make him well again.

James gave in reluctantly. The boy's eyes seemed so large and dark

in the thin face (so like, in truth, a portrait of his grandmother, Mary) that his soft heart was touched. Anything that would bring Charles back to health, he would agree to; anything that would put color in those pale cheeks would meet with his approval. He stopped to kiss the pathetic little princeling, and felt, suddenly, that this boy would be the closest to him of his children. Henry, absorbed in learning how to dance, how to fence, how to play tennis, how to be the perfect prince, had already showed signs of an independent mind, and seemed to need a father's affection very little. Elizabeth, learning to be a princess, under the strict tutelage of the Countess of Kildare and Lady Harington, vented all the affection of her girlish nature on her mother, whom she adored. Neither of James's older children needed him, or wanted him. This puny boy should be his special care and interest, and should learn to love his plain "Old Dad."

The lad's mother seemed to have little time for him—seemed, indeed, to have lavished all the maternal affection which she possessed upon her first child, for whom she had battled Mar so fiercely. She agreed that Charles looked sickly, but the imminent arrival of her brother, the Duke of Holstein, prevented her from conferring very seriously with Lady Carey as to her youngest's care. The duke must be feted and, more important, wined as became visiting royalty and a visiting Dane. James dragged himself through yet another series of banquets, but made up for it by haling his brother-in-law out to chase hares before he had fairly got his land-legs. There were several matters of business to attend to, but the fall hunting was too good to waste time sitting in a Council chamber. Cecil would take care of all the necessary details. The Viscount, toiling early and late, writing letters steadily, annotating those received, in his neat secretary's hand, dropping a word here, whispering there, had influenced public opinion sufficiently by the fall of 1604 to be able to award his royal master a new title—King of Great Britain, France and Ireland. The English had so far progressed in the matter of a union with Scotland that they were willing to drop the names of the separate countries; but they would not yet give up their last claim to France, irretrievably lost in that tragic day in 1556 when the French took back Calais.

By the first of December, three thousand pounds had miraculously

been produced from somewhere for another wonderful masque, to be presented on Twelfth Day. That suited James, for he could then spend Christmas hunting at Royston, where the hares were remarkably fine and plentiful; be at Whitehall for the splendid marriage of Sir Philip Herbert, brother of the Earl of Pembroke, and Lady Susan de Vere, where he serenaded the newly married pair with a reveille matin before they were up, bounding in upon them clad only in his shirt and nightgown, and later allowing the bridegroom to win one thousand pounds from him at gambling; and create young Charles the Duke of York—all before January 4, 1605, now that he had no troublesome ambassadors, committees, or resolutions to take his time.

Anna, noticeably in a delicate condition, had no intention of letting her husband manage all the festivities of the holiday season. Her astonishing *Masque of Blackness*, written by Ben Jonson, would take place just as she had planned, baby or no baby. Besides, a talented and temperamental young designer and architect by the name of Inigo Jones had just come home from abroad and had made up such charming sketches and costumes for the masque that it would be a crime against art not to use them.

Accordingly the performance took place in Elizabeth's old and dilapidated Banqueting-House at Whitehall, on Twelfth Night, and caused not only a sensation at court but a new page to be written in the history of English drama. Hitherto masques had been rather clumsy pageants, displaying a set of allegorical characters, accompanied by torchbearers, moving in front of lavish but tasteless scenery, speaking stilted poetry, and dancing as well as they knew how.

With the collaboration of a poet flecked with genius and an artist of a very great talent, the masques at Anna's court were by far the finest entertainments, from an artistic standpoint, that had yet been produced in England. Ben's lines ran rippling from the court ladies' tongues. Inigo's greens and silvers flowed gauzily about their lovely bodies.

The mere mechanics of his stagecraft were breath-taking. In the *Masque of Blackness*, his first masterpiece, concocted by Jonson in gratification of Anna's whim to appear as a blackamoor, he contrived "an artificial sea, seen to shoot forth as if it flowed to the land, rayed

with waves which seemed to move, and in some places a billow to break." The masquers (the queen and her ladies, dressed as Nigerians with black arms and faces) were borne in on a great pearly concave shell, which moved on the waters, rose with the waves, and truly "caught the eye afar off with a wandering beauty."

This marine loveliness made the most sophisticated stare and gasp, but popular opinion held that the masquers were dressed in a manner "too light and courtesan-like." The vivid blues, greens, gold and silver of Inigo Jones's costumes were most effective, but even blasé courtiers could have desired a little more clothing above the ladies' waists, and a little less diaphanous drapery below.

The Spanish Ambassador, gallant Don Juan, found the whole thing enchanting, however, and took the queen out to dance, bravely kissing her hand at the great risk of smudging himself with lamp-black.

Everyone agreed that this was by far the most magnificent show ever put on at the court, and that Anna, as Euphoria, appropriately symbolized as a golden tree laden with fruit, had far surpassed her performance of the previous year.

Jonson's fortune seemed assured, and this tall, strapping brick-layer's stepson, whose temper was so robustious, and who wrote poetry because he could not help himself, was looked upon as a sort of poet laureate. His conversation and jokes pleased the king. Anna found his masques far more to her liking (since they allowed her to taste the joys of acting) than the plays of that quieter and more retiring poet, Shakespeare, which the King's Company was putting on with such regularity. Lesser poets began to envy Jonson.

In spite of his wife's rapturous enthusiasm, James was not especially enamored with pageants and banquets this holiday season. His ego had received too sore a wound, his superiority had been too bitterly challenged during the past months for him to drink light-heartedly with his guests. Characteristically he turned from brilliance and gaiety to seek solace in his two old pastimes, theological discussion and hunting.

He accorded to Sir John Harington, Elizabeth's godson, clever versifier and gossip, a most astounding interview at Whitehall, which that flattered courtier took meticulous pains to report. The king, it

seems, inquired so particularly into Sir John's learning, that he was reminded of his examiner at Cambridge. He wanted to know what progress Sir John had made in philosophy, and if he had read Aristotle, which question Sir John had to answer in the negative. James also insisted that he must read aloud a part of a canto from Ariosto which he had translated, and commended him for it.

"Your utterance is good," James told him condescendingly, "but then I have been informed of many, of your learning in the time of the late Queen."

The knight, who was five years older than James, and had been at Cambridge while the king was still cramping his fingers around a goose-quill under Peter Young's direction, was then put through a searching examination.

"What think you," the king asked, "pure wit is made of? And whom does it best become?"

Sir John, looking about the small room, where some careful hand had laid out paper, ink, and pens upon a writing board, made the appropriate answer. It became royalty, of course.

James smiled deprecatingly. "Should not a king be the best clerk in his own country?" he countered.

Upon Sir John's assent, the conversation became more personal.

"Does this land," James wanted to know, "entertain a good opinion of my learning and good wisdom?" Sir John would not think of answering this question with anything but the most fervent acquiescence.

Having satisfied himself on this score, the king next wished Sir John's opinion on the subject of Satan and his powers, and, pulling a grave face, asked, "Do you truly understand, Sir John, why the Devil does work more with ancient women than others?"

"The Devil," answered the quick-witted courtier, "is said to walk in dry places, your Highness."

"I perceive," said James with a chuckle, "that the good report of your mirth and good conceit has been well founded."

The most amusing gossip of his time was reminded more than ever of his examiners at Cambridge, and began to think of terminating the interview. He had come, after all, to make what arrangements

he could for a post at court, and not to act as foil for this Scotsman's vanity. But James was enjoying himself more thoroughly than he had done for months. He was in no mood to let this foeman worthy of the kingly wit escape so easily.

He brought up the subject of his mother's death, and of the bloody head dancing in the air which had been seen in Scotland before the murder was consummated. He touched upon religion, and rolled off the names of books on witchcraft of which Sir John had never heard.

Fixing the poet with his sternest gaze, he then asked him concerning his opinion of that new weed, tobacco. Sir John's answer is not recorded, but James said scathingly that it would by its use infuse ill qualities on the brain. No learned man ought to taste it, and he for his part would forbid it if he could.

At length the royal powers of concentration appeared to weaken. With a gesture, the king informed the scholar and suppliant that he was dismissed. As a parting shot, James said magnanimously:

"Now, Sir, you have seen my wisdom in some sort, and I have pried into yours. I pray you do me justice in your report; and in good season I will not fail to add to your understanding in such points as I may find you lack amendment."

Swallowing his chagrin, Sir John made a curtsy and withdrew down the passage through a throng of lordly servants in golden sequined uniforms with the monogram "J R" upon their scarlet sleeves. It had been help with his purse, and not with his learning, that Sir John had come for.

Considerably refreshed by this dip into culture, James shortly thereafter set off with his brother-in-law for Royston, where he was going to brush any Parliamentary cobwebs out of his brain and further reinforce his inner self by the display of physical superiority on horseback. He derived such spiritual comfort from this hunting trip that he was moved to address an astonishing letter to the Privy Council.

He was finding so much felicity in the hunting life, he wrote, that he considered it the only means to maintain his health, which was, of course, the health and welfare of the nation. Therefore he wished them to take the charge and burden of affairs, and foresee that he be not interrupted nor troubled with too much business.

Oddly enough, Cecil received a most contrary letter from the Earl of Worcester, shortly afterwards, stating that his Majesty had been very ill of a cold, but, thank God, was showing signs of improvement.

The reason it hath so long continued [said the worried earl] hath been the sharpness of the air and wind: for every day that he hunteth he takes a new cold; for being hot with riding a long chase, he sitteth in the open air and drinketh, which cannot but continue, if not increase, a new cold. . . . He hath been but once abroad a-hunting since his coming hither [Thetford], and that day he was driven out of the fields with the press of company which came to see him; but therein he took no delight, therefore came home and played at cards. Sir William Woodhouse, that is sole director of these parts, hath devised a proclamation that none shall presume to come to him on hunting days. . . .

Heretofore James had faced the disagreeable shrinkingly. After nearly two years on the English throne, he found the whole world of politics and government becoming more and more distasteful and contrary. Very well—he would not face it at all. He would stay in the country, hunt, blow his nose, play at cards, and persuade his conscience that it was for his health's sake. Cecil knew how to manage Englishmen. Cecil could decide *almost* as well as he what was to be done. Let his Little Beagle take some of the burden off his shoulders for him. What were secretaries for?

There was only one point upon which the king wished sudden and decisive action taken. The great influx of Catholics, both priests and laics, had been assuming alarming proportions ever since James's accession, and especially since they had learned of his avowed intention of dealing tolerantly with Papists. Laws had been passed exiling all priests, and Parliament had agreed to James's suggestions that these Romish pests should be strictly "hemmed in." But so far, the collecting of fines had been dilatory and persecution had been mild.

Encouraged by these cheerful signs, the Pope was beginning to preen himself and all but welcomed England back to the Holy See. A presumptuous cardinal infuriated James by offering to send him Bartonius' *Annals of the Church* for further instructions (as if he

needed instruction!). The Spanish ambassador, who had been gently sounded out on the subject of a Spanish bride for the hopeful Prince Henry—the new friendship with Spain was hot and cordial—had returned an impertinent answer: If the English prince wanted an Infanta of Spain for a wife, let him come to Spain and be educated there in order to be worthy of her.

This was too much for any Protestant.

James got off his horse and went to address the Privy Council at Northampton. He asked them to put strictly into effect the penal laws against the Catholics (those rigorous statutes passed by Elizabeth, which made the exercise of the Roman Catholic religion high treason). He instructed his ministers to begin collecting fines from all individuals who refused to attend their parish churches. Even the most optimistic Catholic could not interpret these steps as anything but anti-Papist. The son of Mary, Queen of Scots, from whom they had hoped so much, whom they had confidently expected to win back to the Holy See, had disappointed them. He was going to stay Protestant.

Having got this Catholic business off his chest, James returned to his hunting, killed six hares with his own hounds at a small place called Fordham, and sat down to eat his lunch under a bush.

There was actually very little *business of interest* to hold him in London. Anna was entirely occupied with her ladies and midwives, her sempstresses and all the other females who appertained to so important an event as a queen's lying-down. The friendship with Spain having been firmly cemented, there was little meeting of diplomats or banqueting of ambassadors. In short, the Court remained "in such quiet form that there was slender subject for discourse."

At last, on the eighth of April, the news was sent from Greenwich to London—a daughter, Lady Mary, had been born to their Majesties. The citizens of London seized the excuse to make bonfires and ring bells, while the Lady Arabella and the Countess of Northumberland were gratified to hear that they had been chosen godmothers.

With a sigh, James doffed his hunting green and inspected the robes of state which faithful William Murray, the groom of the bed-chamber, laid out for his inspection. It was time for the Feast of St. George, and the installation of new Knights of the Garter. He might

as well make it a gala spring and give his Little Beagle a peerage at the same time. The high and mighty Prince Duke Ulric, Heir of Norway, among his other titles, brother to the queen, and the right noble Lord Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, were supplied with the blue and gold garters. Some two weeks later Cecil at last felt the joyous weight of an earl's coronet upon his brow, and hid his hunchback under a robe of minniver and velvet. James created him Earl of Salisbury at a rich and splendid ceremony, and heaped his cup of joy to overflowing by doing it some few minutes before his half-brother received the title of Earl of Exeter. Cecil could now take precedence over his older half-brother Thomas, a thought which caused him to rub his thin hands together gleefully. The homely, wizened, half-crippled child had now become the head of the great house of Cecil.

Before Murray fairly had time to rub him down with sweet water and powder his robes with ambergris, it was time for James to take up his place in a closet in the chapel of Greenwich, to hear his daughter christened Mary, daughter to the most high and mighty prince, James, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland. He sampled the wines and confectures at the banquet, and immediately thereafter went to Richmond, to make four knights. With the exchequer growing ever less, it was expedient that the roll of knights be augmented.

Then, before James had shaken off the sniffles which had clung to him so persistently since his winter hunting, his summer progress loomed before him, and a visit to Oxford. He had promised himself this pleasure for some time, and in August, when the weather was hot and the roads dusty, he finally descended upon the drowsy old University town. The Heads of the Houses and the scholars put forth prodigious efforts to entertain their king properly. But their dissertations were so long, and their plays so tedious that James fell asleep at one of them, and cried "Tush, tush, away!" in a loud voice at another.

Anna was more gracious, listening to an inordinate amount of Latin and Greek with smiling condescencion, admiring the fair young scholars in their square caps and wide-sleeved black gowns. The orations were endless and the disputations excruciatingly dull. But James had several opportunities to speak learnedly, and would have unloosed more of his own oratory than he did, had he not been tactfully stopped

by loud applause and cries of "Vivat Rex!"—an occurrence which it was noted did not displease his Majesty as much as might have been expected.

The University, bent on securing royal favor and largesse, sprinkled Master of Arts degrees about like confetti. James, Cecil, all the noblemen, and a number of knights were admitted to the fellowship of scholars. There was even some talk of putting a Master's gown on young Henry, but his father put a stop to that. It would never do to have an eleven-year-old boy holding the same scholastic honors as an exceptionally learned king.

James's most enjoyable hours in Oxford were those he spent in the beautiful old oak stalls of Duke Humphrey's library. This was the atmosphere he loved; here he felt at home. Lennox and little Henry, Cecil, and the Earl of Dorset, Chancellor of Oxford, with all the rest of the royal train, stood about bored and hot, while James picked up volume after volume, scanned it, and gave lightning critiques upon the spot. At length he saw that he was perhaps the only man who enjoyed the hushed atmosphere of this home of books, and reluctantly tore himself away.

"Were I not a king," he said to them wistfully, "I would be a University man. And if it were so that I must be a prisoner, if I might have my wish, I would have no other prison than this library, and be chained together with these good authors," motioning toward the books which were fastened to the stalls with stout iron links. These words were spoken from the soul; but God, having made him a king, could not release him from his occupation, and James, shaking off the spell which the company of books had cast upon him, left Oxford to go out and knight three wealthy squires.

Ten years before, the academic discourses, the homage of scholars, the stately buildings fringed about with colorful gardens would have captivated him completely. His excitement at the Minervan odor was but a temporary flare-up. He was too old to play the schoolboy now, and too replete with entertainments to be amused by Greek and Latin dialogues uttered by young men dressed as nymphs. It took events extraordinary in their implications of danger, emotion, profit, or extravagance to whip up his tired tastes and arouse his over-stimulated attention.

The prospect of another session of Parliament, called for October and put off until the fifth of November, did not heighten his sense of joy in living; and with the taste of dust in his mouth and the smell of serge gowns in his nostrils, the king retired to Royston to calm himself and restore his spirits with the excitement of catching stags and does at mating.

Cecil, who was now known, of course, only by his new title, my Lord of Salisbury, and the other Privy Councilors, were left in London to struggle with such problems as might arise. James saw no reason for his own presence in the city before the thirty-first of October, since there was not a cloud in the political skies.

On the twenty-sixth of October, however, on a dark and lowering Saturday, a certain Lord Monteagle, who had come to town early for the opening of Parliament, received a letter just as he was about to sit down to supper. A tall fellow had thrust it into his hand, said my Lord's footman, and vanished in the dusk. Monteagle then commanded a secretary of his, a Mr. Ward, to read this letter out loud, and Mr. Ward obliged with the following remarkable information:

Out of the love I bear to some of your friends I have a care of your preservation. Therefore I advise you, as you tender your life, to devise some excuse to shift of your attendance at this Parliament; for God and man hath concurred to punish the wickedness of this time. And think not slightly of this advertisement, but retire yourself into the country, where you may expect the event in safety, for though there be no appearance of any stir, yet I say they shall receive a terrible blow this Parliament, and yet they shall not see who hurts them. This counsel is not to be contemned, because it may do you good, and can do you no harm for the danger is past so soon as you burn this letter. And I hope God will give you the grace to make good use of it; to whose holy protection I commend you.

My Lord Monteagle, pushing aside the supper dishes, rushed forthwith to Whitehall, there to hand this remarkable document over to someone better able to cope with mysteries than he. Salisbury, too, was puzzled at first, and could not "well distinguish whether it were

frenzy or sport." It seemed too serious to pass by without notice, and so he, shrewdly wishing to shift part of the responsibility, asked the advice of the Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Suffolk. My Lord of Suffolk, whose duty it was to superintend all the king's buildings and real property, agreed with my Lord of Salisbury that there was a hint, just a hint, of gunpowder there, and that the matter was not merely a "loose advertisement." Having agreed to this, they called in for further support the Lord Admiral, the aged Nottingham, the Earl of Worcester, and the Earl of Northampton. These gentlemen inquired of Suffolk if there was any possibility of such a thing as gunpowder under the House of Lords?

Suffolk replied that there *was* a vault under the old building which was used for the storage of wood and coal. The Privy Councilors looked at each other with something like concern in their bearded faces. Should they tell the king?

On second thoughts, it seemed better to avoid any unnecessary alarm. Perhaps this was, after all, nothing but frenzy or sport—although the speed with which Monteagle flew to Salisbury and the alacrity with which Salisbury hit upon the word "gunpowder" has roused cogent suspicion that both of them might have heard of the matter before.

From Saturday night, then, until the following Friday, James bounced about on horseback, blissfully unaware of any excitement in London. Not until he had got back to Whitehall did Salisbury come to him in his gallery and show him the mysterious letter.

James scanned the crumpled page. He paused, looked at Salisbury, and read the letter again.

"I do not condemn this," he said earnestly. "The style is pithy and more quick than is usual in the superfluities of idle brains."

"Nay, your Majesty," protested Salisbury, "who but a madman or fool would write the sentence 'the danger is past as soon as you have burnt the letter'?"

"Ah, but look you," retorted James, "that sentence must be joined to the one immediately preceding—that they shall receive a terrible blow this Parliament and yet not see who hurts them.' It must connote blowing up with gunpowder."

His Little Beagle, quite aware of the leisurely and complicated functionings of the royal mind on questions of logic and syntax, stood quietly by, until the king should have finished.

The upshot of James's remarks was precisely the conclusion achieved by the Privy Councilors. The vault under the House of Lords should be searched, but not until the day before the Parliament was to meet; first, in order not to frighten any of the "base knaves out of the dark corners" where they were to perpetrate this horrific crime, and second, to avoid causing public panic.

From Friday until the next Monday, nine days after the receipt of the obscure warning, the Privy Council went about its business and said nothing. James, priding himself on his perspicacity, managed to hold his tongue as well.

On Monday afternoon, Suffolk in his capacity of Lord Chamberlain took the nervous Monteagle with him, and after inspecting the House of Lords, went down into the dusty, fusty store-chamber under the long assembly room. The cellar smelled dank—the old stone arches fairly oozed slime. The building was only some fifty feet from the river, and damp with the moisture of centuries. Sniffing, and fastidious, the two lords poked about in the semi-darkness, dislodging some of a vast pile of faggots which lay heaped up in a corner.

"Whose is this?" inquired his lordship, the chamberlain, of one Mr. Whynniard, the caretaker.

"That belongeth to a Mr. Percy, who hath leased this house," was the answer.

"And who is that?" he asked, pointing to a dark figure lurking near the coals.

"Mr. Percy's man, my Lord," replied Whynniard. "His keeper in the house."

Suffolk turned to go upstairs at once. The name Percy had started a train of thought in his brain which would not be extinguished. Percy was Catholic. Percy was a cousin of the Earl of Northumberland, and lived at the house of his distinguished kinsman. Why should he have faggots in a cellar under the Parliament House? The Lord Chamberlain went to tell Salisbury that he was absolutely determined to proceed in a thorough search, king or no king, public or no public.

James, Salisbury, Nottingham, Worcester, Dorset, the Lord Treasurer, and Suffolk, all agreed that perhaps these faggots did bear looking into closer. But who should do the looking? The Lord Chamberlain had already made his inspection, and any further prying might arouse the suspicion of the persons who had placed the faggots there. The Little Beagle's brain was fertile enough to think of a way out of that. It would be given out that some of the king's hangings and tapestries which were kept in a storeroom near the vaults were missing. Sir Thomas Knyvet, a gentleman of the Privy Chamber and justice of the peace for Westminster, should be asked to look for them, and in so doing, to remove the wood and examine the plain ground under it.

At midnight of the same night, then, the bold Sir Thomas with a small company of trusted servants sallied out into the old Palace Yard, and made ready to descend into the cellar. But what was this? A man booted and cloaked was standing at the door, and made as if to deny entry to the justice of the peace for Westminster.

"Seize him!" cried Sir Thomas. This was one John Johnson, Mr. Percy's servant, whom Suffolk had seen in the same spot only that afternoon.

Johnson was tied and searched and kept above stairs, while Sir Thomas with the aid of lanterns delved into the cellar and began scattering faggots. Billets of wood were shoved aside, charcoals rattled over the floor. Suddenly someone's hand came upon an object heavier than either wood blocks or charcoal. Someone's hand felt a small keg. Frantically the men worked. Keg after keg, barrel after barrel were uncovered. Sir Thomas paused only long enough to sniff a well-known and acrid odor. With a short command to bring the fellow Johnson to Whitehall, he sped out of the Old Palace Yard as fast as his legs would carry him, to tell Salisbury that thirty-six barrels of gunpowder were resting in the vaults under the House of Lords, and that he had apprehended a man carrying in his pockets a piece of touchwood for a fuse, a tinderbox, and a dark-lantern.

The Privy Council, as many of them as were in London, got out of bed and scrambled into their clothes at Salisbury's message. At four in the morning they waited on the king in his bedchamber, all a little incoherent with excitement. Somebody brought a tall dark saturnine

fellow, with his hands bound together, into an anteroom. This was the caitiff! With one accord the Lords of the Privy Council fell upon him, crying questions, all talking at once.

Who were his accomplices?

He refused to tell.

What had been their object in storing gunpowder under the Parliament House?

To blow the Scots back to Scotland.

What had they thought to gain by this horrible crime?

The restoration of the true religion in England and the dissolution of the present government.

Was he not sorry for his foul and heinous treason?

He was sorry for nothing but that the deed had not been performed.

James, whose brain was rocking like the others' at the thought of some four hundred knights and burgesses, eighty-odd peers of the realm, countless clerks, servants and spectators, Anna, Henry, and himself all being blown to atoms, finally stopped the deluge of questions long enough to ask, "How could ye conspire so hideous a treason against a child?"

The man Johnson hung his head. "It is true," he admitted, "but then a dangerous disease requires a desperate remedy."

The Councilors, convinced that England was seething with a Papist rebellion, threw Johnson into the Tower, committed the Earl of Northumberland to the wardship of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and gave out that the king, by his practically divine insight, had rescued the country from utter disaster.

James, with the imagined roar of falling brick still in his ears, began himself to consider that he had almost single-handed saved the country from the most fiendish disaster ever conceived in the brain of man. Had it not been for his quick perception of a warning, "the earth should have opened, should have sent forth of the bottom of the Stygian lake such sulphured smoke, furious flames and fearful thunder as should have by their diabolical Domesday destroyed and defaced in the twinkling of an eye, not only the present living Princes and people, but even insensible Monuments, reserved for future ages."

Amidst all the pandemonium of pursuing Catholics, apprehending traitors and torturing the man Johnson (whose name turned out to be Guy Fawkes), James was buoyed up with a soothing feeling of heroism. Everybody believed it was he who had first brought the word "gunpowder" out into the open. Admiration and affection for him flamed up in every English breast!

X. JAMES WAILS WITH JOB

FOR centuries England has shuddered at the mere mention of the Gunpowder Plot. Other disasters have taken more lives than this would have done, had it been successful. Many men have died more horribly in England than by being blown up with gunpowder. But no other catastrophe planned or unplanned has ever involved royalty, nobility, and gentility so simultaneously—or threatened the entire government so imminently. The fifth of November is still remembered for “gunpowder, treason, and plot,” and the reason for its remembrance brought hardship upon all the Catholics in the realm for years to come.

For it all came out—how a dare-devil fellow named Catesby, discontented with James’s growing harshness towards Catholics, had for some time been toying with the idea of blowing up Parliament; how he had gradually dragged others into the plot with him, among them the unhappy Percy, Northumberland’s second cousin. The conspirators had even journeyed to the Continent to see about enlisting foreign help in the project, but failing had returned to England, and as early as 1604 had begun to burrow from an adjacent house through the wall under the Parliament House in order to lay a powder mine. By great luck, they had discovered that the actual space under the House of Lords itself was for rent, and abandoning their tunnel, had moved powder, keg by keg, into this cellar for a period of months. The warning letter had come, apparently, from one of the conspirators named Tresham, a brother-in-law of Lord Monteagle. There were, after all, among these desperate men, some hearts touched at the prospect of hurling their relations to eternity. It has been said that Salisbury and Monteagle knew something of the Gunpowder Plot beforehand, and were only waiting for some such warning to proceed actively; it has

even been said that Salisbury helped to contrive the plot himself in order to win glory by discovering it—a most unlikely surmise. The conspirators actually turned out to be an addle-pated group of young men, willing to risk everything for their religion, but not quite sure what to do with England once they got the government in their hands. Originally they had planned to seize the Princess Elizabeth and make her queen, as a cloak for their own activities, but this harebrained project fell as flat as their badly planned explosion. Four of their number were killed as they resisted capture, Percy among them, and eight others, either active conspirators or accessories before the fact, were hanged, drawn and quartered. Henry Percy, the Earl of Northumberland, was heavily punished for having failed to make his kinsman Percy pay a fine for being Catholic and swear an oath of supremacy, acknowledging the king to have absolute power in matters civil as well as ecclesiastical. The earl was hailed into the Court of Star Chamber, condemned by the Privy Council (who made up the Court) to pay a fine of thirty thousand pounds, and to languish in the Tower during the king's pleasure. It pleased James to allow this scholarly man, with a bent for astrology, to stay there fifteen years.

The happier results of this crazy scheme included a flare-up of affection for the king, whom they had so nearly lost, among the English people, and an almost loving attitude on James's part toward his Parliament. He told them when they reconvened after the last keg of gunpowder had been removed from its dangerous resting-place under the hall that perhaps he had misunderstood them, and they him. He never meant, he said, to seek for anything but his weal and prosperity insofar as it might conjointly stand "with the flourishing state of the whole commonwealth," and admitted that if he had been in their places at the beginning of Parliament more than a year ago, he might have misunderstood the sovereign, too, and misinterpreted divers things.

So deep an impression did the whole affair make upon him that he published anonymously a pamphlet describing it in detail, and for years afterwards maintained that the fifth of the month was his lucky day, inasmuch as he had been delivered from the Gowries and the Catholics upon that day.

All Europe was agog when Salisbury's letters telling of the plot

reached his ambassadors in Belgium, France, and Spain. Congratulatory messages from foreign monarchs, however hypocritical, arrived in quantities, and Spain sent six Andalusian jennets to show James that its Catholic monarch abhorred this insane and brutal attempt on the part of his co-religionists. The jennets made quite an impression in London, for they were led blindfolded through the streets, caparisoned in crimson velvet trimmed with gold lace.

James, quite unaware that Philip of Spain was laughing up his sleeve, accepted the present gleefully, and regretted a little his harsh treatment of the Spanish match between Henry and the infanta. The Spanish peace, he felt, was one of his greatest achievements, and one which would make England forever grateful to him. He would have been shocked and chagrined if he could have learned that the English people loathed this friendship with an ancient enemy and were aching for a chance to start on another bloody war. They needed something to unite them, some common cause which should put to a grilling test their newborn unity and Englishness. The Gunpowder Plot served feebly, in that it united every Protestant in Britain against the Catholics. But the glamour of Catholic-baiting shortly lost its edge, and they again found time and energy to review their grievances, their criticisms centering on the opinionated Scotsman who might be their ruler by right of blood but who continued to grate upon their stolid English nerves.

They carped at the richness and expensiveness of the New Year's gifts from noblemen to the king, and at the amount of gilt plate given, as was customary, by the king to his peers. They did not begrudge him the pitiful little presents of marchpane and green ginger from his apothecaries, nor the nightcap of tawny velvet from Mr. Robert Erskine, one of his tailors, but they did grumble at the thousands of pounds of plate that were paid for by the treasury, and at the £444,000 which James's government had managed to make away with during the year 1605.

An elaborate masque, another dual masterpiece of Jonson and Inigo Jones, took place on Twelfth Night, 1606, celebrating the marriage between the son of the Earl of Essex, the man who had broken Elizabeth's heart, and the beautiful thirteen-year-old Frances Howard,

daughter of the henpecked Earl of Suffolk and his grasping Countess of Suffolk. This confirmed the popular impression that the Court was becoming improvidently lavish. Such jewels, such satins, such ropes of pearls had never been seen at Whitehall before. Why, even the Spanish ambassador, who usually outshone James's gaudiest courtiers, could hardly hold a candle to the meanest of them.

The king did not consider himself extravagant. He saw no reason why his queen and ladies should not blaze with diamonds, if it amused them, nor why he should not buy such hunting parks as contained the finest deer. He had to maintain three courts—his own, Anna's, and Henry's; and his two daughters, Elizabeth and Mary, must be becomingly boarded. If the nation wanted heirs to the throne, it would have to pay for the privilege. If it wanted coronations and pageants through the city, and processions at Oxford, it would have to provide the money.

When Parliament convened again in January, 1606, they voted him a grant of £375,000, to be paid in four years. James took this as a sign that the knights and burgesses were at last coming to their senses and were beginning to appreciate the solicitude he had for their commonweal. The knights and burgesses, shuddering to think of their own destruction and the spectacle of England without a ruling family, had allowed the Gunpowder Plot to soften their hearts. As for the king's tender care of them as members of one family given him by God to rule, they were not impressed.

This divergence in points of view had been manifesting itself clearly since the first meeting of Parliament, in March, 1604. It continued to grow and to solidify. Some of the more sapient heads in James's Council realized this, but saw no way of changing either the character of the king or the character of the people. In spite of his indissoluble relationship to his people, and his often expressed concern for their commonwealth, the king did not trouble himself about what was happening to the English consciousness. National and world events, so long as England remained at peace, did not prick his interest. The times, as far as he could see, were in the main placid, and dull as ditchwater. The only events which he wanted brought to his attention were those which concerned him personally.

He had been plunged into too big a world when he came down

from Scotland, and his only safety lay in drawing the walls of his own small cosmos so snugly about him that he could shut out what he did not understand and what he could not conquer. The naive, shy boy who had hated paying forfeits to the little girls when they played games at Stirling had turned into a middle-aged man, too quick to give, because in the act of giving he could feel himself superior. The young king who had marched his cantankerous nobles two by two through the main street of Edinburgh was submerged in the subconscious of the ruler who fretted and complained because the English Parliament crossed his will. The pity of it was that the man's love of laughter, his native shrewdness and good memory, his skill with words and his mental agility were gradually being buried, layer under layer, by the protective mannerisms which he had to adopt in this alien atmosphere.

All the fault was not England's, for with the waning of his youthful energy, the essential weaknesses in James's character would have made themselves manifest, even if he had been forced to remain what his forefathers had been, kings of a small and uncivilized country, rulers of a handful of feud-loving nobles. James understood his Scots better than he could ever learn to know Englishmen; he was aware of Scotland's needs, and had tried hard to satisfy them. But the increasing rigidity of middle age was already upon him, and even had he never crossed the Tweed, his was not the nature to sustain a high level of activity through an entire lifetime. The enormous problem of adapting himself to alien ways and alien peoples came upon him too late in life; it was inevitable that England should only aggravate the failings with which Stuart blood and a Scottish adolescence had endowed him.

One of the earliest indications of his falling-off was his degeneracy from a fairly fluent and vigorous poet to a rather slothful pamphleteer. Just before he left Scotland he had written a screed propounding the true law of free monarchies, in which, naturally, he hammered home the contention that a monarchical form of government more nearly approached perfection than any other because it resembled the Divine. His only literary effort in his first years in England, aside from his Parliamentary speeches, was a "counterblast" against that stinking weed, tobacco. He loathed it, first because it had been introduced by

that suspicious and dangerous fellow, Walter Raleigh; second, because it had been used by the American Indians, who were a filthy race, as yet aliens from the Holy Covenant of God. Thirdly, James did not like the smell of the weed; and fourthly, it occurred to him, the spend-thrift Scot, that men were spending far too much money on this superfluous vice.

Encouraged by the success of these works, which were not nearly so much of a strain on an author's creative genius as the invention of poetry, he later produced a monograph called *An Apology for the Oath of Allegiance*. His choice of title was unfortunate, for it at once appeared to put him on the defensive, when actually he only wanted to explain, reasonably enough, that the Oath of Allegiance, administered to all Catholics and suspects after the fulminations of the Gunpowder Plot, was intended chiefly to insure civil obedience from his subjects, and that he took violent exception to two Breves from the Pope urging Englishmen not to subscribe to the oath. James remarked acidly and truthfully that the Pope had nothing to do with the English government and had no business to meddle between king and subjects, especially in matters that merely and only concerned civil discipline. He expressed himself most tolerantly towards English Catholics, and wanted only, he said, to have them acknowledge him, instead of Paul in Rome, as the head of the government, both civil and ecclesiastical. It appeared to be a matter of personal rage between him and the Pope, and an affirmation to the rest of the world, of his own stand, since he later sent the work, with a preface, to the head of the Holy Roman Empire as well as to all the Protestant European princes, for their edification and his justification. He felt that he had good reasons to be apprehensive for his personal safety, for, since Papists would not leave politics alone, who knew at what moment another Catholic powder mine might not blow up under him?

In this excited state of mind, he set about translating this *Apology*, and conferring with printers and bookbinders. These craftsmen found him fussy to a degree. Here a B had to be altered, there an F, and H, and a G. The printer, presumably a certain Mr. Robert Barker, was quite unable to look after his other affairs, as James insisted upon constant conferences.

"For the impression of the King's book in quarto," his bill reads, "and my continual attendance all the time it was in hand, and for so many books as were delivered to ye King's use, and my Boat hire, sometimes six times in a day, £49—16—11."

It could not be denied—James as a patron of belles-lettres had ceased to exist and had given way to a dull fellow who was interested only in pseudo-politico-religious arguments. Even James the playwright, who had once written a masque to be performed at the marriage of the Earl of Huntly's daughter, paid scant attention to the rich flowering of dramatic talent about him, much less concerned himself with the creators of dramatic masterpieces. He was acquainted with scarcely any of the brilliant dramatists who were then gathering materials daily in the flavorful and teeming purlieus of London. The fellow Shakespeare he knew as an actor-author, having seen many of his plays, and in fact been so delighted with *The Merchant of Venice* that he had commanded it twice. Jonson he knew fairly intimately. The king and the bricklayer's step-son laughed at each other's bawdy jokes, and Ben even ventured to tell his royal patron that Buchanan had corrupted his ear in his youth; no well-educated man would think of talking Latin in that sing-songy way that James had.

Of the other splendid names in that Golden Age of English literature, the once bookish Scotsman took unflatteringly little notice. Of the flashing, melancholy Donne, of Shakespeare's staunch friend, Michael Drayton; of bitter Thomas Dekker; of Beaumont, the brilliant; of all that illustrious company living right by his palace door and busily spinning luminous threads of deep emotion and exquisite beauty, James appears to have known nothing.

He may have known, but only by report, of that Poet's Club which met the first Friday of every month at the Mermaid Tavern in Bread Street. Being a king, perplexed by his environment and bewildered by his own eccentric mentality, it was not for him to bury his nose (much as he would have liked it) in a cup of the Mermaid's good sack, and listen to the lightning wit and strong humor which hurtled over the oaken table where the most gifted penmen of England's most gifted era drank and laughed—and smoked!

*What things [wrote Francis Beaumont] have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! Heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life.*

Even with Raleigh, the founder, pent up in the Tower, sadly devoting his days to writing his *History of the World*, and dreaming of the far-off, colorful lands which he had once hoped to claim for England, this club flourished, and over the worn threshold of the Mermaid drew many a famous foot. The tavern lay conveniently close to Cheapside—where all the better shops displayed their gold-work, their jewels, their gold-tooled book-bindings—and just a short distance down Maiden Lane from Paul's. Every man who wanted to keep in touch with the doings of the day, who needed to transact business, whose interests hinged eagerly upon the comings and goings of the Court, found time to drop into Paul's about ten in the morning. There, in the body of the old Cathedral, he would find the rest of London, a-buzz with news, with scandal, and with gossip. If James VI of Scotland and I of England had only inherited some of the roving curiosity of his maternal great-grandfather, James IV, he would have found it worth his while to don a sober suit of black velvet, put a dark cloak over his shoulders, and removing the telltale jewels from his hat, tiptoe quietly into the middle aisle of Paul's of a Monday morning, to learn what London was thinking and doing.

There he would have learned how unpopular Scotsmen were in London, and would have heard his countrymen called a "damned crew of swaggerers." If he had listened sharply, he might have understood why the union with Scotland had been the subject of such bitter debates in the House of Commons. Not until November, 1606, would they consider any kind of law admitting the two nations to be of one government, and then only in a very limited way. It was proposed that all former laws showing hostility between the two countries be repealed, and that those born in Scotland after James's accession to

the English throne be natural English subjects. Scotsmen born before the accession were still Scotsmen, and England wanted none of them.

"God's blood!" they said in Paul's, "but these savages from the North are taking everything from us—the bread out of our mouths, our daughters' virtue, and all the favors of his Majesty! A pox on them, and let them go back home!"

If this vituperation had driven James out of Paul's and, retracing his steps back on Cheapside, he had turned off at Wood Street, he would have come to the ancient Haberdashers' Hall, owned by one of the most powerful city guilds. There he would have heard talk of wools and felts, and of the new kind of association called a stock company which was to be formed for buying wares. He would have learned what trade was like in this busy city, and how the system of monopolies was sapping the life-blood of commerce. Both his "dearest Sister" and he had found it such an easy way to raise money merely to grant to certain worthy gentlemen, in return for a fee to the Crown, of course, the right to regulate trade and industry or to impose fines and fees in the manufacture of tin, for example, or the import of wine. In some cases it had really been cheaper and easier to reward deserving persons, for services rendered, with a monopoly than with a peerage or a cash grant. These monopolies left many industries wholly in the power of lofty, well-born personages, who would never stoop to soil their fingers with labor or commerce and who had no remotest conception of business administration.

What should the Earl of Worcester, to whom was granted the sole making of saltpeter and gunpowder, know about the manufacture of explosives? He was accounted the best horseman and tilter at the court, but hardly a shrewd executive.

As for the sycophantic Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, he liked his ruffs starched well enough; but was that sufficient reason for his having control of all the starch made in England, upon payment of £4,500 a year to the Crown? And the ancient Earl of Nottingham, Lord High Admiral, why should he, whose business was with water, levy tribute on every keg of wine brought into England?

The seventeenth century answer to such questions would have been the astonished query, "But if powerful individuals did not regu-

late trade and industry, who would?" Nevertheless, from some quarters there was grumbling a-plenty against the avarice of the monopolists who not only cut heavily into the profits of the merchants and manufacturers but by their ignorance of business and technical matters, actually retarded commerce.

Not only was domestic commerce handed over to the control of private persons, but the colonization of the New World was in 1606 entrusted to two companies of "adventurers." The "adventurers" stayed at home, put up the money for ships, provisions, and supplies, and sent "planters" out to the wild unknown shores of Virginia to do the real adventuring. The first company, known as the Plymouth Company, was to colonize North Virginia, and the second, known as the London Company, was to garner in all the "gold, silver, copper, iron, lead, tin, pearls, and precious stones" in South Virginia. Virginia was at that time a vast, unexplored territory, briefly visited by Englishmen in Elizabeth's reign, and complacently understood to reach from the thirty-fourth to the forty-fifth parallel of north latitude, and as far inland as the imagination cared to stretch.

James, understanding but little of what actual colonization in the New World meant, listened to Sir Fernando Gorges, governor of Plymouth, a heavy, ugly man, and Chief Justice Sir John Popham, who was anxious to find some place to which banished rogues and vagabonds could be sent. The prospects of converting the savages to Christianity, exploring the country for mineral riches, and investigating the tantalizing northwest passage to the Indies, which still lurked in all seafaring minds, sounded agreeable to the king, and he assented willingly enough to the plan proposed, whereby each colony was to be administered by a council on the spot, chosen by himself. There was to be another council in England, also chosen by him, which would supervise the activities of the hardy "adventurers" of the joint-stock companies.

The settlement in North Virginia (on the Kennebec river in the state of Maine) lasted only one season. As many of the wretched colonists as survived took the first boat home, unable to withstand the rigors of pioneering life. The settlement in South Virginia grew up

along the James river, and in honor of the Scotsman who had so amiably lent his approval to the venture, was called Jamestown.

In his youth James might have listened open-mouthed to the tales of such veteran mariners as Captain George Waymouth or Captain Bartholomew Gosnold. The descriptions which they brought back of beautiful rivers, fertile soil, plentiful fish and game—and unbaptized savages—would have made him itch to see these allurements of the New World, to sniff the invigorating air and taste the fine fresh water of the gushing springs.

Now he was content to leave all that to tougher men and weather-beaten explorers. The antics of the dotterel, a foolish bird which imitated one's movements, were more amusing than stories of brown savages in "canowes" with bows and arrows. Doring or hunting dotterels occupied the court during the springtime of 1606 and kept the king in excellent humor. The creatures were so silly and so droll!

A little cloud passed over the royal family's happy horizon in the midst of this miniature sport. Anna was delivered of her fifth child, a daughter, Sophia, on the twenty-second of June, but the little girl only lived for a day. Her body was borne to Westminster on a barge covered with black velvet, accompanied by three other barges draped in mourning. At her interment in the Chapel Royal, "under a small neat monument," all the great Lords of the Council were present, and the chief officers of the court. Of such significance was this morsel of dead humanity, born of a king and an unsuccessfully fertile queen.

The baby had come and gone at a time most inconvenient to Anna, for she was expecting almost daily a long-awaited visit from her brother, Christian IV of Denmark. It was he who at the age of twelve had greeted James at Elsinore. When he did arrive, in July, she was barely out of bed and had, for appearance's sake, to keep her chamber for some time longer.

James was thus left in full charge of his brother-in-law, with *carte blanche* as to entertainment. Luckily for him, and unluckily for England, part of the subsidy which Parliament had granted was burning holes in the treasurer's coffers. With a delightful feeling that there was plenty of money to pay for any small items of hospitality, James contrived a series of feasts and fetes which kept Christian busy from

morning till night, and wore all the English courtiers to the bone.

The Dane was a lavish, free-handed sort of fellow himself, fond of show, and open-hearted. He brought with him a sizable army of attendants and guards (to be fed by the English), and three ships, which rode anchor at Gravesend, to the delight of sightseers from London.

The goings-on during the time of this visit were fantastic. Elizabeth had been chary of invitations to royalty, and foreign monarchs were something of a novelty. The same curiosity which had driven Englishmen to crowd about James on his entry to London, now drove them to gape in throngs at the spectacle of two kings and a prince chasing bucks at Theobald's.

Salisbury, as might be expected, fairly outdid himself in entertaining his royal guests. Ben Jonson wrote congratulatory speeches for both monarchs in Latin, and there was a ball at Theobald's, the like of which had never been heard of in England before. Sir John Harington, the sophisticated gossip of Elizabeth's court, and no prude, wrote to his friend, Mr. Barlow:

The Dane hath strangely wrought in our good English Nobles, for those whom I never could get to taste good liquor now follow the fashion and wallow in brutish delights. The ladies abandon their sobriety and are seen to roll about in intoxication. In good soothe, the Parliament did kindly to provide his Majesty so seasonably with money; for there hath been no lack of good living, shows, sights and banquetings from morn to eve.

One day a great feast was held; and after dinner the representation of Solomon his Temple and the coming of the Queen of Sheba was made or (as I may better say) was meant to have been made, before their Majesties, by Device of the Earl of Salisbury and others. But alas! as all earthly things do fail to poor mortals in enjoyment, so did prove our presentment thereof. The Lady who did play the Queen's part, did carry most precious gifts to both their Majesties; but forgetting the steps rising to the canopy, overset her casket into his Danish Majesty's lap, and fell at his feet, though I rather think it was in his face.

Much was the hurry and confusion. Cloths and napkins were at hand to make all clean. His Majesty then got up and would dance with the Queen of Sheba; but he fell down and humbled himself before her, and was carried to an inner chamber and laid on a bed of state; which was not a little defiled with the presents of the Queen, which had been bestowed on his garments; such as wine, cream, jelly, beverage, cakes, spices and other good matters.

The entertainment and show went forward, and most of the Presenters went backward or fell down; wine did so occupy their upper chambers. Now did appear in rich dress, Hope, Faith and Charity; Hope did essay to speak, but wine rendered her endeavors so feeble that she withdrew, and hoped the King would excuse her brevity. Faith was then all alone, for I am certain she was not joined with Good Works, and left the Court in a staggering condition. Charity came to the King's feet, and seemed to cover the multitude of sins her sisters had committed; in some sort she made obeisance and brought gifts, but said she would return home again, as there was no gift which Heaven had not already given his Majesty. She then returned to Hope and Faith who were both sick and spewing in the lower hall. Next came Victory, in bright armour and presented a rich sword to the King, who did not accept it, but put it by with his hand; and by a strange medley of versification did endeavor to make suit to the King. But Victory did not triumph long; for after much lamentable utterance, she was led away like a silly captive, and laid to sleep in the outer steps of the ante-chamber. Now did Peace make entry and strive to get foremost to the King; but I grieve to tell how great wrath she did discover unto those of her Attendants; and much contrary to her semblance, most rudely made war with her olive branch and laid on the pates of those who did oppose her coming.

I have much marveled at these strange Pageantries—If you would wish to see how folly doth grow, come up quickly; otherwise stay where you are and meditate on the future mischiefs of those our posterity who shall learn the good lessons and examples held forth in these days. . . .

There seems not to have been a sober moment all during Christian's stay. (The marshal of his guard had strict orders to punish sharply any man in his company who should be found drunk.) Wherever they went, the two kings were wine and fete, and there was nothing to be heard at court "but the sound of trumpets, hautboys, musick, revelings and comedies." The most notable feature of the whole hectic month, perhaps, was a tilting which James arranged for his brother-in-law, in which Christian, in a suit of sky-colored armor spangled with gold, showed Englishmen what Danish brawn could do.

It was not the gala appearance of the Danish king, nor the feats of arms performed in the jousting which have made it memorable, however. The reason it stuck in most men's minds was that in the course of the running a young Scottishman named Carr, attached to the retinue of Sir James Hay and formerly a page of the king's bed-chamber, fell under his horse and broke his leg.

James saw the accident and noted that the injured man seemed familiar to him.

"What man is that who had the mishap with his horse?" he asked.

"Robert Carr, son of the Laird of Fernihurst," was the answer.

"Ah, yes," said the king, "I remember me of him now. A well-mannered lad, and well-favored, too. See that he has a surgeon's attention, and let him be cared for in the court until he is better of his hurt."

Robert Carr was fair-haired and pink-cheeked. Robert Carr had mild blue eyes and a grave, quiet demeanor during his illness, which rather intrigued the king and made him wonder what could be going on under that handsome exterior. He visited the young man in his sickroom, and put divers questions to him. It appeared that although Carr had been in France, and could speak the French tongue fluently, he had no Latin, a lamentable lack, since therefore he could not understand the quotations with which James liked to interlard his speech. This situation must be remedied, and James, in a role which gave him immense pleasure, as soon as the leg was better began to put Robert Carr through the paces of "*amo, amas, amat.*"

The royal pedagogue was interrupted in this classical pastime by the festivities attendant upon the marriage of his well-dressed friend,

Sir James Hay, who had also come from Scotland, whose company he had always enjoyed, and whose debts he frequently paid. Sir James was to be married to the daughter of Lord Denny; and there was to be a masque at Whitehall, on Twelfth Night, as usual. Ben Jonson was not called in to dedicate his genius to this performance; it came from the pen of Thomas Campion, and bristled with mythological allusions. James listened to the music of the hautboys abstractedly. His mind was running on weightier matters, as it seemed it always had to do during the Christmas season.

He forgot Robert Carr, now walking as bravely as ever on two legs; he was but perfunctory in his greetings to the bridegroom, who had been on so many fine hunting parties with him and whose genial disposition made him such a satisfactory companion. The king was mulling over in his mind how he should convince the Parliament when they next met after the holidays, that the union with Scotland, obviously the only right, the only sensible way to amalgamate the two nations, should finally and unqualifiedly be consummated. The commission appointed from both peoples to consider the matter had laid suggestions before Parliament, but that refractory body still steadily refused to naturalize all Scotsmen and make the two countries one.

More than the peace with Spain, more than the payment of his debts, more than the wedded happiness of Hay, or the progress of Carr with his Latin, more than the cool affection of Anna, the love and deference of his children, or even a hunting park stocked with fat bucks, did James desire this union. It had become the successor to that burning ambition to wear the English crown which had consumed him in the days of his youth. The more stubbornly Parliament resisted him, the more fiercely he yearned for it.

In a last final effort to make the knights and burgesses of the Lower House see what he knew so clearly to be right, James addressed them in March, 1607, speaking with white-hot conviction. He spoke from the throne in the Great Hall at Whitehall to a solemn and attentive audience.

Some think that I will draw the Scottish nation hither, talking idly of transporting of trees out of a barren ground into a better,

and of lean cattle out of bad pasture into a more fertile soil. Can any man displant you unless you will? Or can any man think that Scotland is so strong to pull you out of your houses? Or do you not think I know England hath more people, Scotland more waste ground? So that there is room in Scotland rather to plant your idle people that swarm in London streets and other towns, and disburthen you of them, than to bring more unto you; and in cases of justice, if I be partial to either side, let my own mouth condemn me as unworthy to be your King."

He assured them further that their notion that Scotland would reap more benefits under the union than they themselves, was entirely mistaken. The Scottishmen were not all beggars, waiting to swarm down into England. They were not entirely unruly, either, for as he pointed out:

Here I sit and govern with my pen; I write and it is done, and by a clerk of the council I govern Scotland now, which others could not do by the sword. And for their averseness in their hearts against the Union, it is true indeed, I protest they did never crave this Union of me, nor sought it either in private or the state by letters, nor ever once did any of that nation press me forward or wish me to accelerate that business. But on the other part, they offered always to obey me when it should come to them, and all honest men that desire my greatness have been thus minded, for the reverence and regard they bear unto my person.

James could still speak clearly and to the point, could still think logically, when his energy was whipped up by his will.

You are now to recede. When you meet again, remember, I pray you, the truth and sincerity of my meaning, *which in seeking union is only to advance the greatness of your empire seated here in England*. Strengthen your own felicity; London must be the seat of your king, and Scotland joined to this kingdom by a golden conquest, but cemented with love, which within will make you strong against all civil and intestine rebellion as without we will be compassed and guarded with our walls of brass.

Not James's most telling oratory, not Francis Bacon's most scintillating arguments could move the hidebound prejudice of the English middle class. When Parliament was prorogued in the summer of that year, the union was still incomplete, the English sentiment still strong against it. It would take another hundred years before Scotland and England would actually be joined by golden conquest and cemented by love.

Full of bitter annoyance, James retired to Theobald's, and tried to find surcease for his disappointment in that idyllic spot which he had acquired from Salisbury only a few months before, in exchange for Hatfield House, an unwanted Crown property. The transfer of title had been celebrated by a "Poetical Exhibition" from the pen of the indefatigable Ben Jonson, which greatly delighted all the nobility and quite enchanted Anna and James. Ben referred to Salisbury as being "in the twilight of sere age" (poor Cecil had borne so many cares that his forty-four years sat heavily upon him) and to the ineffable fame and glory of the new owners.

O blessed change! [sang an "excellent voice with the burden
maintained by the whole Quire,"]

And no less glad than strange!

Where we that lose have won;

And for a Beam, enjoy a Sun.

[CHORUS]

So little sparks become great fires,

And high rewards crown low desires.

Was ever bliss

More full or clear than this!

The present month of May

Ne'er looks so fresh as doth this day.

[CHORUS]

So gentle winds breed happy springs,

And duty thrives by breath of Kings.

The delightful walks and pleasant conceits of this beautiful manor had always appealed to James. Here it was that he felt most sure of himself and most at home. The openness of the great halls, and the

rich decorations, gave it just the right touch of elegance required for a king's residence. The secluded situation and walled-in park, more than two miles in extent, afforded him that sense of security and privacy which were growing more and more essential to him. He was happier under the blue and gold ceilings of Theobald's than he ever could be in the vastness of Whitehall or the red-brick spaciousness of Hampton Court. It was here that he retired more and more often as the Fates began to shower unhappiness upon his graying head.

When his daughter, the little Lady Mary, died of diphtheria at the age of two, James retreated to Theobald's, and took her death "as a wise Prince should." He did not go to Anna in their sorrow, but sent Salisbury to comfort her at Hampton Court. The Little Beagle found that the queen felt the loss, naturally, but "since it was irrevocable, she and the king digested it very well and wisely."

Anna had hardly seen her child since it was taken from her womb. Lady Knyvet (wife of the justice of the peace who had unearthed the gunpowder) had cared for the baby ever since its birth. It was to this foster-mother that the little girl had lisped her first words and turned her first steps. Anna would have no more children; even with this seed from the royal loins gone to dust, there were three hopeful offspring left. Surely, after seven childbeds and several accidents, she had done her duty! She was now thirty-three years old, still vivacious, still fair-skinned; a little more matronly of figure than when she had been abashed by James's tempestuous greeting at Oslo, but nonetheless an attractive woman. From now on, she would have no more of mid-wives and rockers and all the other concomitants of maternity. From now on she would devote herself completely to enjoyment.

The tiny coffin of her youngest had hardly been interred before Anna, not so much heartless as thoughtless, summoned Ben to her and commanded a really startling masque for the coming Twelfth Night. It was to continue where the *Masque of Blackness* had left off, keeping the daughters of Niger, "but with their beauties varied," and was to include four more ladies-in-waiting among the list of characters.

While Ben was chewing the end of his goose-quill, planning this resplendent show (which would have to be performed without Inigo's

help, for the artist had gone abroad), James was riding early and late. The kingly temper was considerably ruffled at the loss of a white gerfalcon which all the hundreds of obliging courtiers about him had been unable to find. It seemed strange, with so many eyes to spy about, and so many hands to beat thickets, that one white bird, the bird he especially wanted, should not be returned to him. James suspected darkly that it had either found its way into some peasant's pot of stew or been swallowed for a tender morsel by a crude, untutored English mongrel. The edict authorizing the seizing of all such dogs as might be injurious to the king's game was therefore more rigidly enforced.

At length it was time to leave the bare brown November country and return to London. He made several knights at Whitehall, at Theobald's, and at Hampton Court, and upon Christmas Eve, 1607, dropped his sword upon the shoulders of his smooth-cheeked young friend, Carr. The young man's unusual devotion to learning and his remarkable educational progress during the past year and a half deserved some tangible reward. Besides, James found him more and more agreeable to talk to. He listened so earnestly, said so little, and in some ways reminded him of his dear, long dead Esmé. On top of his knight-hood, Carr was the same day sworn in to be a Gentleman of the Bedchamber, accepting the honor with that quiet deference and air of good breeding which had endeared him to the king more than a year before.

Philip Herbert, now Earl of Montgomery, the horsey brother of the Earl of Pembroke, who had been, together with the sweeter-smelling Hay, James's most intimate friend and favorite companion, glowered at the new knight, and sullenly went back to his stables. Horses and dogs were the only creatures Montgomery pretended to understand. Mincing young men like this Carr, who said so little and obviously made a point of pleasing their betters, were not for him.

It made little difference to Salisbury which gentlemen were accorded the privilege of handing the king his clothing when he dressed, and of congregating around the royal bedside. But he wished with all his heart that James would learn to hold his tongue, and would *not* speak so freely of state matters in front of Carr. He had the feeling that the newcomer was storing up all the information that he could, and might

in time prove dangerous. The more solid earls on the Privy Council were equally perturbed. They saw with consternation that James and Carr were becoming thicker friends every day, and that the king was not content with devoting himself to his new playmate during his leisure hours. He began discussing foreign and financial problems with Carr, who listened gravely and gave non-committal answers. The fair-haired Scot was wise enough to know when he was sailing in waters beyond his depth, and behaved as modestly as a little Scottish nobody should in the presence of his betters. He knew with what aversion the belted earls of England were watching the king smile upon him, and resolved upon two moves which seemed most sensible at the moment, but which eventually almost ruined England. For the first, he took as a sort of tutor and understudy an old friend of his, an Englishman of good family named Thomas Overbury, who had traveled abroad, who knew his way about, who was an author in his own right, and would be able to prompt him in the uneasy role of court favorite.

For the second, he laid siege to Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, James's oily-tongued "3," now Warden of the Cinque Ports (an ancient association of maritime towns), head of the powerful Howard family, which all but ruled England, a "dangerous intelligencing man," inwardly a Catholic, and outwardly, too, the friend of Spain.

The Lord Harry, for all his wiliness, was a little taken in by this youngster. Also, old fox that he was, he reasoned that it might not be too stupid a move to stand in well with a newcomer who obviously had won James's foolish, doting, middle-aged heart.

Sober reflection was no more popular in the year 1608 than it is today. As another Christmas rolled by, no one seemed particularly anxious to sit down and wonder on the state of the nation, the state of the court, or the general trend of events. Bacon was the only man capable of devoting any time to deep consideration of his own fortunes and careful plans for his own future. Salisbury was only too willing to put off looking ahead. He, better than anyone else, except the Lord Treasurer, the rapidly enfeebling Dorset, realized to what a pass England's finances would come unless some miracle were performed.

It was true she was at peace, at home and abroad, and that she was planting colonies in the New World (another boatload of innocent wretches had been landed at Jamestown in Virginia in January, 1608, to fight off cold and hunger as best they could). Yes, and her trade was thriving, and there had been no plague or famine or any other untoward act of God to weight the country down with woe. What was the matter, then, with England?

Thomas Sackville, the seventy-two year old Earl of Dorset, knew, but could not remedy the evil. He inconsiderately died one April day at the very Council Table, without having done anything to alleviate the country's distress. Salisbury was inevitably the new treasurer. To whom else could James turn in time of trouble but to his Little Beagle. Northampton had hoped, but the king, knowing him for a "ranter," gave him the office of Lord Privy Seal instead.

For once in his life, Salisbury's finesse, diplomacy, skill and tact, conscientiousness and flair for detail were not equal to the situation. England had outgrown the clumsy financial system by which her government had been run, and no king, no Lord Treasurer could stem the flood of debt which was piling up against the Administration. Heaven knew that James had been free-handed with gifts of money, with jewels, with lands, with any small baubles that his friends might like. But his personal extravagance was only a drop in the bucket compared to the tremendous cost of keeping up a fleet, paying ambassadors, or paying servants of the Crown, who by this time had become legion. Most of the Crown's revenue still came from antiquated feudal taxes, from wardships, from rents for Crown lands, and from subsidies granted by Parliament. But prices were rising, partly because of the flux of New World gold into Europe, and the Parliamentary subsidy (which was, in effect, a direct tax upon real and personal property) would no longer stretch as far as it had in Elizabeth's reign. For some strange reason, three subsidies voted to James did not bring in so many pounds as two did in Elizabeth's time, and even she had had to go beyond her own parsimonious inclinations, during her later years, to make both ends meet.

This was the state of the treasury Dorset left Salisbury to contend

with, and this was the state of affairs which produced an £83,000 deficit to stare him in the face as he took office.

Well—he would see what he could do. Settling his pointed beard more deeply into his ruff, he went to work upon the ledgers of the Crown.

There were various pitiful little memoranda in Dorset's handwriting, indicating how that worried nobleman had tried to scheme and plan. The Little Beagle looked them over, and added a few notes of his own. The most plausible "means to get ready money towards the payment of the debt" were jotted down and studied at his leisure. There were salable woods to be sold, fines to be collected from those freemen who wished exemption from jury duty, fines to be paid for building within London and her suburbs (it was now against the law to put up any more dwellings in that overcrowded metropolis), fines for those landlords who leased lands mortgaged to the city, fines for defective titles—Salisbury figured frantically, but could see no possible way to make the money thus obtained reach the colossal sum of eighty thousand pounds.

He went over the Master of the Household's books to see if the king's personal expenses could not be pared down, and his heart sank as he saw the list of retainers considered absolutely necessary for James alone, to say nothing of those who must be paid to wait on Anna, on Henry, on Elizabeth and Charles. Eleven hundred pounds was spent in footmen's wages for the four households, besides the king's musicians for the violins, for the flutes, for the hagbutts, for the trumpeters, and for the lutes. Sixteen hundred pounds for music! Salisbury's practiced eye scanned the other items quickly: The Hunts for the private buck hounds and grooms for the otter hounds, the officers of the leash, of the crossbows, of the toils, of the bears, and of the jewel house—no, none of those could be spared. The apothecaries, the rat-killer, his Majesty's fool—Salisbury stopped a moment and pondered. Was the sharp-tongued Archie Armstrong worth thirty-six pounds and ten shillings a year to England? Considering how often he made James laugh, and what a foil his darting wit furnished for the king's own salty sallies, the troubled earl thought that he was. The roster of the King's Free Gifts, amounting to fourteen thousand pounds for the past year

made him shudder. But the Little Beagle knew better than to attempt economy there.

He saw all too clearly that there was but one way to wipe out the staggering figure of the debt. Pinching in the household economics would help, fines would help, and so would leasing out more monopolies and imposing new duties on imported luxuries; but in the end, Parliament would have to be called, and another general tax levied. Whether James liked it or not, that was the only way out.

Salisbury wisely refrained from mentioning this intention to his Majesty immediately. The royal temper was not of the best at the moment, having come sharply into conflict with the independent opinions of Lord Chief Justice Coke, over a matter of the king's right to issue writs forbidding certain proceedings in lawsuits, if it was considered that the matter in question belonged to another court. Coke's arguments were entirely in favor of the king, but he made the unhappy mistake of assuring James that he was right because he was "defended by his laws."

"Laws!" cried James in a fury, "My Lord Chief Justice, ye speak like a fool. I am not defended by my laws, but by God. And see that ye forget it not in the future!"

This was the last straw upon a heap of aggravations piled up during the king's visit to the courts sitting at Newmarket. He had been baffled, enraged, and bewildered by the way the judges on the Bench had kept referring to the Common Law of England as something quite separate and apart from royal powers—as something unalterable and inviolable, having existed before James was born, and ageless as England herself. Even God, his staunch partner, had no suzerainty over the Common Law, a fact which Salisbury and Bacon, the newly appointed solicitor general, tried their best to make James see. After some days of argument and counter-argument, James began to give way slightly. In the end he "gave a gracious countenance" to the judges and promised to treat of the matter again during the winter.

It was predicted that he would be in a better humor by that time, for legal talent had suddenly discovered a flaw in the conveyance of Sir Walter Raleigh's estate to his trustees, and the whole of that imprisoned knight's properties would fall into the king's hands.

James had never liked Raleigh since the days of that far-reaching secret correspondence before Elizabeth's death. Then he had believed firmly what Cecil and Henry Howard had told him—that Raleigh was absolutely against his accession and was his sworn enemy. A flavor of that belief clung to him still. Besides, Raleigh had that dark and powerful air about him which always rubbed the king the wrong way: it made him feel so weak and flabby, and put him at such a physical disadvantage. That Sir Walter was actually to be feared as a sympathizer with Spain he hardly believed; but the fellow was adventurous and impetuous—there was, somehow, the slightest trace of his old enemy Bothwell about him—and it was as well to keep him in the Tower. No telling what he might not be up to, if he were given his freedom. And as for his estates, why should the wife of a man once condemned to die for treason be handed back his properties? With the kind of carefree, almost ruthless carelessness which he had been indulging in more and more often of late, James handed the beautiful manor of Sherborne, once Sir Walter's pride and joy, over to his new joy in life, handsome Robin Carr. Something about Carr, he could hardly say what—his well-turned leg, perhaps, or the jaunty elegance with which he wore his clothes—continued to remind him of Esmé Stewart. Esmé had known how to laugh in the same light-hearted manner, and had always greeted him with just such a sunny smile as displayed Carr's white teeth every time he saw his sovereign. Esmé had always listened to him in the same eager way, and had shown the same interest in his ideas and fancies as Carr was now taking in the silkworms.

Everyone else in the court might think him slightly touched in the head, but James was determined to force silkworms to stuff themselves with English mulberry leaves, whether or not. It was the sheerest nonsense to have to import all silks from abroad. There should be a supply in England of the finest domestic variety. He was convinced that if his gardeners were only set at the task properly, they could grow the particular kind of mulberry which appealed to the silkworm's appetite. Carr agreed with him, and together they planned the planting of a garden in St. James Park which should afford the delightful spectacle of myriads and myriads of little cocoons all wrapped in shining strands of England's future satins. A certain William Stal-

lenge was ordered to import mulberry seeds, and some nine hundred pounds was spent on the venture before James regretfully admitted that either because of the climate or because Mr. Stallenge had not fostered the proper kind of trees, his silkworms were hopelessly inefficient. Even those at Theobald's did not thrive, and James retired from this combat with nature, indubitably the loser. Perhaps had plain Squire Stuart undertaken their raising on his own country estate, they might have done better; for with his great love of the out-of-doors, James might easily have been a master-gardener. The seventeenth century would not have brooked the sight of a monarch grubbing in the soil, else he might well have proved himself the possessor of that quaint gift from Heaven, a "green thumb," which those who love plants are said to have.

As he grew older, James's own tastes became simpler. The gold brocades and pearls, the tablets of gold set with diamonds, he left to those who liked them (and Carr obviously did). The stupendous banquets, the rich wines, the elaborate pageants and tiltings might amuse the younger people, but the king's great love was still hunting a swift stag, with all his deep-chested hounds giving tongue as they ran. His son Henry, he saw to his astonishment, was growing up into a sturdy and handsome boy, with a serious mind, who was already making astute, if not always welcome, suggestions about business affairs, and whose tastes, while not spendthrift, were certainly expensive. Henry bought books and pictures; Henry commissioned jewels to be made; Henry kept a stable of horses (which little Charles borrowed now and then); in fact, Henry at the age of fourteen had become the arbiter of youthful fashions in England. When the court gossips wrote of the doings of the nobility, what was worn, who was there, how the men's clothes were fashioned, they wrote of St. James, where the prince had his apartments, and not of Whitehall or Theobald's, where the greatest elegance in dress was accounted a battered suit of hunting green and the greatest excitement was likely to be the snaring of larks.

A certain small coterie of ladies, headed by the sharp-chinned Lucy, Countess of Bedford, still buzzed about the queen, at Greenwich, or Richmond, or Hampton Court, whichever palace suited her

best. The residence which was apt to please her most at this time appeared to be that one in which her husband was not. The less she saw of James, and that silly-faced Carr, the better she liked it. Carr, indeed! She had known him when he was nothing but a page-boy scuttling under everyone's feet, and now he was a knight and settled upon poor Sir Walter Raleigh's estate. Both she and Henry had written to James asking him to show mercy to the unfortunate sinner, but James resented advice on behalf of the fellow who had wanted to deny him the throne. It suddenly dawned on him that his family was far too glib with suggestions, and quite out of sympathy with him. At the trial of a shipbuilder accused of using "unserviceable materials," and the subsequent investigations into the maintenance and operation of the navy, Henry had practically elbowed his father out of the way, and drawn most of the public attention upon himself. Elizabeth, the little daughter who should have clung to her father's hand and lifted her sunny eyes to his, saw the king but infrequently, and reserved all her love for "her most worthy and dearest brother," Henry. Little Charles, whose health was making such splendid strides, and who was rapidly losing that gaunt consumptive look, found room for both father and brother in his affections. To his "most loving brother" he wrote, "I do keep your hares in breath, and I have very good sport. I do wish the King and you might see it. So longing to see you, I kiss your hands and rest, yours to be commanded. York."

Henry, already adored by England, had that mixture of Stuart love of beauty and Danish restraint which balanced his character perfectly, made him kind to subordinates, loving to friends, judiciously obedient and deferential to his father—but never condoning or affectionate. There was warmth and love in the boy's nature, for others but not for James. Ironically enough, his son lacked the spiritual uncertainty which would have endeared them to each other and made them find mutual refuge in each other's faults. James only felt humiliated inwardly before this handsome stripling, who could fence and box, swim and ride, run and play at golf better than any of his friends. Why, he wondered, did this son of his hate Robin Carr so deeply? The two young men were visibly at loggerheads, instinctively on guard against each other.

Naturally, upon Henry's being made Prince of Wales, in 1610, his father welcomed him to that degree of greatness with a kiss and good advice, conducting the solemn ceremony in Westminster Hall with all the pomp of which his flattening purse was capable. But the affectionate concern which in part had prompted the writing of the *Basilikon Doron* had dwindled in James to an aloof, rather frowning interest in Henry's activities. It was, first of all, impossible to be fussily paternal with such a cool, detached young man; it was a sharp and disagreeable shock to see with what a kingly air this auburn-haired son of his wore the royal robes, the crown, and the ring. James could hear the trumpets sound and the heralds call out, "The King is Dead, God Save King Henry!"

There was a great tilting to celebrate the occasion (Henry was passionately fond of this chivalrous pastime) and, of course, a masque, a double one, which lasted until within an hour of sunrise and was then followed by one of those Jacobean scrambles for viands upon the banquet table which was so distasteful to the generation of courtiers who had supped slowly and with gravity at Elizabeth's expense.

Festivities were in general rather restrained—some fireworks, a naval battle on the Thames, but no processions or arches. James had at last yielded to Salisbury and called Parliament again, for the express purpose of asking for money. How would it look if he pleaded an empty purse and then spent thousands of pounds upon his son's creation? The less pomp the better, said Salisbury, who knew the temper of the House of Commons.

He drew up a list of the extraordinary charges to which the government had been put since James's accession, in order that it might be more clearly understood why the expenses of maintaining a royal family had leapt so high since Elizabeth's death. No man could deny that "great and ritche" presents had been given to Spain, to the Low Countries, and to Denmark; nor that there had been necessary three "verie great warrants for furnishings, viz, Bedds, sheets Blanketts, Hangings, Counterpoints, Carpetts"; nor that the King's Majesty's stable had been increased "much more than ever was."

A great increase in the Robes had been imperative, since warrants had had to be issued for clothing his Majesty, the queen, the prince,

the duke, the Lady Elizabeth, and little, short-lived Mary. Coaches, horse clothes, saddles, and other furniture had had to be increased. The trumpeters' banners which Elizabeth had only renewed once every four years were now made new every year; and finally, there had been warrants for great sums to be spent on the palaces at Oatlands, at Hinchinbroke, at Richmond, and at Greenwich. No mention was made of the fifty thousand pounds which had been made as free gifts to Scotsmen since 1608.

Salisbury made an excellent oration to the House of Commons on the subject of his fiscal troubles, speaking "most persuasively," but the House, which had met to present certain grievances of its own, was not much touched by the king's pecuniary difficulties, and did not at once vote to give him the money which he so much needed. Instead, they wrangled so long over the sum, and how it was to be procured, and what rights they were to be given in return, interlarded with such uncomplimentary speeches about Scotsmen, and Carr in particular, that James's patience reached the breaking point.

. . . We are sorry of our ill fortune in this country [he informed the Privy Council bitterly, in a genuinely bewildered letter] that having lived so long as we did in the Kingdom where we were born, we came out with an unstained reputation, without any grudge in the people's hearts but for wanting of us. Wherein we have misbehaved here we know not, nor we can never yet learn: but sure we are, that in all the Lower House these seven years past, especially these two last Sessions . . . our fame and actions have been tossed like tennis balls among them and all that spite and malice durst do to disgrace and infame us hath been used. To be short, this Lower House, by their behaviour have periled and annoyed our health, wounded our reputation, emboldened all ill-natured people, encroached upon many of our privileges and plagued our purse with their delays!

It was no use. The English would not swallow Carr, nor the other Scottish favorites of the king, into whose pockets they knew thousands of pounds were flowing. They would have none of James's compromises, and refused to take seriously his promises to abandon the

system of purveyance, which had been virtual robbery by Crown officials to take care of the Royal Household's needs. They sneered at his offers to cease levying taxes on merchandise, provided only, of course, that he might be allowed to keep such impositions as had already been in force. They voted him two hundred thousand pounds a year, and not a penny more! He, in his turn, refused to allow any reform in the ecclesiastical system or to permit Parliament in any way to control ecclesiastical courts. As Robin had remarked, why should these catiffs try to dictate to their prince? There the matter rested, neither side budging an inch.

Men in the Lower House dared to say openly that they were discomfited to see "monarchical power and regal prerogative strained so high, and made so transcendent every way." Even the Peers felt that if things went on as they were going, they would not be able "to leave to their successors that freedom which they had received from their forefathers, nor make account of any thing they had, longer than those who governed listed." The gift of "all manner freedom of joyous liberty" which Edward the Confessor, by the Grace of God, King of Englishmen, had bequeathed to the nation six centuries ago, seemed in real jeopardy.

In a spirit of uncomprehending and outraged enmity, James dissolved this first Parliament in February, 1611. In a spirit of independent and aggrieved rebelliousness, his Knights and Burgesses went home. Things had come to a pretty pass in England, indeed, when a lickspittle like Carr could influence the king against his own subjects, and when the only way to gain a word or even reach the outer chamber at Whitehall was to stand hat in hand before this upstart and speak him fair!

Safe behind the garden walls of Theobald's, James reconsidered the attitude of this Parliament and wondered. What had he actually done to antagonize his subjects to such a degree? Why did the English try to thwart him? He stroked Carr's cheek, and noticed the sparkle in the young man's eyes. He sighed, and pinched the firm young flesh. If he himself were only young again, and cast in a different mold. If he had only been able to carry himself with Carr's dash and assurance! How bravely he strutted, and yet how humbly and sub-

serviently he bent to receive his sovereign's commands! James felt that his only friend, his only true and loving friend in all the world was this young Scot, whom he had discovered by chance upon the tilting field.

The king rubbed the tips of his fingers together warily. He had taken to eschewing water lately, and contented himself with the slight friction of a dampened napkin, so that his hands were soft and smooth instead of redly chapped, as they had been. He would show those "caitiffs" in the House of Commons. He would silence the tongues of those who had tried to deprive him of his one dear friend. Strange that he should have forgotten the sad story of his once-beloved Esmé or his once-trusted Arran. There was no one bold enough to draw an unhappy parallel for him.

A month after his foes in Parliament had departed, Robert Carr was created a peer of the realm, at Whitehall. In a defiant flurry of ermine, gold, heralds, and crowns, he was made Viscount Rochester, with, of course, a seat in the House of Lords.

The Little Beagle was aghast at such proceedings. After he had done his best with the Lower House, and had tried to smooth matters over in all directions, the Scotsman who at first had seemed so docile and harmless had upset all his plans. What did the king think they were to do for money? How did the king think he could force the Viscount Rochester down English throats, when blasts of criticism and hatred had already roared about Carr's head? How could he reduce the debt, and what should he do about the new problems of government which had cropped up in always Catholic and stormy Ireland? These questions kept Salisbury from sleeping nights, but do not appear to have interfered seriously with the king's rest. He was exceedingly busy at the moment in designing a new and magnificent harness for his roan jennet. Let the Little Beagle think of some way out himself—he had always been good at wriggling out of difficulties.

It was not the Little Beagle, now suffering agonizing twinges of rheumatism, who succeeded in hitting upon a scheme which would net the Treasury nearly one hundred thousand pounds within three years. It was Carr, who argued: why not make knights' titles hereditary, provided, of course, the knights so honored could contribute heavily

enough? A hurried estimate was made of the number of knights in England of sufficiently exalted social standing, who had a clear income in land of a thousand pounds per annum. There were enough of them, it seemed, to make the scheme feasible, and with Salisbury's grudging consent, on the twenty-second of May, 1611, the first baronets in England were created, at a cost to them of £1080 apiece. The monies thus obtained were ostensibly for "defending and ameliorating the condition of the province of Ulster," but the rank of baronet continued to be bestowed long after Ulster's needs had passed. It turned out to be far too profitable, this little plan of Carr's, to be thrown into the discard.

The king, agreeable to any expedient which would help him out his money troubles, which he seemed to be forever unable to solve completely, obediently conferred the title of hereditary "Sir" upon seventy-six affluent gentlemen. That done, he thrust aside all other matters of importance, in order to devote part of his summer to reading the long-awaited translation of the Bible, upon which his forty-seven scholars had been laboring so faithfully.

He found that the work was satisfactory, and that the scholars had performed their task efficiently. For smoothness, for simplicity, for accurate detail, their Bible was far better than any he had ever seen—certainly it was a vast improvement over the Geneva edition which the beggarly Calvinists had issued. The ring of Mr. Miles Smith's preface in particular pleased him.

He sat at dinner at Theobald's, eating alone, as he preferred to do, and while his carver cut up his beef into sufficiently small pieces, the sound of that mellifluous prose was poured into his ears. Smug James Montagu, Bishop of Winton, dean of the Chapel Royal, may well have read it aloud to him: "To the Most High and Mighty Prince, James . . . the Translators of the Bible wish Grace, Mercy, and Peace, through JESUS CHRIST our Lord. . . ."

The king swallowed his beer from a wooden cup to which he had become ardently attached, and noted the sentiment with a smile. "Grace, Mercy and Peace." That was well turned, that phrase. Handing his hat to William Murray, he signaled the bishop to continue, while a dish of boiled capon was served.

"Great and manifold were the blessings, most dread Sovereign, which Almighty God, the Father of all mercies, bestowed upon us, the people of England, when first he sent Your Majesty's Royal Person to rule and reign over us."

James reached for a glass of the thick, sweet Frontignac which of all wines succeeded most swiftly in tickling his palate.

"They have done well, my Lord Bishop," he commented, "Ye may continue."

James Montagu's voice flowed on. ". . . the blessed continuance of the preaching of God's sacred Word . . . hath so bound and firmly knit the hearts of all Your Majesty's loyal and religious people unto You, that Your very name is precious among them: their eye doth behold You with comfort, and they bless You in their heart as that sanctified Person, who, under God, is the immediate author of their true happiness."

At last he had found appreciation. At last he had made at least some small section of England realize that he meant to do only what was good for the country, to conduct himself only in a manner which would reflect credit on himself, benefits to them, and glory to the God by whose divine Providence he had been born to ornament the throne of England. The bishop, accustomed to enlivening the king's meal-hours with religious conversation, read on:

There are infinite arguments of this right Christian and religious affection in Your Majesty; but none is more forcible to declare it to others than the vehement and perpetuated desire of accomplishing and publishing this work, which now, with all humility we present unto Your Majesty. . . . Your Majesty did never desist to urge and to excite those to whom it was commended, that the Work might be hastened and that the business might be expedited in so decent a manner as a matter of such importance might justly require. . . .

James, with a gesture to the gentleman server, indicated that the first course might be taken away, and three more dishes were placed before him.

"We hold it our duty," the bishop's unctuous voice continued,

“to offer it to Your Majesty, not only as to our King and Sovereign, but as to the principal mover and author of the Work . . . so learned and judicious a Prince as Your Highness is . . . the powerful protection of Your Majesty’s grace and favour, which will ever give countenance to honest and Christian endeavours against bitter censures and uncharitable imputations. . . .”

The bishop’s manner indicated that he was reaching the peroration.

“The Lord of heaven and earth bless Your Majesty with many and happy days; that, as his heavenly hand hath enriched Your Highness with many singular and extraordinary graces, so You may be the wonder of the world in this latter age for happiness and true felicity, to the honour of that great God, and the good of his Church, through Jesus Christ our Lord and only Saviour.”

This was one of the most satisfactory moments of his whole reign, James felt; this would almost repay him for the tossing of his fame and actions like tennis balls among the people.

“Ye may tell these scholars,” said James to the bishop, “that wheresoever the Bible shall be preached or read in the whole world, there shall also this that they have done be told in memorial of them.”

Reaching for the closely written sheets, he rose and left the room. The bishop bent his creaking joints, the gentleman server lowered his rosetted knees to the floor, and at the door a row of flunkies in red coats thickly gold-embroidered dropped on their knees, too. Sacrosanct majesty demanded reverence, in the person of this sniffing, bowlegged man with the reddish beard and already haunted eyes, eyes which in the last eight years had lost their twinkle of quizzical good humor and had begun to take on a tired, desperate look.

Trying to convince the English that the state of monarchy was the supremest thing on earth was turning out to be a task beyond his powers. Bolstering up his own shrinking spirit against the kind of reality which blew up kings with gunpowder and knifed them in their coaches (Henri IV of France had been stabbed to the heart by a Catholic fanatic only a year before) had drained what small store of zest the man had been able to bring with him across the Scottish border. He must have thought again, as he began to con the finished work of his toiling translators, how much he would have enjoyed labor-

ing with them, had God, of course, not called him to a higher and more difficult mission, giving him so many problems to solve, and heaping so many heavy troubles upon him.

For the Lord, it suddenly seemed, had made him a very Job in the inscrutability of His wisdom; and James felt that he wanted to cry out with that afflicted prophet, "I was not in safety, neither had I rest, neither was I quiet; yet trouble came."

Under his very nose, his cousin, the Lady Arabella, whom he had treated so kindly in the way of pensions, and who next after Anna and Elizabeth was the most highly honored lady at court, had just committed a most unpardonable offense. She had, without asking the king's permission, in fact in the utmost secrecy, after promising not to do so, married a Mr. William Seymour. James shuddered as he thought of it; for Arabella was next in line, after his children, for the English throne, since her father had been Darnley's younger brother, and her descent from Henry VII was as straight as James's own. Of all the young men in England, Mr. William Seymour was the most unsuitable husband for her, since he was one of the heirs of that family of Suffolks to whom Henry VIII had willed his crown. Together this Seymour and Arabella might make a pretty pair of pretenders, if they should fall into the hands of any unscrupulous plotters prepared to back their claims.

James blanched at the possibility, and, upon learning that they had actually been made man and wife, he entered upon the role of heavy villain. Seymour, an inoffensive and rather scholarly young man of twenty-three, was clapped into the Tower. Arabella, by this time a fading woman of thirty-five, with not much style about her, and inclined to be a little on the goody-goody side, was put in the custody of Sir Thomas Parry at Lambeth. The thwarted lovers (whose affection no doubt flamed brighter because of their persecution) continued to correspond. James swore a great oath, and sent Arabella north under the care of his lusty friend, Toby Matthews, Bishop of Durham. But misery and pining (and a conscious effort to appear as pitiable as possible?) had so sapped Arabella's strength that she was unable to make the journey, and she was confined, instead, by James's orders, at Barnet, in custody of another trusty knight. This guardian could not have

been eternally vigilant, for Arabella eluded him easily. Like any story-book heroine, she put on man's clothes, and escaped in disguise to Blackwall, where she had arranged to have a boat waiting which should take her to a French vessel, where Seymour should meet her. By a heartbreaking series of blunders, the lovers were destined to be separated forever. Through a mistaken signal, Arabella's boat was forced to sail without her husband. He left on another ship for France; James's spies caught up with the lady's vessel; and it all ended most miserably, with Arabella in the Tower, more dead than alive, and Seymour exiled on the Continent.

The whole episode was discussed from one end of England to the other. Many people felt that James was being unjust, and that, as Mr. John More wrote to Sir Ralph Winwood, British Resident at the Hague, "the danger was not like to have been very great, in regard that their Pretentions are so many degrees removed, and they ungraceful both in their persons and Houses."

But the king was "filled with fearful imaginations," and even Henry, who had been a kind friend to his cousin Arabella, was inclined to think that as Seymour's wife she forfeited any claim to Stuart clemency. For four years she languished in the Tower, finally dying of some brain disorder. For three hundred years sentimentalists have wept over her unhappy plight and her cruel treatment. Ballads have painted sorrowful pictures:

*Where London's tower its turrets show,
So stately by the Thames's side,
Fair Arabella, child of woe,
For many a day had sat and sighed.
And as she heard the waves arise
And as she heard the bleak winds roar,
As fast did heave her heartfelt sighs,
And still so fast her tears did pour!*

Fair Arabella, child of woe, had hit James in his most vulnerable spot—the security of his seat upon the throne and the certainty of Henry's succession. Privately, he must have thought her a stupid woman. Publicly, he ignored her existence.

But now the Lord had other trials in store for him, so severe as to obliterate misguided female cousins entirely from his mind.

By the beginning of 1612 it was plain that the Little Beagle could no longer follow the scent so keenly, and would shortly have to be relieved of his arduous and successful hunting in domestic, financial, and foreign fields. Not only was his rheumatism growing worse, but my Lord of Salisbury was showing a marked tendency toward dropsy.

He was continually in pain, and so weak that the very gravest fears began to spread abroad. James visited him twice during this illness, and told the physicians, upon their heads, to be careful of him. No one was to speak to him for four days upon any business whatsoever. His Little Beagle had begun to grow irksome during the latter years, and interfered upon occasion with James's expressed opinions; but he was still the king's most useful servant, and James was aghast at the possibility of having to do without him. Even Anna, stirred out of her ignorance of politics and state affairs, went down to Kensington to see him, to let the light of her sharp countenance shine upon him.

They had not always been too friendly, the great statesman and the queen. Salisbury's boring eye had quickly stripped the mask of her creamy complexion from the emptiness of her mind. Upon one occasion he had accused her of loving nobody but dead pictures in a paltry gallery. She had answered truly and sarcastically that she was more contented amongst those harmless pictures than his lordship with all his great employments in fair rooms, all things considered. Anna's intelligence had not waxed with the years, but her native Danish shrewdness never left her. She knew that it would be hopeless to try to mingle in the affairs which kept James and Salisbury occupied; she knew that the one regarded her lovingly, tolerantly, dutifully, and with boredom, as his wife, and the other looked upon her as a plaything which must be maintained at England's expense.

With good sense and a degree of adaptability slightly surprising in the shrew who had worked herself into hysterics over the Earl of Mar, she had adjusted herself to the kind of life her husband and England's first statesman expected her to lead—a pretty, useless, and frivolous existence. It suited her own nature to do so, and if she spent

too much money on clothes, jewels, and masques, had not James just given ten thousand pounds to the smirking, blond Rochester?

For the moment it seemed that Salisbury would regain some part of his old energy and health under this royal benignity; but then the old trouble came back, and late in April, as a last resort, his physicians ordered him to the waters at Bath. At first the change appeared to do him good, but shortly it became apparent to all that England's Lord Treasurer and Secretary was in his mortal illness.

Salisbury suddenly resolved that he would return to London; there he had spent most of his busy life; there he could, with his failing hands, gather up such threads as he alone knew needed knotting. Before he left, Sir James Hay arrived from the king and queen, to deliver a handsome diamond set in an exquisite gold ring, together with a message of affection. Another messenger came from the prince. Even these tokens of the highest favor could not save him, nor keep life in his feeble body until he reached his office. He died at Marlborough on the twenty-fourth of May, after having made a good Christian end, leaving England all but leaderless, and James without a single first-class mind to help him.

There was Rochester, of course; but with all his quiet deference and tactful pleasantries, with all Overbury's skillful guidance behind the scenes, no one could pretend, not even the king, that his dear Robin could step into Salisbury's shoes. The opportunistic Scot had had a glamorous opportunity to learn statesmanship—by this time letters from foreign correspondents and diplomats were passing through his hands, and there was no state policy which the king did not discuss with him. He had been awarded a place on the Privy Council a short time before Salisbury's death, but that did not endow him with Salisbury's brain, vast experience, and shrewd, cold judgment.

"The wise Carr," wrote Mr. John Barlee, a canny reporter of court news, to an ambitious friend, "is a counsellor of State to his Majesty, being thought fit at five and twenty. I pray you keep your heart cool and your stomach unbuttoned, that it set you not afire with noble emulation. He is also a Knight of the Garter; God be thanked he hath learned the lesson how in grace and virtue to proceed!"

Robert Cecil's wizened body was interred at Hatfield in the pres-

ence of Nobility, but not of Royalty (James had never liked funerals, nor the horrific black accoutrements of death). An earldom for his son, and a somewhat checkered reputation he left behind him. He had been faithful; he had been conscientious; but he had been receiving a pension from Spain, his country's hereditary enemy, for years, and he had the name of being friendly only to those men whom he could use. In a day when tempers were hot, Salisbury had been remarkable for his chilly, analytic turn of mind, an asset incalculably valuable to both Elizabeth and James. Where was the man who could take his place?

Salisbury was hardly buried before a swarm of candidates for the secretaryship began to buzz about the king. Secretly a little appalled at the enormity of the task, James announced that in the present distraction he would make no haste to nominate any. He was skilled in the craft himself, he remarked, and till he was thoroughly weary, would execute it in person.

Secretary, to him, meant writing letters and directing diplomats. Surely, with Robin to help, he would be able to do that better than all the other half-baked scribes pressing their claims upon him.

The Lord Treasurer's post, since no sane man in England wished to take upon himself the responsibility of keeping the king supplied with money, would obviously go a-begging. The one way out of the difficulty was to appoint a commission of six peers to do what Salisbury had done single-handed. The Earls of Northampton, Suffolk, and Worcester, the Lords Zouch and Wotton, and Sir Julius Caesar, chancellor of the exchequer, were none of them financial great lights, but they would have to do the best they could for the time being.

James had no intention of allowing too great a weight of business to interfere with the plans for his annual summer progress through the choice parks and deer-stocked forests of Leicestershire.

It was awkward to have to do without an experienced councilor at this juncture, for Salisbury, with his last strength, had succeeded in staving off all Catholic alliances, and had fished up a bridegroom from among the smaller German principalities for the Princess Elizabeth, now a grown-up young lady of sixteen. Negotiations had been opened with the young Palsgrave Frederick, Elector Palatine of the Rhine, ruler over what is today a small section of upper Bavaria, a prince

satisfactorily Protestant and politically important. He was a nephew of the Duke of Bouillon, leader of the French Protestants, and akin to various other potent and anti-Catholic princes.

Frederick, dark-eyed and sixteen, arrived in September to inspect his bride, and be inspected in turn by his future parents-in-law. James took to the young man instantly, and Henry, who was elated at having turned off all Spanish overtures, found his new brother-in-law to be a manly fellow, with a countenance pleasing, "promising both wit, courage and judgment." Anna, incensed at the audacity of a mere Count Palatine offering to marry the daughter of the king (and queen) of England, sniffed audibly; when Frederick was brought into the royal presence to pay his respects, she rudely "entertained him with a fixed countenance." For the King of England to marry his only daughter to anybody less than a king—well, really! Anna was determined to snub young Frederick at every opportunity.

But all her airs and all her poutings and icy glances past his left ear were useless. Elizabeth, looking prettier than she had ever done in her life, in her looped satin robes and pearls, fell in love with Frederick on the spot. And he, when she had raised him from his knees and prevented him from kissing the hem of her skirt, forthwith kissed her on the lips and dropped fathoms deep in love.

Brother Henry, and the stout Germans in Frederick's train, were astonished. The princely visitor turned his back upon running at the ring, tennis, riding, and all the manly sports which had been arranged for him, "delighting only in the conversation of this lady." The English court grew quite sentimental over the romance, and a strange air of German family unity and *Gemütlichkeit* seemed to envelop Whitehall. There was only one flaw, one dark spot upon the whole silver horizon of Elizabeth's happiness, and her father's complacency. Henry, the prince, was obviously not well. In the last few months he had been growing paler and paler, thinner and thinner, with frequent violent nosebleeds. Although he made a determined effort to play affable host to the palsgrave, it was apparent to everyone who knew him, including his parents, that he was urging himself through the motions of hospitality, obviously feverish and unwell. His usually placid disposition and great restraint (nothing, this young paragon once

remarked, was worth an oath) gave way to a peevish irritability and stony absent-mindedness; until finally, on the twenty-fifth of October, he became so very ill that he was forced to take to his bed.

Nobody thought that the malady would be fatal, since the prince had always been a robust, healthy young man; but close observers, noting his Highness' "ghastly rowling uncouth looks" and dead sunk eyes, began to agitate for a consultation of the best physicians. James sent Dr. Theodore Mayerne, his own chief physician, and Master Nasmith, his surgeon, around to St. James. There seemed to be some disagreement among those learned men of science whether to bleed the prince or not. For the present it was decided to ply him with cooling cordials and wait results, meantime labeling his ailment a tertian ague, and laying it to Henry's pernicious habit of swimming after dinner and walking in the damp night dews.

On the eighth day of his sickness, he was visited by his entire family—James, Anna, Elizabeth and her Frederick, and little Charles, who looked on the wasted form of his brother with terror. They all observed that Henry was very ill indeed, and the next day James sent another doctor around, famous for his learning, practice, and honesty. Later he visited the sickroom again, repugnant as physical unpleasantness always was to him. He seems to have offered the only sensible suggestion for making the delirious young man more comfortable. He commanded his son to be removed to a larger and more quiet chamber, and forbade visitors. Up to that time every man and woman who could claim the slightest acquaintance with Henry or his retinue had tried to squeeze into the sickroom for a sight of England's heir tossing on his bed and mumbling insanities through his swollen lips.

The doctors argued bleeding, pro and con, and finally drew eight ounces of blood from his arm. Poor Henry's head was shaved, and cloven pigeons and cocks were applied, the first to his head and the second to his feet.

It was all to no purpose. The Prince of Wales, tossing and muttering, plucking at the bedclothes, and undoubtedly in extremis, was smitten with one of the early authentic cases of typhoid fever on

record, on top of what was probably an active tuberculosis, against which seventeenth-century medicine had no remedy.

James, after a last look at his eldest's distorted countenance, retired to Theobald's, there to await the awful news. No tongue, it was reported, "could express his sorrow, nor describe his wonderful heaviness." It sounds incomprehensible, but Anna also left the dying boy, and went home to Somerset House. From there she wrote to Sir Walter Raleigh, urging him to send her a certain cordial which he knew how to make, said to be good for fevers. In his rooms in the Tower that obliging prisoner did actually concoct some of the stuff for the prince, and had the satisfaction of knowing that the desperate doctors, after tasting and sniffing the potion themselves, really administered a small dose of it to dying Henry.

This awful catastrophe fell heaviest on Elizabeth, who next to her new-found Frederick, had loved Henry the most dearly of all her family. She had tried again and again to see him during the last days of his illness, only to be shut out by fear of contagion. It was but bitter comfort to her to learn that her brother's last words before he died had been, "Where is my dear Sister?"

At first England was struck dumb. People could not grasp the fact that their hope and joy, the lusty Prince Henry, had been taken from them; then England went mad with grief, and England's soil was literally soaked with tears. Not since Henry VIII had been in the heyday of his energetic, manly youth had there been such a hopeful heir to the English throne.

Although he had been in England for only half of his short life, he had succeeded in capturing the essence of Englishness. He had interested himself in the Navy, he had declared himself an uncompromising enemy to Spain, and a mortal foe to any Catholic alliances. In their fantastic eulogies of him, Englishmen forgot that he had also been headstrong and saturated with his father's notions about the prerogatives of royalty. The *Basilikon Doron* had sunk deeply into his boyish mind. He believed that God had ordained him for a throne, as fervently as he had taken to heart the words, "be careful to prefer none, as ye will be answerable to God, but only for their worthiness."

What was his father thinking of to let this "start-up," Robert

Carr, worm his way into English government? What had become of the naive and kindly parent who had told him in that amazing book to choose his servants only from men of noblest blood?

Henry had the kind of mind which at once saw a sharp dividing line between right and wrong. Rochester he knew was wrong. With all the influence he could bring to bear, he had slowly begun to form an opposition party to his father's new companion. Rumors began to fly about the inner court like slimy bats: Henry had fallen in love with Frances Howard, Lady Essex, that beautiful, bewitching, immoral little flirt, who openly loathed her sedate, boyish husband. . . . Rochester had fallen in love with her, too, and the young men were at dagger's points over this English Circe. . . . Lady Essex was trying to poison her husband (there seems to have been some truth in this). . . . Lady Essex had turned Henry down for Rochester. . . . Rochester was trying to poison the prince. . . . Rochester and the king were trying to poison the prince. . . . When Henry actually died in pain and fever . . . Rochester and the king *had* poisoned the prince. At this distance, it is not difficult to separate truth from falsehood. Henry may indeed have felt his heart beat more impulsively when Fanny Howard turned her long-lashed eyes upon him. Fanny Howard certainly felt *her* heart pound beneath her plump smooth breasts when Rochester gave her one of his dazzling smiles. But as for the poisoning, that was a base canard, and a horrible slander upon an affectionate, if negligent, parent. Fevers, and illnesses generally, were so terrifying to the seventeenth-century mind, with medical science still in its infancy; there were so many mysteries on every hand, so many black arts being practiced, such occult powers waiting to pounce on mankind, that men who knew the manner of the prince's death at once began to grope for the reasons behind his shocking demise. Nothing was proved; nothing more substantial than dark and stinging gossip could be laid against Rochester.

The country at large heard little of these court suspicions. They laid the blame on God. They felt that the Lord had smitten them almost more heavily than could be borne, that their rising sun had set ere scarce he had shone, as the Earl of Dorset wrote, and their glory lay buried.

On the Monday following Henry's death, James left Theobald's, to go to Kensington, with his grief. He could not yet fully realize the fact, and it was painful to think of his son's tragic death in relation to any of its implications. And still he must have reflected how untimely it was, with Elizabeth's marriage about to be celebrated. That Henry should die at all; that his stalwart body, which he had carried so actively into all kinds of sports, was now but an inert bit of matter which would soon return to the dust from whence it sprung; that this personality, of which James had stood somewhat in awe, should be extinct; that his soul—James felt a little comfort at the thought that he had brought his son up strictly in the true Episcopal faith—that his soul was unquestionably with God.

What should he do about the marriage? What would become of the skillful machinations he and Rochester had set on foot for Henry's nuptials? Charles was so young . . . but, then, the Infanta of Spain was young, too. What would become . . . ? James moaned and turned over in his bed at Kensington. He would have to leave this hateful place, too. The wind seemed to blow through the walls, and little shafts of cold played about his aching limbs. The great toe on his right foot in particular sent twinges of hot pain to add to the twinges of grief, annoyance, and bewilderment that kept him from his rest.

Early in December the prince was interred in Westminster. Prince Charles was Chief Mourner, in a procession which took four hours to marshal, with Frederick, so soon to be a bridegroom, close upon his heels (it might be noted that the Viscount Rochester was not present). They followed the coffin into the abbey, to the sound of doleful music, while at the same time grief-stricken congregations thronged into churches draped in mourning, to bear testimony to their love for Henry and their sorrow at his passing.

The king was at Royston upon that day; and the next, moved back to Theobald's where, after all, he could find more ease than in any other house. Anna kept to her chamber at Somerset House, ostensibly afflicted with the same kind of shooting pains in her extremities which had plagued James but which must not be called the gout.

She had not attended the funeral of her son; she would not come to the betrothal ceremonies of her daughter. Elizabeth was only

plighting her troth to a petty German palsgrave, and that within three weeks of the day when Henry's effigy, resplendent in robes and crown, had been carried into Westminster on top of his coffin. It is a commentary on the personal as well as the ceremonial isolation of the royal family that the latter absence was considered the more serious breach of etiquette.

Elizabeth herself was too heartbroken to care whether her mother came to her engagement party or not. It seemed so wrong, so heartless to play a joyful role when her grief pressed down so crushingly upon her. But a king's daughter, as she knew without being told, never consulted her own heart; and she appeared for the betrothal in a black velvet gown embroidered with silver, her cheeks quite white and wan beneath the white plumes nodding from her headdress, "making her own mixture of joy and mourning."

Her father, sitting in state under a crimson canopy, with his robes heavy upon him and his right foot sparkling in pain, smiled at her, and tried to look as if he were not in the worst possible humor.

The actual marriage ceremony was set for the following Valentine's Day. James, in spite of being more poverty-stricken than usual, could not afford to marry off his only daughter without a tremendous splurge of jewels, fireworks, masques, presents, and tiltings. Elizabeth, whose heart was still heavy with grief, stood for hours having her cloth-of-silver wedding gown fitted—it had heavily jeweled sleeves—to her immature little figure, while her mother sat by and made disparaging remarks about the bridegroom. Anna was determined at any cost to dislike Frederick. The Water Poet, John Taylor, was engaged to concoct a wonderful panorama of sea-fights and fireworks to be performed on the Thames. Since Ben Jonson was abroad, Dr. Campion's useful substitute pen was employed contriving an entertainment replete with the usual gods, goddesses and hymns to Hymen.

The fireworks did not come off quite as brilliantly as had been expected—one of the floating castles on the Thames, which was to have been besieged, was pulled down because so many had been hurt in its rehearsal, and a masque that was to be brought to Whitehall by water suffered because the tide "fell out very contrary and the company was very unruly."

But these slight hitches were not allowed to interfere with the gaiety, nor with the display of such breathtaking masterpieces of the dressmakers' art as would have made Elizabeth's pearl-encrusted crimson satins look seedy. Sir John Finnett, master of ceremonies, described the bravery and riches of that day as incomparable. "Gold and silver laid upon lords', ladies' and gentlemen's backs," he wrote, awestruck, "was the poorest burthen: pearls and costly embroideries being the commonest wear."

Even poor Arabella Stuart in the Tower, hearing some faint echo of the excitement through the gray walls that kept her prisoner, ordered four pathetic new frocks and decked herself out in solitary finery upon her cousin's wedding day.

On February 14, Elizabeth, with her hair hanging down her back, was led to the altar between the two ranking bachelors of the realm—her thirteen-year old brother Charles, and that inveterate courtier of seventy-three, the Earl of Northampton. The queen put the best face she could upon her dislike of the entire business, and condescended to appear in a panoply of jewels which was valued by swift calculators among the attending nobility at four hundred thousand pounds. The king, who wore a most sumptuous black suit, had managed to hang (at his own estimate) at least another five hundred thousand pounds worth of diamonds, rubies, pearls, and emeralds upon a figure which was becoming noticeably more portly, so that between them James and Anna might have paid off the national debt with ease: a thought which naturally never occurred to them.

After James had given the bride in marriage, and the Garter Principal King at Arms had proclaimed the titles of the two principals, wafers and hippocras, the traditional marriage wine, laced with sugar and spices, was partaken of by the guests. The festivities had wearied the bride's parents considerably, so they allowed the young people to attend a state dinner in a new banqueting room at Whitehall, put up for the occasion, and went to their lodgings. But James was particular to inquire of the palsgrave next morning if he were indeed a true son-in-law, and expressed great satisfaction upon learning that he was. Popular comment had esteemed him "somewhat too young and small timbered" for his task.

It had been planned to give Elizabeth several months in England after the marriage, so that she might enjoy to the full the fabulously lavish entertainments planned in her honor. But by the fourteenth of March nearly £50,000 had been spent, out of a treasury which could not withstand the strain, and it was decided to cut the revels short and send the royal pair on to Heidelberg, Frederick's capital, as swiftly as was decent.

"We devise all means we can to cut off expense," wrote Mr. Chamberlain to Sir Ralph Winwood, ambassador to the Hague, "and not without cause, being come *ad fundum* [to the bottom] and to the very lees of our best liquor."

A fleet was scrambled together, the doddering Nottingham, Lord High Admiral of England, superintended the embarking, and finally upon the twenty-fifth of April, Elizabeth and her husband set sail for Germany, attended by eight English ships and pinnaces.

Anna had so far relented toward the palsgrave that she treated him with courtesy, and almost with affection, during their farewells. James, with a tired smile, assured him of his eternal devotion and support. Even though Henry was no longer there to make England home for her, Elizabeth felt a qualm of homesickness as she saw the little town of Margate fade into the distance.

Her father and mother had not waited until the ship finally weighed anchor. They were already resting at the Viscount Rochester's castle, relaxing after the strain of marrying off their only daughter. His thoughtful Robin, and Robin's shadow, Sir Thomas Overbury, were most considerate in seeing that the king was not disturbed with business for a few days. James ran his fingers through the Scotsman's fair curls, and sighed with relief.

XI. WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?

IT BEGAN with an object as seemingly innocent as a nutmeg; and it ended with the permanent removal of Robin's pink cheeks from under James's stroking fingers. Rochester's fall from grace hurt the king as any man would have been hurt whose best and dearest friend had proved unworthy; but the story of that fall agitated England as nothing had done since the threat of the Armada.

Perhaps James was too engrossed in coaching twelve-year-old Charles for his approaching Confirmation to notice how preoccupied and distraught Rochester had been since the departure of the Lady Elizabeth; or perhaps this Robin, with that meek amiability with which he had won James's heart, succeeded in covering up his state of mind from the man who showed so plainly how much he depended on his young friend's love and devotion.

Robin was young. Robin was handsome. He was sought after and so powerful that his lodgings could easily be recognized by the swarm of fawning suitors who waited on his doorstep for one word, one small favor from the puissant Rochester. Would it be natural for such a darling of fortune to be always content with the society of a middle-aged man who was not too careful in his dress and not too meticulous about his person? Would his young ears be always attuned to the pearls of religious wisdom which fell from James's lips so frequently, or give constant access to the dialectic monologue of the royal pedant?

The king's ego craved the young man's attentions so piteously that it apparently never occurred to him that Robin might conceivably need another and more exciting outlet for his emotions. As it happened, he did, although he managed to cloak his private predilections from his master long after the nutmeg had begun to take effect.

This innocuous spice had been sent to him by none other than Lady Frances Essex, daughter of the Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Suffolk, grand-niece of slippery old Northampton, pouting wife of the stodgy Robert Devereux, the same audacious flirt whose name gossip had coupled with Prince Henry's.

Frances had never liked her husband. When he came back after a European tour to claim her for a wife (they had been married so young that it was thought best for him to complete his education before he set up as a benedict), she had treated him abominably, refusing to go to his country house with him or to live with him as a true wife should. She not only loathed him for his lackluster eyes and pompous virtue; she wished ardently to be rid of him, especially now that in his absence she had fallen head over heels, heart and soul, passionately and evilly in love with Rochester.

For all her flashing beauty and gay abandon, the Lady Frances was not the innocent English beauty that she looked. She was blatantly irreligious, palpably selfish, neurotic, a little unbalanced, and already in her teens, bondwoman to the devil. It seems fantastic, but it has been proven to be true: The highborn daughter of one of England's noblest earls had almost from childhood had traffic with necromancers, astrologers, witches and soothsayers.

Her first thought when she discovered that Essex was determined to make her live with him was poison; and there were plenty of shady characters in London who would aid her in administering it. A certain Mrs. Turner, widow of a doctor of physics, helped her to make the acquaintance of a notorious quack named Dr. Forman, who obligingly provided her with a means not only to spirit her spouse out of the world, but to make Rochester fall in love with her. Either Essex and Robin were exceptionally tough, or the doctor's knowledge was faulty. In spite of repeated doses of powders, and burning of images and incantations, her husband continued to live, and Rochester, at the beginning no more attracted to her than to any other aristocratic little flirt, continued to treat her politely but coolly.

Frances was burning with unrequited love and pent-up hate. She gave jewels, money, promises of protection to Mrs. Turner and the doctor, and at last prevailed upon him to make a little leaden image of

Rochester making love to her, and to arrange for a special enchanted nutmeg to be put into his wine. Behold! One sip of that miraculous potion, and his heart began to turn toward Frances. From the very day of its introduction to his palate, he began to return Frances' kisses with something like her own ardor and intensity, and shortly had capitulated completely to her passion. He met her in a secluded lodging in Pater-noster Row. He went to her at Mrs. Turner's house in Hammersmith. His days began to be filled with thoughts of her, and his nights with passionate lovemaking. His shadow and secretary, Thomas Overbury, was not only called upon to make up for Robin's protracted absences from court and business, but was also set to writing love letters—an occupation for which he showed considerably more aptitude than the uneducated young Scot.

At first Overbury had lent his talents to this odd task tolerantly, with his tongue in his cheek. He knew all about Frances Essex, and what manner of immoral shrew she was; it really never occurred to him that Rochester could be serious. But when Robin told him that he was considering helping Frances get a divorce from that loutish Essex, Overbury was aghast.

"My Lord!" he cried, "If you do marry that filthy base woman, you will utterly overthrow all the king's favors and honours. You shall never do it by my advice or consent, and if you persist, I desire you to let me have my portion due, and let me shift for myself."

The blood rushed to Robin's cheeks. This upstart had been getting entirely too cocky of late, and too presumptuous.

"My own legs are straight enough to carry me!" he retorted, and flung away in anger. He did not realize that those straight legs had made his fortune and could as quickly ruin him.

Annoyed by Overbury's warning, he was tactless enough to repeat this conversation to Frances. Overbury, also angered, recklessly published a poem entitled "The Wife," which applied all too aptly to Robin's enamorata. The dullest reader could not help linking her name with such lines as

*Birth, less than beauty, shall my reason blind.
Her birth goes to my children, not to me:*

*Rather had I that active gentry find,
Virtue, than passive from her ancestry;
Rather in her alive one virtue see,
Than all the rest dead in her pedigree.*

This was enough to heat Frances' volatile emotions to the boiling point.

The very day that the king and queen went to see Princess Elizabeth depart for Germany, the Lady Essex sent for a gentleman in Anna's retinue named Sir David Wood to come to her private apartment. Sir David, she knew, harbored feelings anything but kindly toward Rochester and Overbury, because they had denied his suit for preferment.

"You have received much wrong from this Overbury, as I understand," she said, coming directly to the point, "and you are, as I see, a gentleman who can revenge himself."

The poor knight, a trifle bewildered at this flattery and the sharp insistence of the great lady with whom he dealt, admitted that he was.

"Then," said the gentle daughter of the Howards, "I would advise you to take that revenge. It will bring you a thousand pounds and protection from your enemies."

Sir David hesitated.

"I had meant to bastinado Sir Thomas," he admitted, "but as for the other, I would be loath to hazard going to Tyburn upon a woman's word."

Frances refused to be frustrated. She hurled herself into her coach and galloped straight to her old uncle, the Lord Privy Seal. Yes, the Earl of Northampton agreed, this fellow Overbury was overreaching himself in insulting a daughter of the Howards, and something should be done about him. He knew too much; he talked too much; he was entirely too deep in Robin's confidence; he was altogether undesirable. The earl also had heard, he added, that Essex and Frances were not exactly cooing turtle doves, and that their marital antipathy might lead to a divorce—of course, it would please him mightily to have his niece become the wife of so eminent a nobleman as Rochester, but on what ground did Robin think Lady Frances' marriage might conceivably be dissolved?

On the grounds of nullity, said Lady Frances.

Frances' old Uncle Harry stroked his beard and said nothing. He would go to Rochester and get this fellow Overbury safely out of the way, at least until the divorce was over. If Overbury told what he (and Uncle Harry, too) knew to be a certain fact—that Rochester was Lady Frances' lover, it would certainly be impossible for her to charge Essex with impotency and declare she was a virgin in proof of it.

Robin was quite ready to listen to Uncle Harry. Overbury's discourses and upbraidings were "sounding something harshly" in his ears, and his affection for his former friend was becoming "a little nettled." He welcomed Northampton's suggestion that they fabricate a pretext to put Overbury in the Tower and keep him there until he learned to curb his tongue.

Since the nutmeg had done its work so well, he was on fire to prove his love for the Earl of Essex' wife, and to let no impediment stand in the way of his welcoming her to his own bed, legally, as quickly as might be. Frances' eyes were so bright, her arms were so soft, the curled tresses of her hair smelt so provokingly of perfume. . . . Without further ado, he went to the king and asked him to send Sir Thomas Overbury on a mission abroad.

James, in all innocence, listened to Robin, and remembered that both he and Anna had found Overbury a charming young fellow when he was first made a server to the king, but that lately the man had been overbearing in his manners. There had even been a piece of gossip floating about which said that Rochester ruled the king, Overbury ruled Rochester: a process of logic that made Overbury greater than the king. By all means, get him out of the country.

On the twenty-first of April, 1613, the chancellor, Lord Ellesmere, and William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, one of James's most conscientious Privy Councilors, offered Overbury the embassy to France, to the Low Countries, or to Muscovy. To their surprise, Sir Thomas answered that he was not capable of such employment for want of language, nor able to undergo it by reason of his weakness, being so exceedingly troubled with the spleen that if he had a long letter to write, he was feign to give over.

"I am, therefore, my good Lords," said he, "not fit to attend any

business, as in accepting this office I must be forced to do. It is alleged that his Majesty intends this for my good and preferment, but I would not leave my country for any preferment in the world."

My Lords of Pembroke and Ellsmere could hardly believe their ears. What! A nobody like this refuse an embassy? They had no way of knowing at the moment that *it was upon Rochester's advice* Sir Thomas answered as he did. Robin had patched up his differences with Overbury immediately after that pregnant conversation with Uncle Harry.

"I will warn you," he had told his secretary, "that the king intends offering you an ambassage. Refuse it! I shall not be able to perform such kindness to your advantage, as having you with me; and if you be blamed or committed for it, care not, I will quickly free you from all harm."

James fumed and stuttered when Overbury's refusal was brought to him.

"I cannot," he complained to his Privy Council, "obtain so much of a gentleman and one of my servants as to accept of an honorable employment from me." This Overbury was an ingrate, and would have to be dealt with sharply. That very same night the king ordered him to be committed to the Tower and guarded closely.

During this swift incarceration, Rochester complained of feeling ill, and took to his chamber. The sentiment in court circles was that he was to be pitied for having lost his servant under such unpleasant circumstances, and that perhaps Overbury's contumely might come home to him, Rochester, in a way that was anything but agreeable.

The king soon scotched that rumor. He told the Privy Council that he meant my Lord of Rochester more grace and favor daily, as should be seen in a short time; and that he took more delight and contentment in his company and conversation than in any man's living.

In many ways, this blond weakling had been truly a ray of sunshine in James's life—a warming gleam of gold in an otherwise gelid existence. Charles was too young, and Anna, too, unsatisfactory. It was not that any especially bad feeling had come between them; indeed, they sent each other touching inquiries about each other's health, beginning "My heart," and enjoyed hunting together occasionally. When Anna accidentally shot Jewel, James's favorite hound, he was kindness itself, and

to show that he bore her no grudge, he sent her a diamond worth considerable money, as a legacy from his dead dog, and then gave her the palace at Greenwich. But the king found that the advice he had given Henry in the *Basilikon Doron* worked out best in the long run—"Teach her never to be curious in things that belong her not," and "Suffer her never to meddle with the politic government of the Commonwealth." Since that unfortunate episode in Henry's babyhood, he had never felt that he could trust her completely, and indeed had never wanted to make her his *alter ego*. He understood women too little, and liked them too little, to feel for any of them the genuine and pathetic love which he heaped on his Robin, who had nothing but a pretty face and symmetrical body, an amiable disposition, and a natural desire to please, for recommendation.

But where else could James pour out the affection which, being a Stuart, insisted upon welling up in his poor old heart, and which had to be lavished on someone? Forty-seven years is not senile, according to modern standards, but James's arteries and his disposition were far older than his actual years. The first were degenerating as a result of injudicious diet and hygiene; the second had become inelastic because of a lifelong failure to achieve unalloyed success in either large or small undertakings.

He could have been saved another serious blow to his already benumbed sensibilities if someone could have rolled back the years and bid him remember Esmé and Arran. James still spoke the Scottish tongue, and wrote "qu" for "w" in the Scottish style, but the turmoils of his youth and early manhood seemed to have dropped out of his conscious memory. He gazed at Rochester with fatuous affection, and laid an arm over the shoulder of his blue satin doublet with a gesture of love and familiarity. Let no one think that because Robin's friend had been false, Robin himself should suffer.

The handsome viscount certainly did not suffer because of any change in the royal attitude; but he was prey to a hideous uneasiness just the same. Frances was urging the divorce more and more hotly, and that in spite of the awful mutterings somewhere down in the slums of London, which came from a "certain wise woman" who had stolen a jewel from Frances, been "apprehended and clapt up," and was retaliat-

ing by telling all and sundry that the lady in the case was full of diverse strange questions and projects; *and that she dealt with her for the making away of her Lord, as aiming at another mark.*

This menacing babbling was hushed up and kept from James's ears as far as possible. He was busy, for the nonce, with a sermon preached on Easter Tuesday by a Mr. Scott, and took some time to defend the clergyman against the suspicions of the Privy Council, which had taken an agitated exception to the text of the sermon, "Beware of Men." The Lord Privy Seal was particularly perturbed, and asked the man categorically if any allusions to him were meant. It would seem that Uncle Harry, as well as Rochester, was beginning to feel uneasy.

Sir Thomas, in the Tower, was not preserving that peaceful demeanor which would have made them all so much more comfortable. He showered Rochester with letters, demanding to know when he would be released. He cajoled, he threatened, he pleaded. At last the viscount, who had been trying to pacify the prisoner with fair words, sent him a white powder to swallow, which would make him sick, but "fear not," he comforted him, "I will make this a means for your delivery and for the recovery of your health." This was a popular means of winning clemency for prisoners and was presumably done in good faith.

The powder did certainly upset Sir Thomas' stomach, to such an extent that for several days he could hardly eat; and then, upon the order of physicians kindly sent by Rochester, he was restricted to a soothing diet of jellies and broths, beneficently donated by Lady Frances. It was remarkable, but these delicacies, instead of helping him to regain his health, only made him worse, so that by the middle of June, after two months' confinement and still no succor from Robin, he had lost much strength.

He was really too weak during July to take any interest in what was happening beyond the Tower walls; and so closely guarded by Sir Gervase Elwys, the new Lieutenant of the Tower, and an under-goaler named Weston, sent especially to tend him, that no whisper from him marred the divorce proceedings of the right noble Frances, Lady Essex, against Robert, Earl of Essex, her husband.

The king was a little puzzled by this divorce. If Essex had really

never been a husband to Frances and there was no possibility of her ever having children by him, she might be free to marry elsewhere; but as Head of the Church, it was most dangerous for him to encourage the loosing of marriage bonds. However, Frances' father, the Lord Chamberlain, and her uncle, the Privy Seal, were urging it; and so was his sweet friend Rochester. What should he do?

If his Robin wished it so dearly, and was indeed burning with love for this young noblewoman—if it was the pangs of unfulfilled passion which had brought that distraught look into his eyes of late, perhaps a way could be found. He was, as a matter of fact, deeply obligated to Robin just then. The young man who seven years before had come down out of Scotland with only a threadbare coat to his back, had generously flung open his coffers to the Officers of the Receipt, and bade them take what they found there for the king's use. They had found twenty-five thousand pounds in gold, a sum which went a considerable distance toward lightening James's financial worries, even more awkward at the moment than usual. The king had a natural repugnance toward divorce. Once married, women should stay married. However (old foggy that he was), he had heard nothing against the lady's reputation, and he would smother his scruples for Robin, this once.

A commission was appointed to hear the case, consisting of my Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, my Lord Bishop of London, my Lord Bishop of Ely, my Lord Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry, my Lord Bishop of Rochester, together with three learned doctors of law, and Sir Thomas Parry, Sir Daniel Dun, and Sir John Bennet.

The countess alleged that the earl, in spite of a perfect estate of body, had tried, but never succeeded, in having intercourse with her, as his lawfully wedded wife; that she had done her best to satisfy him, but to no avail; that she herself had no physical impediment which would have prevented him from making her a matron, and that therefore, since this pretended matrimony was but a fact and not in right, she prayed that it be declared and adjudged as none, and that she might be free from all knots and bonds of the same, by the sentence and authority of the Commission.

The earl, on his side, not at all loath to be rid of such a termagant and torment, put in his answers and confessed that he had not been

able to know this woman carnally, but that he was perfectly able to satisfy others. Whereupon the Commission, much divided in opinion, retired to discuss the matter. The conscience-smitten Archbishop of Canterbury could not for the life of him see what right he had to dissolve this marriage; the Bishop of London agreed with him. But the other bishops, anxious to please my Lord of Rochester, and through him, of course, the king, found it the most natural thing in the world that Essex should be quite normal in his physical relations with other women but impotent by the side of his wife. James, who wanted the business over swiftly, for the sake of his bonny young friend, undertook to answer the archbishop's arguments against the divorce, and hinted quite openly that Essex might well have been bewitched and possessed of the devil. He drew up a long theological argument for the benefit of my Lord Archbishop, and informed the Commissioners that from his own point of view it would be wrong to keep two persons together forcibly who had no affection for each other and so force them to live in perpetual scandal or misery or both, a point of view which, unfortunately, the laws of England have not yet assimilated.

As there was still a division among the Commissioners, it was at last agreed upon to have the Lady Frances examined by a deputation of noble ladies and midwives.

Upon the day set, these virtuous matrons duly presented themselves before the Commission, were sworn and charged with two duties: to ascertain whether or not the Lady Frances was a virgin, and whether or not she was physically able to become a mother. Thereupon the ladies, headed by Lady Mary Terwhit and Lady Alice Carew, retired from the Commissioners' presence, and went to the Lady Frances in another chamber. How could the guilty Frances face them? How should she make them return the verdict of "maid" upon which the whole proceeding now seemed to hinge? There were too many to bribe; they were not likely to be as easily melted by tears as Uncle Harry or Robin. They would not even be blandished, like the king, with a pouting smile and a swift uplift of long lashes. There is one possible answer, suggested by a footnote appended to the official transcript of the proceedings:

"Some authors say," adds this note, "that the Countess, under a

pretense of modesty, having obtained leave to put on a veil when she was inspected, caused a young woman of her age and stature, dressed in her clothes, to stand the search in her place."

"After some convenient time," continues the record, "the Ladies returned and delivered the report under their hands, which informed the Commission that the Lady Frances was fitted to bear children, and was a virgin uncorrupted."

At last, upon the eighteenth of September, the verdict was delivered, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London dissenting: the marriage between the two parties named was declared to be and to have been utterly void and to no effect. The Lady Frances should be divorced, and so they did free and divorce her, leaving her and the Earl of Essex as touching other marriages to their consciences in the Lord.

James was greatly relieved to have it over with. The whole thing had disturbed him. On the one hand Suffolk and Northampton had been urging it so vehemently, Suffolk indeed being afire to see his daughter freed from Essex and united to the all-powerful Rochester (lately scorned by the same house of Howard as a parvenu), and on the other hand, the good abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury, had brought forward such excellent arguments against it. . . .

Robert Carr, Viscount Rochester, was not, strangely enough, the perfect picture of joy upon learning that at last he and his true love could be one. Disagreeable portents disturbed his dreams and muddled the waters of his content. Sir Thomas Overbury, once his friend, his mentor, and his guide in the remarkable ascent which had placed him on the top of rung of English aristocracy, had died three days before the degree was granted, frightfully ill, and in great agony.

London wondered, but said nothing. There was nobody to mourn Overbury's loss, and no funeral, for by secret command of my Lord of Northampton to the Lieutenant of the Tower, the wasted and mortal remains of the unhappy prisoner were hustled underground at night, in the Tower chapel. Sir Thomas Overbury and his tragic fate passed quickly from men's minds and from men's thoughts. There were so many other interesting and engrossing happenings in the metropolis that it was really hard to keep track of them all.

Sir Francis Bacon, that dogged and faithful genius, had at last received the preferment which he had always longed for. Since his cousin, my Lord of Salisbury, no longer stood between him and the king, it was not too difficult to get the appointment of attorney general (during good behavior). Bacon, who had always felt that his light had been shoved under a bushel, was overjoyed. He saw an opportunity at long last to put his brilliant legal mind at his country's service, and to let his effulgent intellect shed its rays in those places which had heretofore been all too dark.

May it please your Majesty [he wrote to James, upon receiving the appointment], a full heart is like a full pen; it can hardly make any distinguished work. The more I look into mine own weakness, the more I must magnify your favors, and the more I behold your favors, the more I must consider mine own weakness. This is my hope, that God who hath moved your heart to favor me, will write your service in my heart. Two things I may promise; for though they be not mine own, yet they are surer than mine own because they are God's gifts; that is integrity and industry. . . . For the present, I humbly pray your Majesty to accept my most humble thanks and vows as the forerunners of honest services which I shall always perform with a faithful heart. Your Majesty's most obedient servant, Fr. Bacon.

A little flamboyant, the king considered, and a little too full of gratitude, this letter. Bacon had a useful mind, but the man himself left James cold. He was so fusty and musty, so utterly without swagger or style. By this time the king was accustomed to straight-limbed, strong-shouldered, smooth-faced young men, in well bordered doublets, not too short, with flowing locks, and well stiffened ruffs. Poor Francis, at the age of fifty-four, might dress the part (he had lately begun to live quite lavishly upon his fees and other questionable perquisites), but he could never delight the king's eye as Robin did, or win his confidence as had the Little Beagle.

Less than a week after Mr. Attorney General's step up, another man received a mark of James's especial favor. It had to come—everyone at court expected it. Upon the third of November, 1613, Sir Robert

Carr, Viscount Rochester, was created Baron of Branspeth, and Earl of Somerset, a peer of the realm, the equal of any man in the kingdom except his sovereign.

In a surcoat and hood of crimson velvet, he knelt before the king, the queen, and Prince Charles, to receive from James's own hand the coronet. Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, then spoke a few words of thanks; the king gave him a little good advice; and the "trumpets sounded and drums strake." From nobody to prime minister without portfolio in seven years, affianced to the daughter of the greatest house in England—unprecedented success in the history of opportunists.

His marriage was to come off very soon. It had been planned for the day after Christmas, and already masquers' costumes were being made and scenery was being painted. Sir Francis Bacon saw in this occasion the ideal opportunity of drawing a little favorable attention in his direction, and invited my Lord Somerset and his bride to a masque which he himself would give at a reputed cost of two thousand pounds. When the great day arrived, the court was a little disappointed in the gowns and jewels—only some of Somerset's followers went to the expense of new gems and brave embroideries. Sir Ralph Winwood, the outspoken Puritanical secretary to the Hague, home in the hope of an appointment to the secretaryship, even dared to appear all in black without any kind of gold, silver, or ornament. But the presents—never had such a gorgeous display of gifts been seen as were tendered to the Earl of Somerset and his beautiful bride.

James, stifling his conscience, gave ten thousand pounds out of seventeen thousand due him in December from the sale of lands, to pay for Frances Howard's diamonds, pearls and rubies. The other seven thousand unfortunately had to be divided among the servants of his household, who were heard to grumble at the slowness of their pay. Sir Thomas Lake, also an aspirant for the Secretaryship, gave six goodly candle-sticks, at the cost of a thousand marks. Old Uncle Harry, who knew too much, and about whom the happy bridegroom also knew certain unsavory facts, presented his new grandnephew with an enormous quantity of plate and a unique sword, the hilt of which was wrought with gold and curiously enameled. Did it cross Uncle Harry's mind, perchance, that a sword might some day be useful to his sweet Robin?

The Merchant Adventurers, the East Indian Company, the Farmers of the Customs—all the business connections toward whom Somerset might show favor—were represented. Sir Arthur Ingram, a young man whose reputation was not of the best, sent his friend Somerset a complete set of kitchen utensils in silver, with two pearls for that lucky Lady Frances, who could henceforth eat her dove pies secure in the knowledge that they had been prepared in sterling.

Oh, happy Somerset, oh, blissful Frances! Favored by the king, graced by the queen (who was finally persuaded to come to the wedding, but arrived in a very bad humor), the noble daughter of the Lord Chamberlain could see nothing ahead but joy. She knelt before the Bishop of Winton, who, it seemed, had once before heard the same lady pledge her troth to another man. Her red gold hair flowed loosely over her silver gown (had she not been adjudged a virgin legally?), and the glitter of satisfied ambition shone from her lovely eyes. The court sighed and grew sentimental over such a handsome couple, so rich, so happy, so noble!

Dr. Campion wrote a masque for the occasion; Ben Jonson penned an exquisite little dialogue between two Cupids for a tilting which took place at Whitehall, and presented another masque which pleased the king so much that he called for it again. Some at the court were a little fearful of Ben's lines—they were spoken by Irishmen with an Irish accent, and might give offense to the island over the channel, which being staunch Catholic, was proving somewhat of a thorn in the government's side. But James laughed hugely at the antics of Patrick and Donnell and Dermock, and vowed that the fellow Ben could write better than any man in his kingdom.

There was no end to the festivities. The Lord Mayor of London, who at first had been a little reluctant about providing entertainment for my Lord of Somerset and his fair wife, capitulated in the end, and upon the fourth of January, the entire court, lords and ladies, rode through the City to the Merchant Taylors' Hall by torch-light. The Lady Frances Somerset's coach was goodly, rich and new, and her horses were exceptional. She had asked if she might borrow them from Sir Ralph Winwood, who, in spite of his black suit and outspoken tongue, knew how to seize a propitious moment. He assured my Lady

that a bride of such high degree must not use anything borrowed, and begged her to accept them as a gift. There was not a man in London who would not rather have Somerset and his wife smile upon him than the king.

James, to tell the truth, was no longer able to keep up a round of gaiety like this, and yearned to retire to the quiet of Theobald's, or the delights of dotterel catching at Royston. He observed sorrowfully that he had begun to develop a prominent paunch, and he could never quite forget his aching right toe. He was now a grandfather, Elizabeth having borne the palsgrave, that "small-timbered" youth, a son the day after New Year's, and England rejoiced accordingly. Now, in case Prince Charles failed to provide an heir, at least a Protestant king would come to the English throne.

James tweaked Robin's beard affectionately, and considered that he had earned a rest. Let younger and stronger shoulders bear the burden now—of course under his supervision. Let Robin take these troublesome matters off his hands. James had long since tired of playing secretary; it had been entertaining at first to receive dispatches from abroad and send off letters; to annotate dockets and keep a staff of clerks busy. But he was too tired, now, and too creaky in the joints. Let Robin appoint some honest man to fill the secretary's post, and be done with it.

Sir Ralph Winwood's horses had served their master well. In March, 1614, Robin gave him the post, with Sir Thomas Lake, a diligent but mediocre politician, as his assistant. Sir Ralph Winwood was honest; he was uncompromising; and he was a bitter, unyielding enemy of Spain. How he reconciled his conscience with Somerset's friendly feelings toward Madrid is not quite clear. For certainly, now that he was one of the family, Uncle Harry was to influence Robin more and more favorably toward Spain, toward the Catholic church, and toward the young Infanta Maria, who would soon be ready for a husband.

The English Puritans viewed the situation with alarm. It was whispered that Mistress Jane Drummond, first lady of the bedchamber to the queen, was an ardent Catholic, and had so far contaminated Anna that masses were being held in the private rooms of Somerset House (now Denmark House) by such stray priests as could be smuggled up the back stairs. The Spanish ambassador, Don Diego Sarmiento de

Acuña, later Count Gondomar, was looked upon with affability by Somerset, and through him was pictured to the king in a helpful and friendly light. James was nominally head of the Union of Protestant Princes in Europe, but that did not prevent him from considering Sarmiento a capable, pleasant chap, witty and gay, full of the best intentions.

In fact, James did not at all think of Spain as the frightful enemy England had always pictured her. Spaniards were humans, just like themselves, Catholics though they might be. Spain was rich—it might not be a bad idea to slide toward Spain rather than toward France.

He reasoned in some such amicable fashion until the visit of Sir John Digby, early in the year. Sir John, the English ambassador to Spain, had asked leave to come to London in order that he might with his own lips give the king a message which was too important to trust to paper. Of all the men in public life, Sir John Digby was one of the most honest, most able, and most zealous. His words were not to be taken lightly. James was at first curious as to what he could have to say, and then struck dumb.

"I have proved, beyond the shadow of a doubt," Sir John told him, "nay, I have even seen the papers proving that my Lord of Salisbury received a pension of a thousand pounds a year from Madrid."

So the Little Beagle had played him false! If Salisbury had turned traitor, what of his other councilors?

"My Lord of Northampton is also in the pay of Spain," continued the ambassador, "likewise my Lady Suffolk, Sir William Monson, your Majesty's Admiral of the Narrow Seas, and Mistress Drummond, of her Majesty's chamber."

"What about Somerset?" cried James, "What of him?"

"His name nowhere appears in the list of pensioners," said Sir John, and with that the greatest apprehension fell from James's heart. These others, let them spy for Spanish gold—let Northampton try to transcribe the minutes of the Privy Council for Philip in Madrid. As long as he had Robin by his side, honest and incorruptible, they would manage.

Sarmiento wrote home that Somerset showed much temper and

modesty at the council table, but that afterwards the king discussed all business with him alone.

But even Robin, though he may have been bribe-proof, was no financial wizard. It had been nearly two years since Salisbury's tight hand on money matters had been relaxed by death, and James's finances were in a truly appalling state. The government arrears amounted to £680,000 (the equivalent of some \$20,000,000 in present day exchange), a very serious percentage of the national wealth. There was £125,000 due on loans raised by Privy Seals, and already £67,000 of next year's income had been spent. Much as the Lords of the Privy Council dreaded the prospect, there was nothing to do but call a Parliament. Neither they nor the king, remembering the rebellious attitude of the last Parliament, looked forward to meeting the Knights and Burgesses of the Lower House; but money had to come from somewhere. At the very moment, the king's chief brewer, Bruckshaw, was ready to go to prison for contempt, having refused to supply his Majesty with another keg of beer until the little matter of a £16,000 bill should have been taken care of. No money, no beer was certainly the least of many difficult problems, so . . . there *had* to be more money.

The story of that Parliament, which was opened by James on the fifth of April is quickly told. Mr. John Chamberlain, in a series of succinct letters to his friend, Sir Dudley Carleton, chronicled it tersely and truly.

On April 7 he wrote:

The King made a long and excellent speech, wherein all his care lay . . . in maintaining their religion, preserving of peace, and seeking their prosperity by increasing of trades and traffics. He made very fair promises and that he would not press them beyond their own good will. In conclusion he wished they might not be strangers, but that they would have recourse to him in all their business at whose hands they should always find easy audience and gracious usage.

It cost James a good deal of effort to speak in this bland way, but Bacon, whose parliamentary advice he considered worth taking, had warned him not to jump to the subject of money too quickly. However,

even the sage counsel of Mr. Attorney General could not hold the king back long.

On May 12 Chamberlain wrote, “. . . in the meantime the king . . . hath made his third speech to them the last week, requiring they would fall in hand with the main business of his wants. And indeed I could wish they would not stand too stiff, but take some moderate course to supply him by ordinary means, lest he be driven to ways of worse consequence wherein he not want color both from law and pulpit.”

By the 28th of May he wrote:

The House left all other businesses aside to consider seriously of that one in particular—the matter of impositions, where they observed a plentiful increase as from 6 in the Queen’s time to 134. This gave them occasion to inquire into the king’s prerogative how far it could extend in matters of this kind; and they declared that by the laws of England the king had no right to lay such taxes on the people without the consent of the court of Parliament, and therefore resolved, by way of petition to seek redress.

The longer they sat, the more hopeless the situation grew. On June 7 Chamberlain wrote to Sir Dudley Carleton that the Parliament waxed “every day more fiery and insolent in their speeches. The king sent them a letter on the 3rd of this month, whereby he signified unto them that for divers reasons and respects he meant to dissolve the Parliament as this day unless in the meantime they fell soundly in hand to consider and provide how to relieve his wants, neither could he expect or receive other business.”

The Knights and Burgesses took this peremptoriness in very bad part, and several gentlemen made daring and impassioned speeches. The great personages at court were impugned and called “spaniels to the King and wolves to the people.” They also said, without mincing words, that it was time for James to put his countrymen from him and give no more honors to Scots.

Mr. Chamberlain gives a graphic picture of their dissolution.

By Monday it was known there was a commission out to dissolve the parliament. Whereupon the wiser sort propounded means to

justify and some way to satisfy the king, but there were so many difficulties, and the time so short, that nothing could be done. . . . The truth is, it should seem by their carriage and by that I have heard from some of them, that there was never known a more disorderly House and that it was many times more like a cockpit than a grave council. And many sat there that were more fit to have been among roaring boys than in that assembly.

On June 7 James sent these roaring boys home. They had not ratified one single act, nor voted him a farthing. To make up for this catastrophe, the bishops agreed among themselves to give their best plate, or the value of it, to supply the king's most pressing wants, and free contributions were asked from various quarters. As a proof of the state of the king's credit, the City of London replied that they would rather give him 10,000 pounds than lend him a hundred thousand.

It was not that James feared actual want, or could ever imagine the day when he would not be able to buy what jewels, import what wines, and maintain what hunting stables he pleased. It was the arrogance and blindness of these commoners to the royal prerogative that hurt. The men who had made the most damaging speeches, and particularly the fellow who had dared to utter the words "spaniels" and "wolves," were committed to the Tower. James would have no free speech, if the speech were to impugn him or his friends. It was derogatory to his great office and a direct affront to God, whose lieutenant upon earth he was. The contrariness of the English was beyond belief. He was their king; he had the right to expect his subjects to support him. Why, then, all this talk about the *right* of the king to levy taxes on imports? It was sheer maliciousness and bad manners as James saw it. He did not pry into his subjects' private lives and friendly relations. Why should they busy themselves so with his? If Buchanan could only have arisen from his unmarked grave and laid a lash or two upon his pupil's shoulders, James might have been saved from long suffering, and England would have been better governed. The old Scotsman might have made James see that if his people were to give him enthusiastic and loving support, he, in his turn, since he was in a sense public property, must conform to England's idea of what a king should

be. James's greatest shortcoming lay in his desire to live like a private citizen in an intimate circle of friends, and yet be considered as a great public figure, the fountainhead of all religious and political wisdom. Squire Stuart, with a bad case of megalomania—no wonder he was at sixes and sevens with his neighbors!

Robin, who surely interested himself most scantily in James's emotional state, was not wise enough or kind enough to explain the miserable failure of this Parliament to his master. Besides, Robin was all taken up with a new and exciting office. Uncle Harry, to his own and everybody's surprise, had died quite suddenly after the opening of a "wennish" swelling on his leg. The old sycophant had departed this mortal life "extremely full of pain, and longing for his journey's end," an avowed Catholic upon his deathbed. Someone had to take custody of the Privy Seal immediately, and without further ado James thrust it into Robin's white and willing hands.

To show the world further that the slanderous attacks in Parliament weighed with him not at all, he then made Robin Lord Chamberlain of England, and Suffolk, Robin's father-in-law, Lord Treasurer.

James delivered their staves of office to them, and made them each a little speech. He was anxious to be off hunting, the day was warm, and the investiture conducted "en famille."

"My Lord of Suffolk," he said to Frances' father, "the late Lord Treasurer in lieu of supplying my wants, was wont to entertain me with epigrams, fine discourses, and learned epistles and other such like tricks and devices, which yet he saw would pay no debts. Therefore now, the better to obviate such learning, I have now made choice of a plain honest gentleman, who if he commits a fault, has not rhetoric enough to excuse it."

How the Countess of Suffolk must have laughed! Her husband, Thomas Howard, plain and honest! How myopic that blockhead of a king must be!

Somerset knew better than to snicker as the king handed him his staff of office. The Lord Chamberlainship carried with it less eye-strain and worry than the post of treasurer, and bristled with perquisites. Besides, as the king said, forasmuch as the chamberlainship was a place

of great nearness to his person, "I therefore make choice of him thereto whom of all men living I most cherish."

Robin's cup should have been running over, for this was the apogee of his career. Earl, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, virtually dictator of England, with untold wealth at his command, untold power behind him, a beautiful wife, highborn relatives—and yet—always in a meteoric rise there appears to be this dizziness that comes at unaccustomed heights.

As the summer wore on, something was worrying Robin. Frances, not always in the best of health, had had to be removed from Kensington to the more salubrious air at Chesterford Park, not far from Theobald's. Frances' disposition, perhaps because of ill health, and perhaps because of some mental anguish, was becoming very frayed. She was continually receiving letters and requests from strange individuals, notably from Sir Gervase Elwyn, Lieutenant of the Tower, who complained that she owed him a hundred pounds, and was quite insistent in his demands. How much Robin had learned of his wife's past, no one will know. It would seem that, up to the day he married her, he considered her a fair flower of virtue, guilty in nothing but her overwhelming passion for him. After her health improved, he took her with him wherever he went, always in the wake of the king, of course, for James could not bear to live without Robin's sunny smile. Only, and this was noticed by more than one pair of darting eyes about the court, Robin's smile had become something less sunny, and his temper less even than it had been before his marriage.

Even in the presence of others, he sometimes gave his kind master a sharp retort and impatient word. The mildest disposition will give way at last under continual mental strain. Although no written proof exists that it was during this summer that he became aware of what a diseased soul and neurotic mind lay hidden under his Frances' peaches-and-cream exterior, it is certain, in the light of future events, that he soon learned with what manner of people she had consorted in the past, and the manner of evil-doing in which she had been engaged.

There was one more reason for Robin's discontent. An insignificant young man from Leicestershire, a nobody, an out-at-elbows second son of a county knight, had been hanging about the court lately, and had

even attracted some attention from the king. My Lord of Somerset naturally could not bear the sight of shabby fellows disporting themselves in the presence of blue bloods, nor could he endure the spectacle of grimacing young jackanapes who thought to get ahead by smiling and cutting capers.

Sir Thomas Lake, the diligent and scheming under-secretary, had interested himself in the young man, and Somerset had heard vaguely that others, among them his un-friend, the Earl of Pembroke, also had helped pay for more presentable clothing for this George Villiers. They had tried to persuade the king to make him a gentleman of the bed-chamber, but Somerset blocked that. He quickly saw to it that a certain Carr, bastard son of one of his kinsmen, was presented to the king. However, he was not able to keep Sir Thomas from procuring the honor of cupbearer for young Villiers, in November, 1614, and was therefore forced to observe this audacious nonentity handing about wine, and smirking at the king with undisguised friendliness.

There remains no positive proof that James was abnormal in his predilection for young men; but it is evident that a pair of broad shoulders and narrow hips, an upright and virile carriage, a pair of slim, muscular calves, had always attracted him more than feminine curves and dimples. Whether he saw in masculine beauty the grace and strength that might have been his, whether he read in a bold, direct glance the physical superiority and assurance which he had always lacked, whether it was a subconscious compensation that made him delight in the companionship of youthful masculinity—these are subtleties which will continue to puzzle the minds of the most astute scholars in human behavior. It might be elucidating to recall that the hard, warrior-like, magnificent physique of a Sir Walter Raleigh repelled him. George Villiers carried himself with exactly the kind of dignified swagger which appealed to James, perhaps as that ideal for which he had yearned, but which Nature most cruelly had made it impossible for him ever to achieve.

If Somerset had held a tighter control over his emotions, or if Frances had only been a phlegmatic woman with an uninteresting past, he might have been able to compose himself better. As it was, he began to bully and bluster at poor James, hurting his feelings deliberately, deliberately

making his generous patron cringe and squirm before onslaught after onslaught of sheer bad temper. It was as much self-defense as anything else which drove James to speak kindly to the young Leicestershire gentleman whom they had recently put in as cupbearer, and who bore himself with the kind of humble deference which had once characterized Robin. The king intimated that one of the usual Christmas masques might well make use of Mr. Villiers' histrionic talents. This, also, did not please Robin, who, without his old Uncle Harry to advise him, was engaged on rather perilous courses. He was treating the premier earls of England as though they were page-boys; he was increasingly insolent to the king; he was proceeding toward a match with Spain, in spite of the fact that Philip III was exacting impossible conditions from England. The future children of Charles and the Infanta Maria would have to be brought up Catholics, by Catholic nurses and Catholic servants, if James was serious about wanting a Spanish bride for his son. James saw at a glance that Englishmen would never tolerate such a state of affairs, and told Robin so; but the negotiations still dragged on.

At last even James' pacific inclinations could bear no more; and he wrote a letter * to Somerset which came from the heart. When emotion drove him to it, the king was still a master of words.

First I take God, the searcher of all hearts to record that in all the time past of idle talk I never knew, nor could out of any observation of mine find any appearance of any such court fashion as ye have apprehended [Somerset had known all too well that he was hated by some of the most powerful men in England], and so far was I ever from overseeing or indirectly feeding of it (if I had apprehended it, as I protest to God I would have run upon it with my feet as upon fire, to have extinguished it, if I could have seen any sparkle of it.) Next I take the same God to record that never man of any degree did directly or indirectly let fall unto me any thing that might be interpreted for the lessening of your credit with me, or that one man should not rule all, and that no man's dependence should be but upon the King, or any such like phrase, which if I had ever found, then would I have bestirred myself

* This letter has been abridged, as the original is written in James' most prolix style.

as became both so great a king and so infinitely loving a master.

Thirdly as God shall save me, I meant not in the letter I wrote unto you to be sparing in the least jot of uttering my affection towards you, as far as yourself could require. For I am far from thinking of any possibility of any man ever to come within many degrees of your trust with me, as I must ingenuously confess ye have deserved more trust and confidence of me than ever man did—in secrecy above all flesh, in feeling and impartial respect, either to kin or ally or your nearest or dearest friend whatsoever, nay unmovable in one hair that might concern me against the whole world; and in these points I confess I never saw any come towards your merit; I mean in the points of an inwardly trusty friend and servant.

But as a piece of ground cannot be so fertile but if either by the own natural rankness or evil manuring thereof it became also fertile of strong and noisome weeds, it then proves useless and altogether unprofitable, even so these before rehearsed worthy and rare parts and merits of yours have been of long time, but especially of late, since this strange frenzy took you, so powdered and mixed with strange streams of unquietness, passion, fury and insolent pride and which is worst of all, with a settled kind of endured obstinacy, as it chokes and obscures all these excellent and good parts that God hath bestowed upon you. For although I confess the greatness of that trust and privacy betwixt us will very well allow unto you an infinitely great liberty and freedom of speech unto me, yea even to rebuke me more sharply and bitterly than ever my master durst do, yet to invent a new art of railing upon me—nay, to borrow the tongue of the Devil—that cannot come within the compass of any liberty of friendship.

And do not deceive yourself with that conceit that I allowed you that sort of licentious freedom till of late. For as upon the one part it is true that ye never passed all limits therein till of late, so upon the other I bore, God Almighty knows, with these passions of yours of old, dissembling my grief thereat, only in hope that time and experience would reclaim and abate that heat which I thought to wear you out of by a long suffering patience and many gentle

admonitions. For being uttered at unseasonable hours and so be-reaving me of my rest, ye was so far from condemning your own indiscretion therein, as by the contrary it seemed ye did it of purpose to grieve and vex me. Next, your fiery boutades [outbursts] were coupled with a continual dogged sullen behaviour towards me. Thirdly, in all your dealings with me ye have many times uttered a kind of distrust of the honesty of my friendship towards you. And fourthly, which is the worst of all, and worse than any other thing that can be imagined, ye have in many of your mad fits done what ye can to persuade me that ye mean not so much to hold me by love hereafter as by awe, and that ye have me so far in your reverence, as that I dare not offend you or resist your appetites. I leave out of this reckoning your long creeping back and withdrawing yourself from lying in my chamber, notwithstanding my many hundred times earnestly soliciting you to the contrary, accounting that but as a point of unkindness. Now whether all your great parts and merits be not accompanied with a sour and distasteful sauce, yourself shall be judge.

To conclude then this discourse proceeding from the infinite grief of a deeply wounded heart, I protest in the presence of the Almighty God that I have born this grief within me to the uttermost of my ability; and as never grief since my birth seized so heavily upon me, so have I borne it as long as possibly I can. Be not the occasion of the hastening of his death through grief who was not only your creator under God but hath many a time prayed for you, which I never did for no subject alive but for you.

For the easing of my inward and consuming grief, all I crave is that in all the words and actions of your life ye may ever make it appear to me that ye never think to hold grip of me but out of my mere love, and not one hair by fear. Consider that I am a freeman, if I were not a king. Remember that all your being, except your breathing and soul is from me. I told you twice or thrice that you might lead me by the heart, and not by the nose. I cannot deal honestly if I deal not plainly with you. If ever I find that ye think to retain me by one sparkle of fear, all the violence of my love will in that instant be changed in as violent a hatred.

God is my judge, my love hath been infinite towards you; and the only strength of my affection towards you hath made me bear with these things in you and bridle my passions to the uttermost of my ability. Let me be met with your entire heart, but softened with humility. Let me never apprehend that ye disdain my person and undervalue my qualities; and let it not appear that any part of your former affection is cooled towards me.

Hold me thus by the heart; ye may build upon my favour as upon a rock that shall never fail you, that never shall weary to give new demonstration of my affection towards you.

To make an end of this unpleasing discourse, think never to value your self to me by any other merits so much as by love and hearty humble obedience; it lies in your hand to make me what you please, either the best master and truest friend, or if you force me to call you ingrate, which the God of Heaven forbid, no so great earthly plague can light upon you. James R.

Affectionate expostulation was lost on Somerset. He knew he was walking a tightrope over an abyss the depth of which his mind refused to calculate. As has happened to many another man before him, the desperateness of his situation only drove him to use exactly those tactics which would make it still worse. He knew he was behaving abominably to James, and that even that mild pacifist would not go on taking insults forever; and yet he could hardly bring himself to believe that his old master would turn against him.

By spring both men were in a state of nerves that made their personal relationship a tortuous thing. Even a trip to Cambridge, and the presentation there of a comedy called *Ignoramus*, a lampoon upon lawyers which delighted him hugely, could not entirely restore James's equanimity and usual phlegmatic good humor. It was a Howard party from beginning to end, this Cambridge visit. Suffolk was chancellor of the University and saw to it that none but Howards should get the credit for this entertainment. Anna herself was not invited (a singularly pointed insult, since she was so patently and bitterly opposed to Somerset), but that unscrupulous old shrew, the Countess of Suffolk, attended

the festivities with her daughter, the Countess of Somerset, and her other daughter, who had married Cecil's son.

This was the last straw. The influential men who had backed Sir Thomas Lake in his attempts to groom George Villiers for a post more important than that of cupbearer met together and decided it was time to break Somerset's arrogant power and put the Howards in their places. They first enlisted good Dr. Abbot, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who had so steadfastly opposed Lady Frances' divorce, and whose opinion of Somerset was known to be uncomplimentary. He declared that their next valuable ally should be the queen herself, for, he said, "the King made it a practice never to admit any to nearness about himself but such an one as the Queen should commend to him; that if the Queen afterwards being ill-treated, should complain of this dear one, he might make his answer, 'It is along of yourself, for you were the party that commended him unto me.'"

Anna had been ill lately, with a disease which her physician, Dr. Mayerne, suspected of being gout complicated with dropsy. Also, she was extremely loath to mix herself up in any court factions—it would only lead to trouble, as she very well knew. But the good archbishop was so insistent, and my Lords of Pembroke, Montgomery (the horsey Philip Herbert), and Bedford were also so persuasive that at last she consented to plead Villiers' cause.

Before she rode from Denmark House to Whitehall, however, she gave her friends plain warning:

"My Lords," she told them, "you and your friends know not what you do. I know your master better than you all; for if this young man be once brought in, the first persons that he will plague must be you that labor for him; yes, I shall have my part also. The king will teach him to despise and hardly entreat us all, that he may seem to be beholden to none but himself."

Anna, for all her frittery mind, had analyzed her husband very skillfully. She knew the essential weakness of the man and had put her finger on that desire for approbation and gratefulness which had so many times betrayed James's judgment.

The lords were still certain that she and she alone could plead their cause with success. Therefore, upon the twenty-third of April, 1615,

St. George's Day, the lackeys of the outer chamber at Whitehall were surprised to behold the queen coming along the corridor, with the Earls of Pembroke, Bedford, Montgomery, and the archbishop in her train. Somerset and Suffolk were also in the outer chamber. They withdrew to one side of the room and glared at their enemies. Everyone knew why Anna had come, and why the archbishop laid his hand so tenderly upon the arm of a handsome young man in the party.

The queen passed directly into the king's bedchamber, nodding to George Villiers. He was to stand by the door until she sent out word for him to come in. The archbishop and his friends crowded around him so that the doorway of the king's room was fairly well blocked. Somerset, who in all decency should have withdrawn, continued to stand and sneer at this hostile phalanx.

In a few moments Anna sent out word for Villiers to come in, and the quivering young man entered the presence of Majesty. James, Anna, and the prince were awaiting him.

Poor James was still a little bleary-eyed with sleep and the unusual haste with which Anna was urging that he knight this person. What was this? The queen was actually kneeling before him.

"Your Majesty," she begged, "I humbly beseech you to do me this special favor of knighting this noble gentleman, whose name is George, for the honor of St. George, whose feast you now keep." And with that, as gossip had it, she leaned over, drew the rapier out of young Charles's belt, and handed it to the king, hilt first.

James blinked, drew back (how he hated the sight of a naked sword!), remembered himself, and touched George Villiers lightly on the shoulders. "Arise, Sir George," he said sleepily.

At this moment a page entered the chamber with a message from Somerset. The king read it, frowned, and turned to the queen.

"They would have me make him only a groom of the chamber."

A second page came in.

"Your Majesty," he implored Anna, "is requested by my Lord Archbishop to perfect your work, and cause this gentleman to be sworn a gentleman of the chamber."

Robin's incurable bad temper and his attempt to dictate to the king

at this moment had produced exactly the results which pleased Pembroke and his allies.

From this moment on, all Robin's being ceased to be from the king.

Within the month, Mr. Chamberlain's letter to Mr. Carleton for May 20 contained the astonishing phrase, "Sir George Villiers, the Favourite."

Villiers held no offices and was granted no political powers. Somerset was still Lord Chamberlain, and unofficially prime minister. It was simply that James preferred the cheerful company of George to the sour upbraidings of Robin. One could hardly blame him.

It was unfortunate that no one took the trouble to recite for Robin the life-history of that bold soldier, Sir James Stewart, later Earl of Arran. He would have found so much in it that might have been helpful, and so much of warning. Had he known it, or even been acquainted with a short synopsis of the career of Esmé Stuart, Duke of Lennox, he would have been more friendly to his servant Sir Humphrey May, when this good-natured go-between came to tell him that at the king's special request, Sir George Villiers would shortly wait upon him and offer his services.

The Earl of Somerset snorted. What should he want with the services of a lowly county squire? He listened to Sir George with set lips and his most arrogant mien.

"My Lord," began the modest young man, "I desire to be your servant and your creature, and shall desire you to take my court preferment under your favor; and your lordship shall find me as faithful a servant unto you as ever did serve you."

"I will none of your service, and you shall have none of my favors," Somerset retorted, "I will, if I can, break your neck, and of that he confident."

Although he had a great many worries on his mind, Robin should not have allowed himself to answer as he did. There was a time coming when he would have crawled on his hands and knees for a favor from George Villiers.

On the thirteenth of July the king, with very little to-do, quietly conferred the wardenship of the Cinque Ports upon Lord Zouch. Ever since Northampton's death this lucrative post as head of an association

of maritime towns had been provisionally in Somerset's hands. It was considered, and rightly, that a rebuke was intended and administered when James lured Lord Zouch away from his physic-garden in Hackney to relieve Somerset of this burden. In the same week, James refused to grant Somerset's petition that the office of Lord Privy Seal be given to Bishop Bilson, one of the reverend gentlemen who had done so much to make Frances' divorce effective.

Unmistakably, obviously, and openly, the king's temper was worn thin. Between July 13 and July 19, he wrote a letter to Somerset which should have pulled him up short.

I have been needlessly troubled this day [James began without further ado] with your desperate letters; you may take the right way if you list, and neither grieve me nor yourself. No man's nor woman's credit is able to cross you at my hands if you pay me a part of what you owe me. But how you can give over that inward affection, and yet be a dutiful servant, I cannot understand that distinction. Heaven and earth shall bear me witness that if you do but the half your duty unto me, you may be with me in the old manner, only by expressing that love to my person and respect to your master that God and man crave of you, with a hearty and feeling penitence of your bypast errors. God move your heart to take the right course, for the fault shall be only in yourself; and so farewell."

But even God could not now move Robin's heart in the right course. He had become embroiled in a mesh of passion, occultism, secrecy, and crime from which there was no withdrawing.

Already there were vague underground whisperings about; already the Lady Frances, his wife, had had several secret and unhappy interviews with Mrs. Turner, that gay widow who knew so many interesting people round about London, and whose fashion of yellow, starched ruffs had spread like wildfire through the court. *And already*, if rumor may be believed, Sir Ralph Winwood, who had won his secretary's post by bowing and scraping before Somerset, had had news from Flushing which threw him into consternation. An apothecary's boy, about to die of fever, had not the courage to face his Maker with guilt upon his soul.

He wanted to confess that he, assistant to the French apothecary designated to wait on Sir Thomas Overbury, had been bribed to administer an injection of poison to that maltreated prisoner.

Sir Ralph Winwood pondered over this remarkable piece of news. The world was only too ready to believe stories of poisoning upon the death of a person of prominence, and it had been bruited about that Overbury probably *had* been poisoned. This rumor had persisted ever since his death two years before.

It was an extraordinary and unprecedented coincidence in connection with this gossip that Robert, Earl of Somerset, during the last days of July had made out for himself nothing less than a pardon which would cover the greatest number of possible offenses. By James's direction this was sealed with the Privy Seal, but the solicitor general, Yelverton, refused to pass it for the Great Seal. The Lord Chancellor agreed with the solicitor general. Such a procedure was novel in the extreme. Why should my Lord of Somerset want a pardon? What crime had he committed, that he should demand such exoneration?

There would have to be some plausible and palatable explanation made to the Privy Council for this unheard-of and highly suspicious request.

My Lord of Somerset, speaking in council, told his brother counselors with sharp glances right and left that he only asked for a pardon because of the malice of his enemies.

"And you, my Lord Chancellor," he said to honest old Ellesmere, "if you have any charge to bring against me, I pray you bring it at once."

James rose in his seat, his breath coming short in the hot July air.

"Silence!" he cried. "I find that my Lord of Somerset has done rightly in asking a pardon. In my own lifetime he will have no need of it. I would wish you all to undeceive yourselves if you think otherwise. And you, my son," turning to Charles, who had been brought to the Council meeting, "I hope you will never be able to undo what your father hath this day done. My Lord Chancellor, seal the pardon at once. Such is my pleasure!"

Lord Ellesmere, with the weight of seventy-five years upon his wrin-

kled brow, and the stiffness of seventy-five years in his creaking legs, threw himself upon his knees before his king.

"Your Majesty," he pleaded with uplifted hands, "if it is your Majesty's pleasure that my Lord of Somerset be allowed to rob you of the jewels and furniture which are now in his charge as Lord Chamberlain, this pardon will allow it. If you precisely order me to set the Seal to it, I will do so. But only, Sire, if you first write me a pardon for that act."

James got to his feet.

"I have commanded you to pass the pardon," he said, with more than his usual vehemence, "and pass it you shall."

In spite of the king's express commands, this was too grave a step for Ellesmere to take at once. There was a delay of ten days while the matter was being threshed over—ten days during which Anna, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and all those haughty lords who were tired of being trampled on by Robert Carr, poured their pleadings into James's ears. The king was on the point of leaving for his summer progress—perhaps Robin had been a little too importunate—perhaps it would be best to wait, and watch.

Shortly after the progress had ended, James had with the help of Sir Ralph Winwood, unearthed some very startling information, which made it not only unlikely but impossible that the Great Seal of England would ever be taken out of its white leather bag in behalf of the Earl of Somerset.

The more Sir Ralph Winwood thought about that poisoning matter, the more troubled he became. Finally, during the last days of August, he could no longer keep his suspicions bottled up within him. He journeyed down to Beaulieu, where James was staying, and confided to the king the contents of that mysterious message from Flushing. Winwood had been in the Low Countries long enough to make many friends and establish many channels of information. Perhaps that unlucky apothecary's boy had been right. Still, rumor was only rumor, and for the present, the king and his secretary agreed to do nothing until more definite information came to hand.

By the most blinding stroke of luck, Sir Ralph stumbled on that information within a very short time. He had been dining with Gilbert Talbot, the Earl of Shrewsbury, and in the course of conversation over

the nuts and wine, the name of Sir Gervase Elwyn, Lieutenant of the Tower, was brought up. The earl had been a patron of sorts to Sir Gervase, and spoke favorably of him to Winwood. Sir Ralph, not meaning to be Machiavellian, but simply because it was the truth, replied that there had been some question about Sir Gervase, since it was reported that Overbury had been murdered while in his charge.

This simple shot in the dark proved to be the key which unlocked the door to many dark and unsuspected mysteries; it eventually solved the riddle of the money which the right noble Frances, Countess of Somerset, had been sending off in unobtrusive letters; it explained why Mrs. Turner, friend of the Countess, had been making agitated trips back and forth from the country to London, to meet a queer-looking lout employed as gaoler at the Tower of London; it helped to unravel the cause of Somerset's irritability, and explained why, after Northampton's death, he had been so anxious to have certain correspondence which had passed between Uncle Harry and himself, safe in his own hands.

For upon hearing that Sir Ralph had made a statement indirectly laying some part of the blame for Overbury's death upon him, the simple Sir Gervase Elwyn sat down and wrote a letter to the secretary, acknowledging that he knew an attempt had been made to poison Overbury through his gaoler Weston, but that he, Sir Gervase, had frustrated it and then kept silence, for fear of "impeaching or accusing" great persons.

If the rumor from Flushing had been suspicious, this was electrifying. Sir Ralph hardly waited to snatch up his black cloak before he bore this letter off to the king. James ran his fingers through his beard, and directed Sir Ralph to command Elwyn to write a full account of the entire proceeding; an account which turned out to be so damnably incriminating that even the king caught his breath and realized that here was something which might well rock his throne. He commanded that the Lord Chief Justice Coke, England's best detective, and fiercest prosecutor of criminals, be charged to examine the affair; including in the charge such points from Sir Gervase's statement as seemed to need clearing up.

A fragment remains in Winwood's handwriting, evidently taken in dictation from the king, which asks Coke to ascertain the state of Overbury's body when he died, who it was that administered the last and

apparently fatal injection to Overbury, and whether that individual had any acquaintance with Mrs. Turner. Weston was to be examined. Sir Thomas Monson (brother of the Admiral of the Narrow Seas), who had recommended Weston to Sir Gervase, and finally Mrs. Turner, were to be thoroughly questioned as to what they knew of the suspected crime.

Mrs. Turner testified before Coke that Weston had been an ancient servant of her husband's, but that she had had nothing to do with getting him placed in his position in the Tower. At the moment, however, she could not deny he was in her service.

She said, "*The Countess of Essex did effect it, and used the help of Sir Thomas Monson therein.*"

Richard Weston, under the coercive influence of carefully planned cold, hunger, and threatened torture, told Coke that he had showed a glass of poison sent by the Countess of Essex to Sir Gervase Elwyn; that he had had divers tarts from the countess to give to Sir Thomas, with warning that he himself should not taste of them; and confessed he thought they were poisoned. He deposed further that two servants of the Countess of Essex came frequently to the Tower, to inquire how Sir Thomas Overbury did, and what he would eat. He testified that he had given Sir Thomas water to drink, which made him exceedingly sick; and finally, he told his examiners that he was promised a reward after Sir Thomas was dead, and that it should have been a pursuivant's (heraldic officer's) place, but that also he received secretly from the countess, through Mrs. Turner, two sums of £180 each.

My Lord Chief Justice, hardened though he was, shrank from this flaming evidence, with the feeling that it would be perilous to hear it alone. At his request, the king appointed a commission to sit with him, consisting of the Duke of Lennox, Lord Zouch, and Chancellor Ellesmere.

This Commission met on the fifteenth of October. The next day, the Earl of Somerset, using for his private ends the Privy Seals which had been in his keeping, issued a warrant for a search to be made in a certain house for letters concerning a woman named Mrs. Hind. Frances, with hysteria in her eyes, and madness burning in her brain, had goaded him into this desperate act. The letters turned out to have nothing to

do with a woman named Hind, but to be that damning and guilty correspondence which Frances had carried on with the doctor's widow while she was trying to enchant Robert Carr and either poison or disenchant the Earl of Essex. The whole foul story was there—from the dealings with Dr. Forman, the quack, to the making of the suggestive little images. The Earl of Somerset, at last aware of the viper he had taken into his heart, burned them, and felt somewhat safer.

He had so far succeeded in bluffing the king, and brazening out an attitude of innocent indifference to the scandal which had been on men's tongues for a month now. He had found out soon after his marriage that Frances was unstable, wildly emotional, and of an evil disposition. Now he looked upon her with loathing, for he recognized her as a murderess. My Lord of Somerset, still shining, although with diminished luster, in the king's eyes, could not hope to retain his hold upon even so fatuous a master as James, if his wife's past were brought out into the open. As for his own evil doings, he congratulated himself that the significant letters which had passed between him and Uncle Harry anent Overbury's imprisonment, were well out of sight. He had had Sir Robert Cotton, Northampton's confidant, alter dates in them, and had left them with him for safekeeping. By another one of those improbable twists of circumstance, they promptly came to light. Sir Robert had given them to a woman in Holborn, who had given them to a merchant in Cheapside, telling him they referred to her jointure. After the manner of Overbury's death became known throughout London, this woman went to Cheapside, demanding her box of letters. The merchant who had them found her too insistent, and upon suspicion, turned them over to Lord Zouch. The contents of this box were sufficient, in the eyes of the Commission, to incriminate Somerset as an accessory before the fact to the murder of his former dear friend, Sir Thomas Overbury.

On the seventeenth of October, the Commissioners requested the Earl of Somerset to place himself in restraint in his chambers near the Cock Pit at Whitehall, to await examination. Ironically enough, this official invitation was signed, according to the custom of the day, "Your very loving friends, Ellesmere, Lennox, Zouch, and Coke." The countess was also required to come to the city to await the pleasure of the Com-

missioners, and was confined either to her house in Black Friars, or at the house of Lord Knollys, near the Tilt Yard.

Somerset still thought he could brazen it out, and left James at Royston to ride defiantly, with head held high, to his chambers near the Cock Pit. The king was not so sure. Robin had been too loud in his protestations of innocence, too swaggering in his manner. Deep in his heart, James was convinced that his fair-haired Scotsman, whom he had cherished more than any man living, was indeed guilty of some foul crime, or at least had foreknowledge of it. It was almost inconceivable that his Robin, his smiling lad with the innocent blue eyes, could have raised his hand in murder, but with that wife of his—James would try with all his might to think him innocent, but willful poisoning was an abhorrent crime, and the very thought of Thomas Overbury writhing upon his cot in the Tower made James shudder.

"I think," he is reported to have said to those about him as Robin rode away, "I think I shall never see him again."

Robin, unaware with what squeamish horror his once affectionate old master viewed the crime of murder, and with what enthusiasm he supported the courses of the law when they did not run counter to his own needs and wishes, sent back a bombarding letter to James, full of maledictions against the Commission and foolish threats and blusterings against those who he claimed had cooked up this plot to ruin him.

James's answer was a masterpiece.

I need not answer your letter, since Lennox hath long before this time told you my resolution on that point; whereupon you have bestowed so much stribbling and railing, covertly against me and avowedly against the Chancellor. Yet I cannot abstain partly for satisfaction of my own heart and partly for satisfying you and your ally [presumably Somerset's "good and honest" father-in-law, Suffolk] with reason (if reasons can satisfy you) to send you these few observations upon your letter.

In a business of this nature I have nothing to look unto but first my conscience before God and next my reputation in the eyes of the whole world. If I can find one man stricter than another in point of examination, I am bound in conscience to employ him in it;

and when in my conscience have set down a course, to change it at the instance of the party without any other reason but because they will have it, it were little for my honour. And as my proceedings from the beginning of this business have been only governed by the rule of my conscience, as the Searcher of all hearts knows, so must I to my great regret confess and avow that from the beginning of this business both your father-in-law and ye have ever and at all times behaved yourselves quite contrary to the form that men that wish the trial of the verity, ever did in such a case. . . . To conclude, then, I never had the occasion to show the uprightness and sincerity that is required in a supreme judge as I have in this. If the delation [accusation] prove false, God so deal with my soul as no man among you shall so much rejoice at it as I; nor shall ever spare, I vow to God, one grain of rigour that can be stretched against the conspirators. If otherwise (as God forbid) none of you shall more heartily sorrow for it; and never King used that clemency as I will do in such a case. But that I should suffer a murder (if it be so) to be suppressed and plastered over to the destruction of both my soul and reputation, I am no Christian. I never mean wittingly to bear any man's sins but my own; and if for serving my conscience in setting down a fair course of trial I shall lose the hands of that family [the Howards] I will never care to lose the hearts of any for justice' sake.

Fail not to show this letter to your father-in-law, and that both of you read it over twice at least; and God so favour me as I have no respect in this turn but to please Him in whose throne I sit. And so farewell; praying the author of all verity to make the clear verity to be plainly manifested in this case. James R.

The clear verity was so plainly manifested to the Commissioners after they had questioned Somerset, that between the twenty-fifth and twenty-ninth of October, they reported to the king that there was vehement suspicion against the Earl of Somerset for being accessory to the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury before the fact done. Therefore they recommended that the seals, and other ensigns and ornaments of the

king's special favor be taken from him and that he be committed to the Tower.

On November 2, 1615, Robert Carr was indeed incarcerated in the dread-inspiring old fortress which was almost as old as London, and upon whose stones so much blood, innocent and guilty, had been spilled. Frances, who was in the eighth month of her pregnancy, was allowed to remain at home in strict retirement until after her child should be born. It was reported that she was "very pensive, silent, and much grieved." That could hardly be a cause for astonishment, particularly since her old confidante, Mrs. Turner, who had shared so many secrets with her, had been hanged by the neck until dead, in the sight of a great multitude, at Tyburn. The gaoler, Richard Weston, had also been cut down from the gallows; Sir Gervase Elwyn paid with his life for allowing fear of great persons to seal his lips, and later a wretched apothecary named Franklin, who had supplied the seven varieties of poison sent to Overbury during the course of the summer, was summarily executed.

"Grieved" was hardly an adequate word to describe the condition of the Countess of Somerset. In the trials of her accomplices in this murder, her crime and its motives were clearly revealed. She had wanted Overbury out of the way because of his opposition to her divorce, and had tried for months to have him poisoned. The deed was at last accomplished by the unhappy apothecary's boy in Flushing, who had received twenty pounds from the countess for the final and fatal injection.

There was no *positive* proof that her husband knew of the murder at the time, but sometime during the early months of their marriage, it leaked out. That would so well explain Robin's "strange frenzy, powdered and mixed with streams of unquietness, passion, fury and insolent pride."

Three weeks before Christmas a girl was born to the Earl and Countess of Somerset. Frances wanted this child so little that she vowed not to survive its birth, and indeed lay pale and ill for some time afterwards. She named the baby Anne, in a vain hope that perhaps the queen might soften towards her. The royal Anna was too fully occupied with holiday entertainments, moving in a world where death and crime were not even mentioned, except as current gossip, to notice the

honor. Ben Jonson had written a masque entitled *The Golden Age Restored*, which promised to eclipse even his former brilliant works.

Robert Carr paced up and down in the Tower when he thought about the gay world outside. The lords and gentlemen would step through the paces of courantes and pavannes while his own silk-clad legs grew numb in the Tower. His hated enemy, William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, had already received the Lord Chamberlain's staff. Edward Somerset, the Earl of Worcester, that gallant horseman and friend of actors, was now entrusted with the Privy Seals. The shapely interloper, Sir George Villiers, was being taught how to ride horseback (in wise provision for his new post of Master of the Horse), and the way in which "his favour increased" penetrated even into the small stone cubicle where Somerset sat and shook with rage, frustration and cold.

Since the Grand Jury returned a true bill against him and his wife, it had been proposed to try them in January. But some talk arose about Somerset's being in Spanish pay, and it was necessary to wait until Sir John Digby could refute the charge. In March, Frances was transferred to the Tower. She went willingly enough, but only begged that they would not put her in the room in which Overbury had died. Since Sir Walter had just been released to prepare for his famous trip to Guiana, his recent quarters were furbished up, and put at the disposal of this pale, thin, miserable creature, who was, after all, a countess, and who had once been beautiful.

She was more amenable than her husband, who seems to have lost whatever sense of value and discretion ten years at court had taught him. He railed, he raged, he threatened to reveal state secrets which should incriminate James; he behaved like a spoiled and temperamental child. James, whose horror of murder had not abated, and whose well of affection for this dearest friend had been drained quite dry, still pleaded with him to confess, if he were guilty, and throw himself upon the king's mercy. Robin's answer was to pretend illness or madness, and refuse to be taken to court. They would have to drag him, he said, if he went at all. He had no stomach for facing those earls who had felt the lash of his contemptuous power for the past four years.

Despite the fact that he had emptied his heart of Robin, the king

was beside himself with worry. If only Somerset would behave reasonably and confess, if there were anything to confess! James could not bear to think of that once-beloved companion humbled through the awful ordeal of a trial; still less could he endure the thought that a jury of Robin's peers might find him guilty. But even Robin, at the bottom of his cowardly and disorderly mind, knew that he would have to go through with it.

On the twenty-fourth of May, 1616, Frances, Countess of Somerset, was arraigned before a jury of lords and earls in the Great Hall at Westminster, with the aged Chancellor Ellesmere as Lord High Steward, in a black wool gown, a funereal black cap, and a ruff of cobweb lawn. Every seat in the hall was taken, every inch was occupied. It was a thrilling day when England tried a countess for murder.

The prisoner was sworn and the indictment was read. At the mention of Weston's name, Frances put her fan up to her face and kept it there—she could not face her judges, and could not bear to have the gaping public see her tears.

"Frances, Countess of Somerset," cried the clerk, "what sayest thou? Art thou guilty of this felony and murder, or not guilty?"

She rose, and mindful of the amenities, made obeisance to the Lord High Steward.

"Guilty," she answered, in a low voice.

And when the clerk in due form wished to know what she could say for herself why judgment of death should not be pronounced against her, she answered, still in that low voice,

"I can much aggravate, but nothing extenuate my fault; I desire mercy, and that the lords will intercede for me to the king." She heard sentence passed upon her in frozen silence. She could not believe that James would let her die.

The next day, having finally pulled his courage to the sticking point, Robert Carr appeared to stand his trial, fashionable as always in a suit of black satin material. Over this shimmering background, suspended by a blue ribbon, hung his jeweled medal of St. George, insignia of the Order of the Garter.

When the clerk asked him how he plead, he answered, with a glance at the jury of the men he most hated,

"Not guilty!"

If he was being tried for murder, then indeed he was not guilty, and no importuning king or hard-eyed jury could make him confess to what he had not done.

The Sergeant now addressed the judge and jury.

"My Lord High Steward of England," his voice rang out, "and you my Lords, this cannot but be a heavy spectacle unto you, to see that man that not long since in great place with a white staff went before the king, now at this bar hold up his hand for blood; but this is the Change of Fortune, nay, I might better say, the Hand of God, and Work of Justice, which is the King's Honor."

At the mention of the king, from whom Somerset had taken so many favors, his heart must have sunk. Until the last James had tried in every conceivable way to have him confess, and quoting his own words, "leave some place for my mercy to work upon." Robin's stubborn refusal caused him genuine alarm and grief. Upon the very eve of the trial the king wrote to Sir George More, the new Lieutenant of the Tower that he should not "leave off to use all means possible to move him to do that which is both most honourable to me and to his own rest. Ye shall therefore give him assurance in my name, that if he will yet before his trial confess clearly unto the Commissioners his guiltiness of the fact, I will not only perform what I promised by the last messenger both towards him and his wife, but I will enlarge it. . . . If this take good effect, move him to send in haste for the Commissioners and give them satisfaction; but if he remains obstinate I desire not that ye should trouble me with an answer, if it is no end; and no news is better than evil news. And so farewell, and God bless your labours."

Robin had remained obstinate, and now James, "extreme sad and discontented" at Greenwich, was waving away his dinner and his supper until he should hear what Somerset had to say in his defense.

It was not until after dark of that warm May night that the Earl of Somerset made a last plea in his own behalf. Torches had been brought, and the spectators crammed into the galleries in the Great Hall were faint with fasting and with heat. All day long Sir Francis Bacon, the attorney general, had been laying the case before the jury and asking Somerset questions. He had outlined the attack on Over-

bury's life; he read letters which Overbury had written from the Tower, pleading for release; he read letters between Northampton and Somerset; he included the whole sordid story of Mrs. Turner and the countess. The prisoner, without counsel, had defended himself—as best he could. Having summed up the evidence, Sir Francis Bacon, who felt that this was one of the most important occasions of his life, turned to the Lord High Steward and said,

"May it please your Grace, my Lord here hath had a most gracious hearing, and hath behaved himself modestly and wittily. It hath, my Lord, formerly at arraignments been a custom, after the king's counsel and the prisoner's defense hath been heard, briefly to sum up what hath been said: But in this we have been so formal in the distribution, that I do not think it necessary. And therefore now there is no more to be done, but that the Peers will be pleased to confer and the Prisoner to withdraw until the censures be past."

"My Lords," cried Somerset, his face ghastly pale in the flickering torchlight, his satin-topped gloves crushed between his palms, "before you go together, I beseech you give me leave to recommend myself and cause unto you. As the king hath raised me to your degree, so he hath now disposed me to your censures. This may be any of your own cases, and therefore I assure myself you will not take circumstances for evidence. For if you should, the circumstances of a man's life were nothing. In the meantime you may see the excellence of the king's justice; which makes no distinction, putting me into your hands for a just and equal censure. For my part, I protest before God that I was neither guilty of, nor privy to, any wrong that Overbury suffered in this kind."

With this statement ringing in their ears, the peers withdrew. They deliberated long together, and when they returned, near nine o'clock at night, the air, surcharged with heat and human tension, seemed all but insufferable.

"Robert, Lord Dormer," called the old Lord High Steward in his quavering voice, "how say you? Whether is Robert, Earl of Somerset guilty of the Felony as accessory before the fact, of the willful poisoning and murder of Sir Thomas Overbury whereof he hath been indicted and arraigned, nor not guilty?"

Robert, Lord Dormer stood up and bared his head.

"Guilty, my Lord," he answered quietly.

Twenty times the word "guilty" was uttered before the scarlet canopy from under which the Lord High Steward looked down upon the jury.

Now the prisoner was brought to the bar again. The audience noticed immediately that he was not wearing the insignia of the Most Noble Order of the Garter. He had taken off his George with his own hand before the Lieutenant of the Tower came to lead him to his judgment.

"My Lord High Steward," Sir Francis Bacon began, "Robert, Earl of Somerset hath been indicted and arraigned, and put himself upon his peers, who all, without the difference of one voice, have found him guilty. I pray judgment."

The clerk of the court stepped forward. "Robert, Earl of Somerset," he commanded, "hold up thy hand. Whereas thou hast been indicted, arraigned and pleaded not guilty, as accessory before the fact to the willful poisoning and murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, and hast put thyself upon thy peers, who have found thee guilty; what hast thou to say for thyself, why sentence of death should not be pronounced against thee?"

"The sentence that is passed upon me is just," said Robert, Earl of Somerset, with that composure that a man should show. "I only desire death according to my degree, and humbly beg you, my Lord High Steward, and the rest of the Lords, to be intercessors to the King for his mercy towards me, if it be necessary."

An official of the court knelt before the canopy of the Lord High Steward and handed to him a white rod.

"Robert, Earl of Somerset," Lord Ellesmere's feeble and cracked voice still carried into every corner of the crowded hall, "whereas thou hast been incited, arraigned and found guilty as accessory before the fact of the willful poisoning and murder of Sir Thomas Overbury; you are therefore to be carried from hence to the Tower, and from thence to the place of execution, where you are to be hanged by the neck till you be dead. And may the Lord have mercy upon your soul."

Then my Lord High Steward broke the white staff.

With the snapping of that bit of painted wood, Robin's glory vanished, and a chapter in James's life was ended—a chapter which had pleased him, grieved him, and taught him nothing.

XII. THE INFANTA SCREAMED AND RAN AWAY

SOMEWHERE in the depths of the fabulous territories of the Indies was a kingdom so rich that its king dusted his copper-colored flesh with powdered gold. In the city of Cuzco, capital of the Incas, the Spaniard Pizarro had seen with his own eyes a house of gold, thatched with pure gold straw. He also told of pure gold furniture and fountains of gold that spouted water from aureate pipes. As a matter of hard, cold fact, it was known that during the last hundred years Spain had actually received gold and silver bullion from America to the value of approximately five millions of ducats (in the neighborhood of three and three-quarters billion dollars).

This knowledge, and the humor, wit, and dignity in Conde Gondomar's strangely light blue eyes, all but ruined James. Coupled with that persistent picture of himself which continually floated through his mind—James the Peacemaker, James the arbiter of Europe—his hankering after Spanish riches and his faith in Spanish diplomacy brought England very nearly to the brink of ignominy. He certainly made her the laughing-stock of the Continent, and a broken reed for his impulsive, weak-timbered son-in-law, Frederick.

Yet, strangely enough, although he failed in his fine schemes for riches and world-acclaim, and though not an ounce of Spanish gold found its way into the English treasury, in the years after Somerset's swift fall James came to know the domestic felicity for which he had always yearned, and in his private relationships was happier than he had ever been in his life.

For a short time it looked as if Somerset's place would not be filled. Sir George Villiers was still only a plain "Sir," and had nothing to say about the government.

James I of England

James's old schoolmate, Thomas Erskine, now Viscount Fenton and captain of the royal guard, had already written to his cousin, Johnnie Slaites, "I think our Master understands himself some better than he did—and there is not now any monopolizing of his favor. And if I should say that I do conjecture only, I think he will never forgive himself some errors. I thank God he sees better than he has done heretofore, and I thank God for that I see."

Viscount Fenton was banking too heavily on James's capacity for self-reproach. By August, 1616, the Somersets were reprieved from death, but condemned to imprisonment in the Tower. Robert Carr would now lay his curled blond head upon the same pillow on which poor Arabella Stuart had breathed her last during the preceding year, and Frances, with something of her old abandon, could smile up at her fellow-prisoner, poor Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, confined ever since the Gunpowder Plot.

The gay and affable George Villiers had so wormed himself into both James's and Anna's affections that they were beginning to treat him like a member of the family. The queen wrote to him, calling him her kind dog, and offering to do him any service she could. The king now created him Viscount Villiers, in a rather informal little ceremony, and those crowds of favor-seekers who had once worn down Somerset's threshold now began to swarm about my Lord Villiers' doorway, hoping for a look, a word, a scribbled note from the slim hand which the king admired so fondly. Next the collar of the Garter was hung about the viscount's neck, and whispers were heard that this would be a repetition of the Somerset story. The whisperers reckoned without Villiers' snob-bishness. The Leicestershire lad, unlike his foolish predecessor, made fast friends with no one outside the royal family. He was perfectly satisfied with the society of a king, a queen, and a prince. Indeed, although he was eight years older than Charles, a friendship had sprung up between him and James's pale, grave son, most gratifying to the prince's parents and surprisingly enjoyable to themselves. George's high spirits and infectious laughter sparkled like champagne in the usually stodgy ale-and-porter atmosphere of Theobald's, Denmark House, and Oatlands.

Before long they were all calling him Steenie, an affectionate abbre-

viation for Stephen. James, gazing with approval at the straight, delicate profile of his newest and dearest friend, had sworn that Villiers was as handsome as St. Stephen. At Charles's creation as Prince of Wales in November, the Viscount Villiers, who two years ago had not had a decent suit to his back, took part in the festivities, and together with thirteen other noblemen, urged a gaudily caparisoned horse at full gallop along a wooden fence, to see whether he could run his lance through a ring suspended slightly above the height of his left eye.

The king was present and enthusiastically applauded this sport; but Anna, suffering from the agonizing stabs of rheumatic arthritis, contemporaneously diagnosed as gout, gave out that she could not bear to see the creation of another Prince of Wales after Henry, and kept to her chamber. Poor Anna! During Somerset's high-handed rule she had not been allowed to shine as queen. Now that she and Steenie were fast friends and she could have emerged from the retirement into which the haughty Howard family had thrust her, her arms and legs began to ache and swell. Oftener and oftener it was noised about that the queen was crazy (ill) and required the attendance of the dapper French physician, Dr. Mayerne.

Anna had never held the tone of the Court taut, as Elizabeth had done, nor set the styles for anybody but a faithful few. But at least a certain minimum of decorum had prevailed during her heyday. Now that she was so often "crazy," and there was nobody to jerk up the behavior of the Court to a decent level, the high tempers, bold manners, and raucous spirits of the younger generation began to burst out in the strangest manifestations. James had only a scant idea of what was going on—he had always been blind to everything except the happenings directly under his nose. Charles was too young and shy to interfere, and Steenie as yet too uncertain of himself.

Thus it came about that London was edified by the sight of two young bloods fighting in Gray's Inn, one hacking off three fingers before his adversary could draw a weapon; whereupon the other retaliated by biting off a "good piece" of his assailant's nose and carrying it away in his pocket.

At a supper in the city, given by the Lord Mayor to the newly created Knights of the Bath (the ancient and chivalrous order to which

commoners could belong) these champions of purity so far forgot their oaths and their symbolic soakings in ritual "bathing-tubs" set up in Westminster Hall, as to put the citizens' wives in the audience "to the squeak." A sheriff actually broke in upon Sir Edward Sackville, brother of the Earl of Dorset, in the most compromising position, with the result that the outraged hosts forced the fledgling K. B.'s to go home without so much as a taste of the banquet which had been prepared for them.

The crash of beer mugs was heard nightly at the Mitre Tavern in Fleet Street, and the steely sibilance of swords being snatched from their scabbards. The growing lawlessness spread to those more prominent than younger sons and hot-tempered nobodies; the Earl of Dorset and Lord Clifford tried to "go into the field" and cut each other to pieces. This disturbance of the peace did reach the royal ear. The two rebellious noblemen were ordered by the Privy Council to forbear one another and save their belligerence for the wars in Westminster Hall (Parliament).

The general contempt for laws and orderly procedure even seemed to contaminate the king himself after a time; for James finally and with all the insistence of an outraged ego, hounded the chief justice, Sir Edward Coke, from the Bench. Coke was as stubborn as the king. He would not admit that a judge must of necessity consult the king before trying a case in which the power or profit of James were involved.

"When the case arises, your Majesty," he told James grimly, "I will do what I deem fitting of a judge to do. I hold the law to be the last resort supreme in England."

The golden stars upon the ceiling of the Star Chamber twinkled down upon a coterie of judges submissively upon their knees, while James, sputtering and angry, threatened the obdurate Coke in his broadest Scots.

"As for the absolute prerogative of the Crown," he cried, "that is no subject for the tongue of a lawyer, nor is it lawfully to be disputed: It is atheism and blasphemy to dispute what God can do; good Christians content themselves with His Will revealed in His Word; so it is presumption and high contempt in a subject to dispute what a king can do, or say that a king cannot do this or that, but rest in that which is the king's word revealed in his law."

Coke was no model of justice and impartiality, but he revered the common law and respected the rights of free-born Englishmen. He would help the king to harry a Sir Walter Raleigh, but he would not allow James to tamper with the fundamental legal heritage of the Anglo-Saxon people.

"The Lord Coke," wrote Mr. Chamberlain after this difference of opinion between the king and one of the best legal minds in the country, "is now quite off the hook, and order given to send him a *supersedeas* from executing his place." James's obstinate insistence upon that noble partnership between God and himself had once more blinded him to the resolute temper and growing self-dependence of his English subjects. He put Sir Henry Montague, grandson of a former chief justice, in Coke's place with fine ceremony, dismissed the lawyer from the Privy Council, and signified that he wished to hear no more of the matter.

This last brush with English perversity plagued him beyond measure. He began to think of the good old days in Scotland, when the king was the law and not even the bellowing ministers of the Kirk had charged him with violating ancient guaranties of popular rights as opposed to his royal supremacy. He thought of the obedient Privy Council in the north, meekly doing as they were told, and of his faithful Johnnie Slaites, now Lord Treasurer of Scotland since the Somerset catastrophe, dutifully gathering in as much revenue as he could. He considered the state of the Church in Scotland and the necessity for embedding Episcopacy a little more firmly in the rocky soil of Presbyterianism. He was suddenly stricken with a yearning nostalgia for his native land. He had talked many times of paying a visit to Scotland. Now, as soon as the roads were open, he would go north again and soothe his ears with the beloved sound of the Scots tongue.

Plans for this journey began to engross all his attention; ways and means of providing money enough for it had already been worrying the Lord Treasurer and the less sentimental heads upon the Privy Council. Even Villiers, created Earl of Buckingham and sworn in as privy councilor for a prodigious New Year's present, urged his good friend the king not to think of it. It would cost a fortune, would be a drain on James's strength, and would accomplish nothing.

James stamped his foot. "I will go," he told Buckingham, "and that's an end to't!"

He had become prey, as he himself said, to a "salmon-like instinct which restlessly both when we are awake and many times in our sleep has so stirred up our thoughts and bended our desires to make a journey thither [to Scotland], that we could never rest satisfied till it should please God that we might accomplish it." Even Buckingham knew it would be foolish to resist the salmon-like instinct of a king.

Preparations were immediately begun in Scotland to gratify this "earnest desire." The Scots were assured that the king's intention was "so to behave ourself during the time of our being there as every one should see that our care should not be wanting to do as much good as we could, and so to carry ourself as our actions should be accompanied with the applause and hearty consent of all our good people." Masons were at once put to work at Holyroodhouse, Stirling, and Falkland to make necessary repairs. Proclamations were issued against the slaughter of moor-fowl and bucks at Falkland, so that the king might find an adequate supply of game for his guns. The burghers of Edinburgh were warned to equip themselves with black velvet apparel, and silversmiths at once began working upon a cup which, filled with ten thousand marks in double angels of gold, was to gratify his Majesty's heart (and pocket) upon his arrival.

The Scottish journey was "every day more fresh in speech," and became the current topic of gossip in London.

Ben Jonson wrote another masque for Christmas, but the usual gala excitement of the holiday season was dulled. James's mind was not at Whitehall but in Edinburgh. Even so extraordinary an event as the appearance of that "nonpareil of Virginia," the Princess Pocahontas, now wife of Mr. John Rolfe, failed to whet his curiosity. Since she attended the masque, he saw her and spoke with her—the first native Virginian ever to set a foot in England, the first red-skinned heathen ever to embrace Christianity. Anna, too, paid her attention, for she had been especially requested by no less a person than Captain John Smith to be hospitable to the daughter of Powhatan, King of Savages. It would have been stimulating to learn what the court thought of this gentle, soft-spoken Indian girl, transplanted by one of fate's strangest

whimsies from the primeval forests of the New World to the smelly, noisy, colorful streets of London and the candle-lit hubbub of Whitehall. It would have been even more provocative to know how Pocahontas, rechristened Rebecca, viewed that superior civilization of which the colonists in Jamestown had boasted. Did the sight of a trained lion, patiently turning meat upon a spit, fill her with admiration? What could she have thought of the shrill women who hawked "Potatoes! Ripe Potatoes!" through the London streets, offering them as great delicacies—those common tubers which grew wild in Virginia?

Did the clouds of tobacco smoke, puffed out from hundreds of long-stemmed, tiny, white clay pipes tickle her nostrils with their well-remembered acidity? Or did the smell of smoke make her shed tears, recalling the pipes which her loving father, Powhatan, and his warriors had smoked beside their council fires so many thousands of miles away? Surely she must have longed for the fresh air and warm suns of Virginia; for the sight of other faces with high cheekbones. She must have found the gaping inquisitiveness of the sophisticated English lords and ladies at the court affronting to a king's daughter, and the ceaseless drizzle and chill of an English spring all but unendurable. In March of the same year, as she was about to take ship at Gravesend to return "to that country good to live in, if it were stored with people," the alien atmosphere grew too intolerable to be borne, and she slipped out of life, without having aroused the royal interest either in herself as a person or in the land which she represented. Virginia having proved to be a country where skilled husbandmen and ploughs were wanted to plant corn, and whose great promise, according to Captain John Smith, lay in the abundant fish in her waters, and not in emeralds, rubies, diamonds, and gold strewn upon the ground, James had ceased to interest himself in this unproductive land from which no treasure fleets ever sailed.

Raleigh, released from the Tower after so many years' imprisonment, was putting forth all his vast and pent-up energies in getting an expedition together for Guiana. His glowing descriptions of the inexhaustible store of precious metals he would find and of the gold mine he knew he could locate—these appealed far more to James than the farming and fishing prospects of Virginia. One should bring the

heathen in the colonies to God, of course, but if one could also tap the earth's treasure caves for England and an impoverished king. . . . Raleigh drew such vivid pictures that James's imagination completely submerged his common sense. Guiana had already been claimed for Spain. There were Spanish settlements close to the spot which should yield up gold for Raleigh. Sir Walter was known to breathe fire at the thought of Spain, in spite of the ridiculous pro-Spanish plot which had been attributed to him, for which a sentence of treason hung over his head. What guaranty could he give that he would not encroach upon the rights and prerogatives of Philip III? Gondomar was quite properly alarmed at the thought of this bellicose English pirate cruising about in Spanish waters, spying upon Spanish fortifications, and in all probability holding up Spanish treasure ships. He protested vigorously to James. No, the king assured him, Raleigh would swear not to interfere with Spain. To show that the freed prisoner meant no harm, the king even showed Gondomar the maps and plans for the expedition! Now that the project had been set on foot, James refused to relinquish a vision of fourteen English ships sailing back from the New World, their sails bellying over decks piled with boxes of shining yellow metal. However, he would not have offended Spain at this juncture, even for treasure ships; the plans for the Spanish match between the shy Charles and the shy Infanta Maria were progressing famously. Therefore he promised the improbable, if not impossible, on Raleigh's behalf; and with his Steenie beside him, set out for Scotland.

Anna was left behind, with the new Lord Keeper, Sir Francis Bacon, the secretary of state, Ralph Winwood, and her son Charles to soothe her arthritic temper. Only those lords who were able to put in a full day in the saddle trotted behind the king, for this was to be a hunting holiday such as James had not enjoyed since he came down from Edinburgh over nearly the same route fourteen years before. The Earls of Arundel, Pembroke, Montgomery, and Southampton rode in his train, among others. Three bishops, my Lord of Lincoln, my Lord of Ely, and my Lord of Winchester (obliging Dr. Montagu), slung their gaitered legs over saddles with the rest. If there were to be any change in the ritual of the Scottish church, these three gentlemen would have to be on hand to see that it was properly carried out.

The Bishop of Winchester, used as he was to James's great passion for the chase, found the entire tone of the entourage a little worldly.

"If your Honour ask what the King do and what he have been doing," he wrote from Newcastle to Winwood, "I can make no other answer but that he have talked stoutly of horses and dogs, and it continueth the farther north the more cracking [prattle] of those cattle. He is exceedingly well pleased with the air of these parts, and laments his long habitation at London, which hath shortened his life, he sayeth, many years."

From Theobald's to Berwick hunting horns sounded, huntsmen were out before the day had broken to track down fine deer for his Majesty, and hounds ran bucks to cover. James galloped after the bay-ing pack with as much zest as he had shown when he was a lad of twenty. When at last the great buck or hart was brought to bay, he trembled with excitement as the head huntsman went in for the kill with his dagger drawn; and he alighted with boyish exuberance to "assay" the deer. His abhorrence of blood and naked steel never prevented James from thrilling to the feel of tender cervine flesh as he ran a sharp knife down the brisket and then struck off the head, as was the king's due. The gabble of courtiers wearied him, and the hum of many voices under a ceiling buzzed unpleasantly in his ears; but the yapping of hounds, the calls of the huntsmen, the thunder of hooves as the riders came charging up to the kill, these were music to him and exhilarated him beyond description.

Steenie's letters to the Lord Keeper Bacon repeat the same phrase again and again, "His Majesty, God be thanked, is in very good health, and so well pleased with his Journey that I never saw him better nor merrier." It was only unfortunate that this open-air holiday could not continue forever. A meeting of the Scottish Parliament had been called for June, preceded by innumerable triumphal arches and bromidic speeches of welcome. Having consumed two full months in traveling three hundred miles, James and his retinue at last crossed the Scottish border on the thirteenth of May, 1617.

Did the smell of the heather on the Scottish moors awaken old memories in him? Did the sight of old familiar places carry him back to those heartier days when his eyes twinkled and the corners of his

mouth turned up with quizzical humor? How did the Scots tongue affect him, and what did the huzzas of his loyal Scottish subjects do to his heart? No shred of evidence survives from James's pen to record the impression that this homecoming made upon him, and not even one small sonnet remains to reveal the feelings that welled up within him as he saw the castle of Edinburgh towering above him, immutable, sterner, and more savage than any English fortress, gray and ageless.

Scotland's greeting was genuinely cordial. Although the usual euphemistic Latin orations were directed at him and the usual guard of burgesses in black velvet suits was drawn up for his edification, the fact that the Scottish treasury was willing to bear the expenses of his entire retinue during his visit, and that accommodations had been provided in Edinburgh, the Cannongate, and other suburbs for five thousand men and stables for five thousand horses spoke more eloquently of affection than any amount of stilted verbiage. Moreover, Sir Gideon Murray, treasurer-deputy under Johnnie Slaites, had by some miracle scraped together enough money to repair Holyroodhouse, Stirling, Edinburgh Castle, Linlithgow, Dunfermline, Falkland and Dumbarton. It was no less miraculous that "honest and clean" bedding had been found for the vast conclave of strangers, with "well washed and well smelled napery and other linens." Beggars had been banished and the stinking midden-heaps had been cleared away.

Scotland had put on her Sunday best to honor the homecoming of Mary Stuart's son. Who knows but that James's conscience was more cloudless and his enjoyment of these homeland ovations more genuine because some four years before he had had her body transferred from Peterborough Cathedral to Westminster, and honorably interred with "plenty of torchlight and bells"?

Surely her spirit, if it did hover over the paneled rooms of Holyrood, would have looked down more benignly upon her son because of this last homage. The outrageous behavior of his Highness' dearest mother and that blackguard Bothwell had been softened by time. The parties of the king's lords and the queen's lords had long since been dissolved, and the name of Mary had already been enshrined by all but the most bigoted Presbyterians in the uplifted category of the innocently wronged.

The cramped withdrawing rooms and conical towers of the old palace at the end of the Royal Mile may have seemed stingy and puny after the spaciousness and refinements of Theobald's. The gardens were less fragrant and luxuriant than English gardens, and surely the entire Scottish capital, perched on its craggy spine of rock, must have seemed provincial compared with London.

James stayed at Holyrood only long enough to rest after the ardors of the city's welcome, and then set off on a hunting tour to the north. He returned in time to celebrate his birthday in the spot in which he was born. The Castle guns were shot off in honor of the event, and a small boy of nine sagely delivered a poem in Hebrew to commemorate the epochal day as James VI and I passed over the Esplanade into the Castle from which fifty-one years ago Sir James Melville had spurred his horse toward London to bring the acrid news to Elizabeth.

On the walls of the tiny room where Mary had lain on that dramatic occasion, there had been painted a prayer:

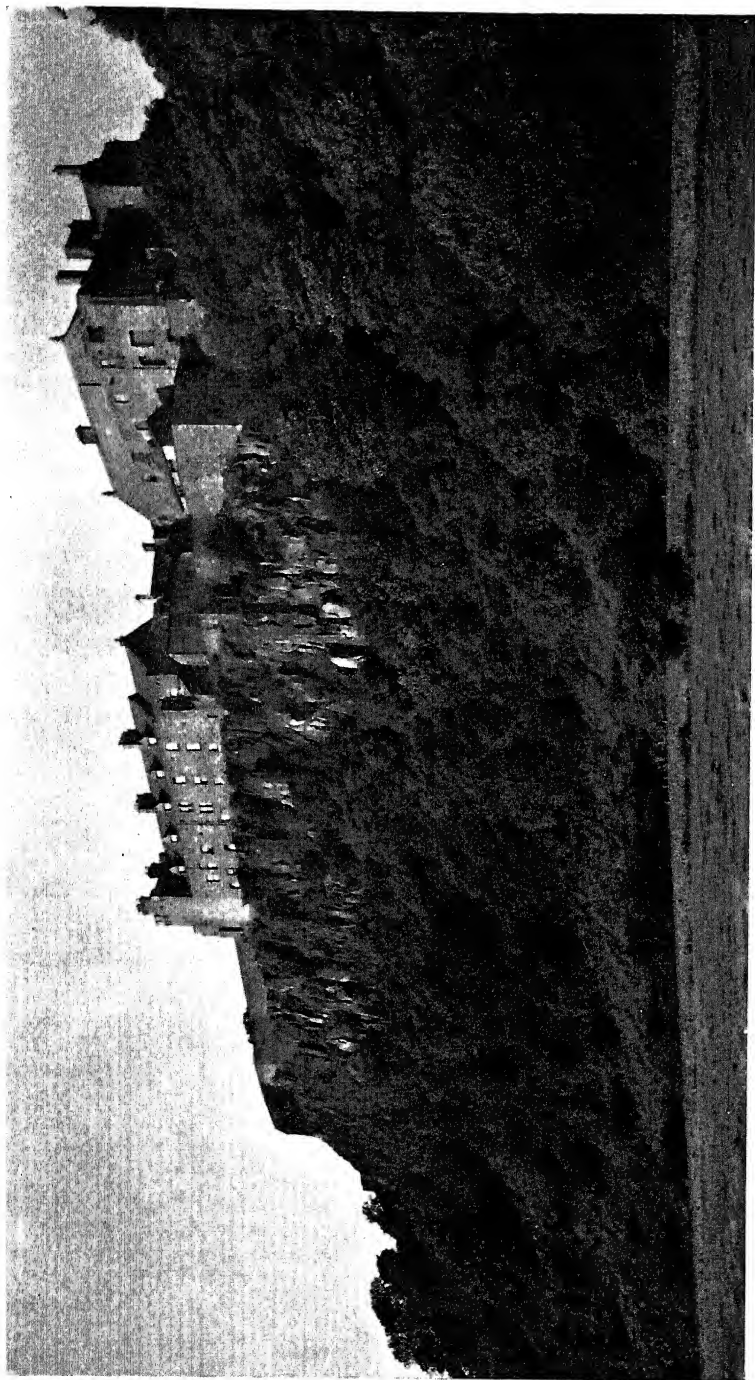
*Lord Jesu Christ, that crowned was with thorns,
Preserve the birth whose body here is borne,
And send her Son succession to reign still,
Long in the realm if that it be Thy will,
And grant, O Lord, whatever of her proceed
Be to thy glory, honour and praise, so be it.*

Small children who had been born since James left Scotland clung to the railings of the wooden stairs jutting out over the High Street, and stared at the king as he rode back to Holyrood. Was this the King Jamie they had been told about, this oldish man with the hunched shoulders who cried out in an irritable voice, "A pox on ye! Out of my way!" when the people crowded too close? He was no dashing nobleman; he did not even cut so bonny a figure as my Lord of Mar. Ay, it must be a hard job, being king, if it could make a man look as tired as that. But that other fine gentleman there at his right—the one with the yellow hair and the white teeth, whose satin doublet was so beautifully embroidered, and whose jeweled chain glinted in the sun—who was he? That was my Lord of Buckingham, the king's friend, who

helped him with all his business, and who was also to sit at the Privy Council table of Scotland.

For all the friction in London between Englishmen and Scotsmen, the visitors were royally entertained at Edinburgh. They sat as friends, not as haughty conquerors, in the Parliament, and heard James extol English manners to the skies. He made it a point to sit "personally and infallibly" every day, so that there "fell not a word amongst them" but that he was aware of it. He was particular, too, that the Englishmen should attend faithfully. He wanted them to see how a really well disciplined Parliament behaved. In his closing speech James pointed out that everything that had been done during the session (which included the abolishing of hereditary sheriff-ships and the widening of the authority granted to justices of the peace, together with certain Episcopal additions to the church ritual) had been accomplished not "by shouldering or wrestling, but by debate, judgment, and reason, without any interposition of the Royal power in anything." This was not quite the truth, but the burgesses and lords of Scotland were indisputably meeker in assembly than the roaring boys of England, however vociferously the doughty Scottish ministers objected to having children confirmed by bishops and the communion received kneeling. The installation of an organ in the Chapel Royal at Stirling and the hanging of several religious pictures, designed by Inigo Jones, showing divines in clerical vestments, had put them in a bad humor, but in deference to their royal visitor, their growls were not as loud as usual.

After his governmental duties in the capital had been attended to, the king once more departed for a country tour, including Perth, Falkland, and St. Andrews. There was a disputation in divinity held at the University of St. Andrews as a welcome break in the addresses and banquets with which the king had hitherto been beguiled. James obviously enjoyed these weighty debates tremendously, for a second series of "philosophick Disputations" was arranged for him at Stirling. One of the subjects concerned the Origin of Fountains or Springs, a topic to which a scant forty-five minutes had been allotted. The judges of the debate had reckoned without James. He leapt into the verbal fray, prolonging the discussion, and spoke for the Respondent, argued for the Opponent, "seldom letting an argument on either side pass



STIRLING CASTLE

Courtesy of Indiges', Ltd.

without proper remark." Never had he felt so cheerful or expressed himself so well, albeit the subject was not in his familiar line. The clear pure air of Stirling, and the sense of familiarity with every stick and stone of the palace helped to exhilarate him, while the opportunity to stun his hearers with his intellectual prowess and erudition always lifted his spirits.

Before he left, he still more clearly evinced his interest in matters academic. He commanded the University of St. Andrews to confer several academic degrees, a practice which the puritanical Presbyterians had discontinued. By royal order, several doctors of divinity were created. The heads of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, remembering the somewhat arbitrary manner in which they had been commanded to award doctors' degrees on several occasions in the past, joined with the Principal of St. Andrews in thinking a learned king a not entirely unmixed blessing. It was not that James underestimated the value of a higher education. Quite the contrary. He considered that every man whose intellect was capable of assimilating sufficient learning should receive academic recognition. If the universities failed to accord such honor where it was due, and he, James, by his own examinations had found a candidate worthy to be called "Doctor," then he was only furthering the good cause and saving the university trouble by asking that the degree be granted *in honoris causa*. After all, he was quite as able to judge of scholarship as any university man!

The king bestowed the pleasure of his royal society upon his native country until the beginning of August; and then, because many of his courtiers were getting restless to be home and there was no reasonable pretext upon which the progress could be extenuated, he reluctantly rode across the borders and began his homeward journey down the west coast of England, stopping a night here and two days there with the more affluent members of the country gentry.

The buck and stag were fleet-footed in the western shires, and the hounds were deep-mouthed, too. One day James shot five bucks with the cross-bow, riding from dawn to dusk, as merry as Robin Hood. When his sport was over he drank the good country ale and supped heartily with his Lancashire hosts. The menu offered him for a Sunday dinner at the home of one Sir Richard Hoghton sounds incredible.

The first course consisted of pullets, boiled capon, boiled mutton, boiled chicken, shoulder of roast mutton, boiled ducks, roast loin of veal, haunch of roast venison, burred capon, hot venison pasty, roast turkey, burred veal, one roast swan (and one for the morrow), hot chicken pie, roasted goose, cold rabbits, jiggets (haunches) of boiled mutton, snipe pie, boiled breast of veal, roast capons, more pullets, roast beef, cold tongue pie, boiled sprod (salmon), cold roast herons, cold curlew pie, custards, and roast pig.

The second course served to the king and lords offered only one hot pheasant and one for the king, six quails for the king, partridge, poultry, artichoke pie, chickens, roast curlews, buttered peas, rabbits, duck, plovers, red deer pie, burred pig, three hot roast herons, lamb roast, gammon of bacon, roast pigeons, a "made" dish (meat to which other ingredients had been added), burred chicken, pear tart, pullets and grease, dried tongues, turkey pie, pheasant tart, dried hogs' cheeks, and cold turkey chicks.

For supper the same evening the servants laid the table with forty-five dishes, many of which had appeared on the noon menu but which gave the festive board the desirable overcrowded appearance.

It may have been upon this very Sunday that, surfeited with proteins and relaxed by strenuous exercise, James listened to a deputation of good country folks complain that the preachers had taken all the joy out of their lives by refusing to let them play games on Sundays. Their grievance struck the king as being astonishingly logical. Certainly, he agreed, the people should have recreation on Sunday.

"If they be deprived of such sports as dancing, archery, leaping, vaulting, May games, morris dances, the setting up of May poles, and other manly sports, they will most certainly frequent alehouses and engage in other vices attendant upon sedentary idleness," he argued with surprising insight into the vagaries of human nature. Upon his return to London he prepared a declaration which he ordered to be read from all the pulpits, reinforcing this liberality and arguing that after they had attended divine services, men and women should be allowed to engage in the sports mentioned, to the exclusion only of "bear and bull baitings, interludes, and (at all times in the meaner sort of people by law prohibited) bowling."

The clergy, both in England and Scotland, ululated against this "ill-judged license." It was a Popish plot, they cried, calculated to arouse rebellion and turn the people's hearts from the true religion. They expostulated so loudly at having to read this heresy to their parishioners that later James was forced to withdraw it. Unaware, at the time, of the storm he was causing, James proceeded southward. The weather had turned rainy, but that did not dispirit the hordes of citizens along the route to London who turned out to see their king come down from Scotland for the second time.

He finally arrived at Hampton Court, to find Anna still "crazy," and her physicians beginning to look worried. Seventeen-year-old Charles was in excellent health, and delighted to see his "old Dad" again. The boy was forming a real attachment for his father. He had not Steenie's flashing wit and bravado, but he was sober and serious enough to please England, and studious enough to win James's approval. As he had foreseen, of all his brood this pale lad would be the closest to him. If only the arrangements for his marriage to the infanta could be completed, James would have looked upon Charles with complete satisfaction. The infanta was rich, her dowry would be a tremendous help in paying various debts, and the picture of the greatest Protestant prince in Europe linked by matrimony to the greatest Catholic kingdom would indeed be a superlative stroke of pacific diplomacy!

"Disagreement in Religion," he had once written in the *Basilikon Doron*, "bringeth with it disagreement in manners; and the dissention betwixt your preachers and hers, will breed and foster a dissention among your subjects, besides the peril of the evil education of your children." Against religious dissension James weighed the golden ducats pouring into Spain and piling up for the infanta's dowry. He turned his back upon the provincial author of that sensible counsel, blindly and eagerly offering his son and his people for a mess of Spanish gold.

His friend Gondomar, who had been too ill to go to Scotland with him, had himself carried to Whitehall in a litter the moment James got to London, in order to assure the king that the marriage negotiations were still proceeding and that Spain was most anxious for the match. This was hardly an accurate representation of the Spanish state of mind, but it would never do to let James think that Spain was only

playing with him to keep him from interfering too actively in the Protestant politics of the Low Countries. The rank and file of the English people were growing more and more bitter against Papists, but at court only the stiff-necked Puritan secretary, Winwood, and Sir Thomas Edmonds, lately ambassador to France and now comptroller of the king's household, viewed the prospect of a Catholic marriage with distaste and apprehension. Charles's own preferences, of course, were not consulted.

Steenie was in favor of it, as against a proposed marriage with France. Lord Hay had been sent to Paris with a trousseau of silver-embroidered doublets and a glittering retinue to see what kind of queen Christina, the sister of little Louis XIII, would make, but that embassy had fallen flat and feeling had remained lukewarm on both sides. If Steenie thought Charles should marry a Spanish infanta, then a Spanish infanta it should be. James was convinced that under Buckingham's high forehead the noblest mind of the century was functioning in his behalf. It was only two years since he had cherished Somerset more than any man alive, but that had been a passing infatuation compared to the love which filled his wheezing bosom when he thought of Steenie (with the first onset of cool and rainy autumn weather James nearly always caught a bad cold).

The weary earls who had returned from Scotland with him had hardly brushed the mud-stains from their cloaks and doublets before the truth burst upon them anew: my Lord of Buckingham was as high in the king's favor as Somerset had ever been, and would wield even more power than that disgraced parvenu, who with his sharp-tongued lady still sulked in the Tower. Sir Walter Raleigh, whose apartment in the Tower they now occupied, had finally set sail, during James's absence, for the fabled regions of the Orinoco, with nine hundred badly disciplined sailors and a cargo of pikes and shovels to be used in scratching out loose gold from the glistening tropic soil.

If Somerset had been the bright sun of James's firmament, "at whose splendor or glooming all the marigolds of the court open or shut," Buckingham was his entire cosmos, without whom his life would have been intolerably empty. As the entire court had once whirled about Somerset, so now everyone, great or small, deferred to George Villiers,

and every important decision was made only with his approval. He was free from some of the vices which had bloomed in Robin's hothouse character. He was less insistent upon receiving money for court recommendations. On the other hand, Steenie had one dreadful drawback which afflicted his contemporaries almost beyond endurance. He had a scheming, grasping, saccharine-sanctimonious mother. This lady, who had been married twice, and was known as Lady Villiers-Compton, was determined to see all her children well settled in life, and with the meteoric rise of her son George, clung tightly about his handsome neck, lest he should forget his brothers and sisters. First of all, there was brother John to be disposed of. Brother John was not quite bright. He appears to have suffered from some sort of progressive insanity. A rich wife, a noble wife, must be found for him.

While James was away, Lord Coke, chafing under the obloquy of his dismissal, and anxious to be returned to favor at court, had made advances in behalf of his daughter Frances. In view of the ten thousand pound dowry he was grudgingly stimulated into offering, this suit was viewed with favor by Lady Compton. Frances herself loathed the thought of Steenie's brother, but that made no difference. Her mother, the strong-minded Lady Hatton, who had been on peppery terms with Lord Coke for years, refusing to bear his name, decided *her* daughter should never marry a Villiers. The girl was locked up by her mother, kidnaped by her father, delivered over to Lady Compton, and finally, after intercession by James and the Privy Council, married willy-nilly to Steenie's demented brother.

Aside from blighting poor Frances Coke's life, this mirthless wedding had several important and far-reaching results. Lord Coke was gradually edged back into favor, and was necessarily smiled upon by Steenie, being one of the family. The Lord Keeper Bacon was very much out of favor, having pleaded with my Lord of Buckingham and the king not to permit this alliance with a disgraced family (referring to his old enemy Coke), and, with singular lack of perspicacity for so brilliant a brain, having persisted for a time in this terrible mistake. James wrote him a long letter of rebuke; Buckingham was very short with him; and on the twenty-eighth of September, the day before the marriage, Sir

Edward Coke was rewarded for his filial solicitude by being reseated at the Privy Council table.

The king made his own part in this cruel political marriage perfectly clear.

"I am," he told the Council with extraordinary candor, "neither a God nor an angel, but a man like any other. Therefore I act like a man, and confess to loving those dear to me more than other men. You may be sure that I love the Earl of Buckingham more than anyone else, and more than you who are here assembled. I wish to speak in my own behalf, and not to have it thought to be a defect, for Jesus Christ did the same, and therefore I cannot be blamed. Christ had his John, and I have my George."

It was Gondomar who wrote home this report of the king's speech, and it may be that in his flowery Spanish he infused more megalomaniac fatuousness into James's speech than was actually warranted. Even in his most exalted moments, James hardly thought of himself as Christ, but rather as a kind of brother to Christ, a replica, endowed by God with Christ-like privileges. He was, as Gondomar truly reported, neither a God nor an angel, but a man—a prematurely aging man with a terrible capacity for affection and a real need for young energy and young brains to support him.

Steenie sprang to his side at once. Secretary Winwood, worn out as Cecil had been, with the cares of state and the vagaries of a dogmatic sovereign, died at the end of October, 1617, of a very swift illness. "Seeing it was God's pleasure to call him," Mr. Chamberlain wrote to Sir Dudley Carleton, "he could never go in a better time than when he was in the highest favour with the King, Queen, Prince, and Principal Favourite." As after Cecil's death, James declared that for the time being he and Steenie would fill the post themselves. But Steenie had other work to do besides act as amanuensis to his "old Gossip" (a term of endearment which he had begun to use towards James), and therefore Sir Robert Naunton, a quiet and unopinionated man, who could be relied upon to take orders, was put into the post. Steenie foresaw a busy season—exterminating Howards.

The Earl of Suffolk (that good, honest man), Somerset's father-in-law, was still Lord Treasurer, and the royal funds were still shockingly

in arrears. Like a falcon with steel claws, Buckingham swooped down on Suffolk, Thomas Howard. He disclosed some shocking facts. While the great customs, which at James's accession had produced less than £86,000, were now leased out for £140,000, and the wine duties had risen from £4,400 to more than three times that figure, the government deficit for the past year was £150,000. The Flemish towns of Flushing, Brill, and Rammekens, which had literally sold themselves to Elizabeth in return for a loan during the Spanish invasion, had bought themselves back and rid themselves of English occupation by paying £215,000 in full discharge of their debt. What had Suffolk done with the money? My Lord of Buckingham, who unobtrusively slipped from the rank of earl to that of marquis at the beginning of the new year, 1618, by virtue of the king's affection for him, "more than he ever bore to any man!" decided to terminate my Lord of Suffolk's political and financial career as speedily as possible. In July, 1618, his staff of office was taken from him, and in the fall of the next year both he and his wife were haled before the Star Chamber for bribery and corruption. It was alleged that no payment was ever made out of the treasury until Lady Suffolk's palm had been crossed with gold. The judges of the Star Chamber, who had been Suffolk's fellow privy councilors, voted a fine of thirty thousand pounds and a sentence of imprisonment in the Tower, which lasted only ten days.

Thomas Howard and his unpleasant wife had, of course, been guilty of dishonesty in administering the treasury, but no more so than many other servants of the court. Their blackest sin lay elsewhere. They had tried to groom young Monson, the son of Sir William Monson of Overbury disrepute, to supplant Steenie in the king's affections. That was a piece of chicanery too flagrant to be overlooked. James himself, slow-witted though he was in such matters, noticed the flirtatious young man with annoyance, and remarked audibly that he disliked his forwardness.

"Your father and uncle," the Earl of Pembroke told young Monson from the king, "have not long since been called in question for matters of no small moment, and your own education has been in such places and with such persons as are not to be allowed of. You are not to be

allowed the King's presence, and if you would follow my advice, you will likewise forbear the Court."

The Howards, by bathing this precious young man's face with posset curds, to make him as beautiful as Steenie, had made themselves obvious targets for the shafts of my Lord of Buckingham's displeasure.

Even old Charles Howard, the Earl of Nottingham, who had so gloriously destroyed the Spanish Armada for Elizabeth, felt the sharp edge of Steenie's vendetta. His Navy was investigated and his books were scrutinized. It became dreadfully apparent that he had been coasting along on his past heroism far too long. Of the forty-three vessels in the English navy, nearly half were unserviceable and were constantly in need of repair. Unsound timber was being bought at top prices. Enormous sums were being spent for materials, which, if they were brought to the docks at all, were left to lie rotting. A buzzing swarm of drones, who received fat salaries for doing nothing, were in charge of naval operations, and in every department of England's once splendid fleet corruption, not to say putrefaction, had set in. Poor old Nottingham, who was almost as surprised as Steenie at such a state of affairs, was forced to resign, and my Lord of Buckingham, in addition to his post as Master of the Horse and privy councilor, eventually took upon his well-padded silken shoulders the duties of Lord High Admiral of England.

Steenie was not a servant of Salisbury's caliber; but he did have an idea as to how governmental affairs should be administered. In his eyes noble birth was not as important for an official as ability, experience, and honesty. For almost the first time in his life, James began to be served by business men from the city, who knew how to add up a column of pounds, shillings, and pence; and who knew what commodities should and did cost. Through Steenie's influence, a young merchant named Cranfield, who had been appointed surveyor-general, was promoted to be Master of the Wardrobe. The resplendent James Hay, who never could resist gold embroidery, had been responsible for this duty, and, good-natured, affable, lavish fellow that he was, had literally squandered hundreds of thousands. Sir Lionel Cranfield, with that forthrightness characteristic of the times, paid Lord Hay ten thousand pounds for the office, and Steenie generously arranged for another twenty thou-

sand compensation to Hay for the loss of such a lucrative post. It was worth it in the end, for Sir Lionel actually began to bring order out of chaos and, what was more remarkable, began to put money into, instead of withdrawing it from, the Treasury.

James should have been a well-contented king. At last his domestic government was being put to rights, under the graceful hands of the man he loved best. His judgment was being vindicated, and all the world could see what a useful, wise, and truly gifted executive his Steenie had turned out to be, for all his delicate skin and dancing feet. But, noted the keen-eared Mr. Chamberlain, as early as December, 1617, "I am sorry to hear that he [the king] grows every day more froward and with such a kind of morosity, that doth either argue a great discontent in mind, or a distemper of humours in his body. Yet he is never so out of tune but the very sight of my Lord of Buckingham doth settle and quiet all."

With commendable astuteness, Mr. Chamberlain had discerned a marked change in James since his return from Scotland. Always inclined to gout, he had been suffering in earnest with the sharp tortures and peevish irritability which are well-known symptoms of the disease.

Although during the course of the next year Steenie was managing everything so beautifully, there was a rather dark and ugly uneasiness which must have troubled James. Else why should he have taken the trouble to vindicate his treatment of Sir Walter Raleigh in print?

In June, 1618, Raleigh had sailed back across the Atlantic ocean, a broken man, burning with fever, all his golden dreams hopelessly shattered. His dearly beloved son was dead in the jungles along the Orinoco. His trusted companion and second-in-command, Keymis, had cut his own throat in an agony of remorse and frustration. The gold mine had come to nothing. As everybody, including Gondomar, had anticipated, he had had a brush with the Spanish in Guiana. The town of San Thomé had been moved below the mine since Raleigh's last voyage, and Keymis had taken it, lock and stock, while Raleigh lay shaking with malaria in his cabin. The news traveled across the Atlantic to Gondomar with unbelievable speed. In fact, it is quite possible that he knew about it before it happened.

"Pirates, pirates, pirates!" cried the Spanish ambassador, and flew

to the king. James had sworn that if Raleigh hurt a hair of one Spaniard's head, he should be sent to Madrid and hung. Raleigh had extirpated a whole townful of Spaniards. What did the King of England intend to do about it?

James could have bitten his tongue off. Whatever had made him say those facile words about sending Raleigh to Madrid? Why had he ever allowed Raleigh to go to Orinoco in the first place? Here the fellow had gone and damaged the Spanish situation, just when it seemed likely that Philip would give the infanta a dowry of five hundred thousand pounds. And this Gondomar, whose zircon eyes were blazing with outrage, was asking that an Englishman, who had once commanded the yeoman of the royal guard, be sent to Madrid, to be hung like a dog.

The Privy Council hoisted James out of that difficulty. Anxious as they were to keep Spain's friendship, and inimical as they might be to Raleigh, the national honor could never stand such an affront. If Raleigh were to be hanged, let him be hanged in England. But could Raleigh be hanged? And for what?

A proclamation was issued, stating that he had "in a hostile manner invaded the Spanish territories in America and had violated as much as in him lay the peace established between the two Princes." He was arrested after landing at Plymouth, and brought to London, meditating escape to France as he came and even going so far as to apply some sort of concoction to make his skin break out, that he might feign illness and thus gain time to plan. He knew that he had failed, and he knew that he was doomed.

He was placed in the Tower, and it only remained for James and the Council to find some plausible excuse for getting rid of him. They tried to find out whether that proposed flight to France meant an underhanded league with the French king, but even this, although never proved, could not have been grounds for executing him. He had not been pardoned of his old attain. That could be used. As the summer wore on, James realized with sickening conviction that Gondomar would insist upon Raleigh's death, in expiation of those inconsequential Spanish lives snuffed out in the overgrown forests of South America. Gondomar was certain that he was rendering Spain a dazzling service in hounding

this English pirate to the scaffold. James made up his mind to sacrifice Sir Walter in order that Charles might lead Maria to the altar; but he knew, too, that a flood of bitter resentment was rising throughout England, and that from Land's End to Berwick men were defending Raleigh in their hearts and burning with honest English hatred for the enemy whom Elizabeth had all her life so stoutly defied.

Even Anna, her poor legs swollen to an enormous size with dropsy, and with arthritis darting through her joints, wrote a pitiful letter to Steenie, asking him to intercede for Raleigh. Henry and Raleigh had been such good friends, and Raleigh had sent her that potion which, if it had only been used earlier, might have saved her firstborn's life.

My Kind Dog [she pleaded], "if I have any power or credit with you, I pray you let me have a trial of it at this time, in dealing sincerely and earnestly with the King, that Sir Walter Raleigh's life may not be called in question. If you do it so that your success answer my expectation, assure yourself that I will take it extraordinarily kind at your hands, and rest one that wisheth you well, and desires you to continue still, as you have been, a true servant to your master. Anna R.

The Commission which James had appointed to hear Raleigh's defense could not be influenced. Steenie, despite the queen's prayer for leniency, saw as clearly as did James that Raleigh would have to die. It did not matter whether Raleigh had deliberately lied to the king in saying that he was going after a mine, when he was really bent on capturing the Mexican treasure fleet. Even if Raleigh had done the impossible for him, and uttered only the gospel truth, he must die.

On the twenty-eighth of October, he was taken to the Gatehouse at Westminster for the night, and at eight o'clock on the morning of the twenty-ninth, he was led out to execution in the presence of a throng of witnesses.

They saw a tall, broad-shouldered man step confidently out between his keepers, his graying head held high and a smile upon his bearded face. Sixty-six years of danger, trouble, and injustice had not shaken his poise nor deprived him of his flamboyant sense of the dramatic. Sir Walter Raleigh intended to die a conspicuous and gallant death.

James I of England

Climbing upon the scaffold, he laid his embroidered cloak aside, and then stepped forward to address his audience. He told them the story of his voyage and return, simply, earnestly, and with such telling effect that every heart present beat for him and every stout sword-arm tingled to strike at Spain. In his last hour, Walter Raleigh was magnificent.

"And now," he ended, "I entreat you all will join with me in prayer to that Great God of Heaven whom I have so grievously offended, being a man full of all vanity, who has lived a sinful life in such callings as have been most inducing to it; for I have been a soldier, a sailor, and a courtier, which are courses of wickedness and vice; that His Almighty goodness will forgive; that He will cast my sins from me, and that He will receive me into everlasting life; so I take my leave of you all, making my peace with God."

The last of the great Elizabethan adventurers was about to die the last great Elizabethan death. He knelt to receive the blows of the headsman's axe as if they had been accolades of knighthood.

"Which way does your Honor wish to face?" he was asked.

"What matter how the head lie, so the heart be right?" he answered, smiling, and gave the executioner the signal to strike.

Raleigh was not the spotless hero that schoolbooks have made of him, but he had an heroic and dynamic quality which clothed his foolhardiness with romance and invested his words with the ring of shining courage. Beside him, Steenie appeared juvenile, washed-out and colorless, and James, fourteen years his junior, seemed an anxious, neurotic, vacillating dotard.

"The King's Reasons for His Proceedings Against Sir Walter Raleigh," drawn up by Bacon and made public shortly after the execution, could not, in the minds of all true Englishmen, wipe this blot off England's honor. That James, who, though their King, was still a Scotsman and a foreigner, should have sacrificed to the devilish machinations of Spain the man who above all others believed in England's greatness—the opprobrium of this act clung like a malodor about James's stooping shoulders until the day he died, and after. Elizabeth had many times during her long reign committed more flagrant sins. Elizabeth could behead a queen and still retain her people's

love and blazing admiration, for Elizabeth, ruthless and deceitful as she was, had been past mistress of the right word, the right touch, the right appeal to the people's hearts; an art in which James was deaf and blind.

However dampened the spirits of the country may have been by that legally conducted homicide in the Palace Yard, the court soon managed to choke down thoughts of the red leather bag in which Lady Raleigh carried her husband's head with her wherever she went. Gossip of the day was divided between farmhouse picnics, which had come into smart fashion, the schemings of Lady Compton, now created *Countess* of Buckingham, and the health of the queen.

Anna was now so ill that she remained in Hampton Court, sighing, groaning, and sawing wood. The doctors had recommended that form of exercise as a cure for the dropsy which had puffed her body all out of shape. Poor queen! It was horribly grotesque to watch her as she tried to pull a saw through the logs held by her grooms, her farthingale impeding every movement. James came down with great regularity to find out how she did, and learned with sorrow that this expedient only seemed to make her worse. Presently she had a hemorrhage, and it began to be noised about that her case was desperate. The king had long urged her to make a will disposing of her jewels, but even now she could not bring herself to do it. Behind her back her people began to plot for the leases of her land, for the income she was deriving from duties on imported sugars and cloth, for the keeping of Denmark House, and for the division of her gold and pearls. They said she had a secret store of gems worth fabulous sums hidden some place in Denmark House, and the king was already planning to give some of them to Steenie.

James did not mean to be heartless; he was only looking ahead with provident foresight. Much as he loathed the thought of death, even he could see that this pitifully swollen creature who had been his wife for nearly thirty years must shortly leave her great dropsical body behind her and wing to happier realms. He was downcast and saddened, for he remembered her again as the fresh young girl for whom he had ventured across the treacherous North Sea, in the boldest adventure of his life. She had been the single and only sharer of his bed. She had

become, after the first sharp years, a comfortable and not too exacting companion, with whom he stood on friendly terms and with whom he could chat about the everyday commonplaces.

On the sixth of February, he and Steenie visited the queen, and noted that she was sinking fast. They could not stay with her long, for James felt that his presence was required at the proceedings against Sir Thomas Lake, under-secretary and friend of the Howards, instigated by the Earl of Exeter and his young wife. Salisbury's aged brother had married his grandson, Lord Roos, to Lake's daughter, a young woman with very much the same temperament as Frances, once Countess of Essex. Because Lord Roos would not hand over a considerable piece of property to the Lakes, the most horrible story was set on foot, alleging that Lord Roos was having incestuous relations with his grandfather's wife. The Star Chamber found this to be a base libel, and fined the Lakes, husband and wife, five thousand pounds apiece. Lady Exeter was awarded a thousand pounds damages, and the poor serving woman who had waited on Lady Lake and helped her spread the scandal, was condemned to be whipped from the Fleet prison to Westminster on one day, and from the Fleet to Cheapside on the next, there to be burnt in the face with an F for false and an A for accusation; thereafter to be shut up in the Bridewell for the rest of her life. James followed the case eagerly, not struck with the startling discrepancy in the justice meted out to the rich and that under which the poor were condemned. His feeling about the matter was that women were getting entirely too licentious these days and that painting and rouging were fit only for whores. The wife whose heart was failing daily at Hampton Court might be a model for these depraved creatures. Flighty she may have been, and sharp-tempered upon occasion; but at least she had kept her morals above reproach, and as far as he knew had lived faithful to him.

Strangely enough, he did not go to her again when the slander case was disposed of, but retired to Newmarket to hunt and to furbish up a set of "Meditations on the Lord's Prayer," which he contemplated publishing, "for the benefit of all his subjects, particularly such as followed the Court." In a few days he might call on Anna again and try

to cheer her with some select passages from that deeply religious and sententious work.

This last meeting was never to be, and perhaps James, who could not bear to see people die, had meant that it should never take place. Toward the end of the month agonizingly sharp pains smote him in the back and kept him to his bed. A stone had formed in his kidney. He tossed, he turned, he groaned—this was worse than anything he had ever suffered before.

Word was brought that on the first of March, 1619, all the lords and ladies then in London had gone up to Hampton Court to see the queen, and that the Archbishop of Canterbury had been in to help her set her spiritual house in order. James heard the news dully, through a haze of fever. Feeble though she was, Anna could not believe that her illness was fatal, and ordered all her condolers locked out. She finally conceded that it might be better if Charles were allowed to sleep in an adjoining room, and she kept beside her her faithful old Danish maid, her true friend ever since she had come to Scotland. At two in the morning she called Danish Anna to her with gasping breath.

"I cannot see," she moaned. "I cannot see the light."

Charles, the archbishop, the Earl of Worcester, and the Bishop of London came hurrying.

"Your properties, your Majesty, am I to have those?" asked Charles, breathless.

"Yes," she answered.

"Your debts and your servants—am I to take charge of them?" asked the prince.

"Yes," she answered once more, but hardly audibly.

"Your soul, Madam," pleaded the Archbishop, "Make a sign that your Majesty is at one with God and longs to be with Him." For a few moments Anna kept one hand uplifted, then she raised the other, and then she quietly died.

Her body was taken down the Thames by night, and deposited in Denmark House, where it lay embalmed for two months and a half. Sir Lionel Cranfield said positively that he would not purchase mourning garments on credit, and that the burial of the Queen of England

would have to wait until England's finances were better able to stand the strain of a state funeral.

At last, toward the middle of May, that happy state of solvency was achieved. Seventeen countesses, twenty-two ladies, and twenty-three baronesses dragged broadcloth mourning trains twelve yards long from Somerset House to Westminster; and the prince, together with all the nobles of the realm, sat patiently in the abbey for eight hours while the last honors were paid to Anna, Queen of England.

James stayed at Theobald's during the obsequies; and for comfort had himself carried out into the fields in a litter, since his legs refused to hold him up, that he might with his own eyes at least see the deer which he was too feeble to hunt. He did not wish to speak of his dead wife, and he positively forbade anyone about him to wear mourning. The sight of black banners and crape would have reminded him of those bad weeks at Newmarket, when he had been so close to death himself.

The ripples which Anna's death had caused at court lapped feebly against the attention of the lords and ladies who had served her, and then flattened away to nothing. Mr. John Gerard no longer was required to furnish herbs to Denmark House from his garden of samples. Francois Blandeau, the queen's perfumer, was awarded a pension of twenty pounds per annum. Malcolm Groate, musician for Scottish music to the late queen, was also remembered; and a Fleming by the name of Peter Van Lere paid to the king the sum of eighteen thousand pounds for a portion of Anna's jewels. With the entry of such items in the records of the exchequer, all interest in Anna, all sorrow at her passing, vanished, and when James was finally able to ride into London, early in June, he appeared bravely clad in pale blue satin, with a blue and white feather in his hat.

Ambassadors who came from foreign countries to pay visits of condolence found it strange that the king refused to manifest any outward signs of sorrow. They could not know the terror with which James viewed the prospect of physical decay, or the feeling of parole from death which he carried with him since the last "shrewd fit" of the stone. Because of this very dread, he refused to allow himself to be invalidated, and hunted as persistently as ever, even though he was forced to lean

more and more heavily upon the groom who helped him mount his horse. For the same reason, he would not observe the diet which his physicians laid out for him, and could not be persuaded to forbear fruited sweet wines. The greatest concession he was willing to make for the sake of that health about which he was so timorous was to bathe his legs and feet in every stag's belly in the place where he had killed them, "which," as Mr. Chamberlain naively remarked, "is counted an excellent remedy to strengthen and restore the sinews."

The prince and Steenie accompanied him on these sanguinary excursions, when the press of business and his health would allow the latter to leave London, and were delighted to see that their "dear Dad" was gaining back some of his strength and confidence and slowly dropping that "sullenness" which had gripped him since the month of March.

Buckingham was solicitous even *in absentia*.

Dear Dad and Gossip [reads one of his earlier letters], Though I have received three or four letters from you since that I writ last to you, yet—I am not behind hand with you, for I have made a hundred answers to them in my mind, yet none that could satisfy my mind, for kinder letters never servant received from master. And for so great a King to descend so low as to his humblest slave and servant to communicate himself in a style of such goodfellowship, with expressions of more care than servants have of masters, than physicians have of their patients, which hath largely appeared to me in sickness and in health, of more tenderness than fathers have of children, of more friendship than between equals, of more affection than between lovers in the best kind, man and wife, what can I return? Nothing but silence, for if I speak, I must be saucy and say thus, or short of what is due. My purveyor, my goodfellow, my physician, my maker, my friend, my father, my all, I heartily and humbly thank you for all you do and all I have. Judge what unequal language this is in itself, but especially considering the thing that must speak it, and the person to whom it must be spoken. Now tell me whether I have not done discreetly to be silent all this while. It's time I should be so again, or else

commit a fault in wearying him that never wearies to do me good. Then thus I'll end.

I begin my journey tomorrow. I shall have the Prince to wait of, we shall lie at Theobald's, the one will hunt hinds and does, the other survey the grass, walks, ponds, and deer, the next day after lay ourselves at your feet, there crave your blessing, then give an account of Theobald's park to the best of men, though not of the kind of man yet made by man, more than man, like a man both artificial man and my most natural sovereign who by innumerable favours hath made me, Your Majestie's both humble slave and dog, Steenie.

Such lip-adulation was not entirely affectation on Buckingham's part, as it had been on Somerset's, merely to gain riches and power. He and Charles, after a small quarrel at tennis the year before, had become warmer friends than ever. Both young men, judging not only from their letters, but from their behavior truly loved the foolishly generous, lonely man who wanted to be a father to them both. If he had loved his handsome Steenie and his pale Babie Charles before, after Anna's death James centered his entire personal life around them. He seemed to live only during those hours when they were with him. The absence of only a day brought longing epistles which bared his emotional dependence on them.

"My sweet Steenie and Gossip," he was not ashamed to write, "Thy single letter was so sweet and comfortable unto me, as I cannot forbear to pray God ever to bless and reward thee for it, praying God I may never have comfort of my sweet baby longer, than I shall remain a true friend to my sweet Steenie and gossip for whom God grant a comfortable and happy return to his dear dad. James R."

His greatest concern was to amuse his boys and make them happy, his chief occupation to devise little gifts which should please and surprise them. They had already pretty well divided Anna's jewels and properties between them, agreeing amicably that in return for the twelve hundred pounds a year Steenie was to get from the income on the manors owned by the queen, plus the keeping of Denmark House

(now Somerset House again), he would see that Babie Charles's income was increased by five thousand pounds. Such brotherliness was touching, such generosity enchanted the king.

To show Babie Charles that he appreciated his being such a loving son, a tilting was arranged for the prince, "in the most princely and royal manner that had been seen many years before." Charles's debut in the tiltyard should be the finest chivalric spectacle that England had seen during his dear Dad's reign.

A special scaffolding was built at Whitehall, and a "most rich and stately pavilion of green, yellow and white damask, laid on with broad lace of gold and silver" was erected for the young man who was to break his first lance. More heralds, more banners, more trumpeters and more white beaver hats plumed in green and yellow than had officiated at any previous tilt within man's memory delighted the Londoners along the way from Somerset House to Whitehall. As for Charles himself, his white armor and the rich caparisons of his charger were beyond description.

Twelve times Charles and the Earl of Dorset ran at each other, left shoulder to left shoulder, and smote each other across a five-foot barrier with light lances safely tipped with wood. Steenie, who was also a novice at this sport, exchanged blows with Sir Sigismond Alexander, while twelve earls, lords and knights made similar display of their horsemanship and facility with weapons. After it was all over, everyone agreed that Charles "got all the praise," while heralds and other officers of arms retired the richer by fifty pounds and any number of yellow, white and green scarves. James viewed the proceedings from his seat of state at the upper end of the tiltyard, and was delighted to observe that Charles sat his horse in every whit as princely a manner as had Henry, while Steenie, in his gold-inlaid armor, was superb and dazzling.

They had only to name what they wanted, these two, and he would see that their hearts' desires were gratified.

Steenie was astute enough to gauge the depth of his dear Dad's generosity so accurately that presently he was emboldened to ask for a very startling largesse indeed. He wanted his best of masters to allow him to marry the beautiful, the sweet-tempered, the wealthy, but

James I of England

Catholic, Lady Katherine Manners, daughter of the equally Catholic Duke of Rutland. James was not averse to Steenie's marrying—far from it. He recognized in himself the perfect grandfatherly temperament, and since Elizabeth's little boys were too far away to spoil, the thought of a possible family in Steenie's house, added to the little ones who would doubtless play about Charles's knee some day, pleased him. But why, out of all the beautiful heiresses in England, did Steenie have to choose a Catholic?

James's humble slave and dog hardly knew why himself—except that Katherine had melting eyes, a sweet gentle nature, and a deep, unquenchable love for his own dashing person. Kate he must have, pretty Kate, or none.

The king demurred, much as he loved Steenie, and the Earl of Rutland was downright insulting in his remarks about Steenie's origin. The former could overcome his repugnance to Protestants marrying Catholics in the case of Charles, who would, after all, get a dowry of half a million pounds with his proposed Spanish bride; but the latter could not see his way clear to welcoming a Protestant, and a parvenu at that, into one of England's oldest and richest Catholic families. At last the lady was persuaded to change her religion, and the hot-tempered Earl of Rutland, ensnared by a maneuver on the part of that old busybody, the Countess of Buckingham, considered his daughter so compromised by the marquess that he yielded, as he said plainly, in order to save her honor.

James would have liked to make this a Wedding of Weddings; a nuptial orgy in cloth of gold and silver; a festival of Hymen which would make other marriages seem like village fairs in comparison. But Rutland was too uncompromising and too stiff in his behavior to his new son-in-law, and his daughter was too new a Protestant to permit of a brilliant church celebration. Therefore Steenie was finally married as quietly as any city clerk, in a private home, with only the king and the bride's father as witnesses.

If any had expected that James would resent the intrusion of Lady Katherine into his close family circle, they were decidedly mistaken. For no sooner had the Catholic difficulty been overcome than James welcomed Steenie's wife with open arms and treated her with as much

May it pleas your Ma^{ty}

I have received the too boxes of dried
plums and grapes and the box of wild
caks and chickens for all which I
most humbly thanke your Ma^{ty}
I hope my Lord Janan has told
your Ma^{ty} that I did mean to
wene mall very shortly I woud
not by any means adon it till I
had first mad your Ma^{ty} acquainted
with it and by reason my Cousen
Brots Boy has some ill of late for
fere shee should growe and spyle her
milke makes me very desirous to wene
her and I thinke shee is ould enough
and I hope will endure her weaning
very well for I thinke there was
never child careles for the best
then shee has so I do intend to make
triall this ~~night~~ night how shee will
endure it this ~~date~~ praying for your
Ma^{ty} health and longe life I humbly
take my leave your Ma^{ty} most humbly
Jannant

Elizabeth Buckingham

LETTER FROM THE DUCHESS OF BUCKINGHAM TO
JAMES I

National Library of Scotland

affection as if she had been his own daughter. Indeed poor Elizabeth had never had as much paternal love showered on her as James showed to Kate Buckingham, nor stood upon such friendly, jovial terms with him. He sent the Buckinghams melons, grapes, and peaches; their larder was never without game from the king; and he lay awake at night trying to think up little gifts for them. With the free and easy jocularity which he loved so well, and to which humorless Anna and Henry had never been able to stoop, the children soon nicknamed James the "old purveyor" and treated him like a kind old uncle. Even the Countess of Buckingham, her daughter Susan, now Countess of Denbigh, and her sons, the beclouded John and the ambitious Christopher, had become part of the court family circle and supped familiarly with the king, who more than once avowed in public that he loved them all and would give them preferment above any other family in the kingdom.

The courtiers who had been scratching around trying to find ways of gaining the king's favor, the silly Howards, who had been grooming pretty boys to attract his notice, the poor queen who had spent all her life trying to amuse herself and her husband with masques and brittle little pastimes, even Somerset who had been so close to him for nine years, none of them had found the key to James's heart. Steenie alone had stumbled on the answer to the enigma of his dear Dad's paradoxical character, when he made it possible for plain old Squire Stuart to enjoy a slightly bawdy, luxurious, and deferential domesticity. At last James had found the milieu into which he fitted as a hand slips into a glove; at last he was able to soak in the only atmosphere which could ever heal the lacerations of his ego. So completely did he lose himself in the delights of the family circle that it was superhumanly difficult for him to drag himself back to the unpleasant business matters which had been piling up in the smoke-blackened chambers at Whitehall while he robbed his orchards for Steenie's table and kept pheasants, sucking "ribbits," kids and leverets, "all of Steenie's old purveyor's catching," pouring into the Buckingham kitchens.

It would certainly have added felicity to his own life if he had had this middle-class kind of fireside comfort earlier in his career, but how the governmental administration in England would have suffered. Not that he had ever squandered his energies on it. At this moment, without

a Salisbury, and with only an inexperienced Buckingham as its nominal executive, it had almost got beyond the king's control. England was growing rich under the domestic guidance of the wily and efficient Cranfield, but England was sinking low in the eyes of foreign princes. And the manner of her sinking had to do not only with Gondomar of the light-blue eyes and silken voice, with his dull master, Philip III, and his successor, Philip IV, with the wicked Lerma and the slippery Olivares, but with his own weak-timbered son-in-law, the young Prince Palatine, who had not been content to sit still in Heidelberg and drink the good English beer which was sent over to his wife in twenty-two ton lots.

Frederick, egged on by Elizabeth, who was exceedingly tired of being a mere electress, when there was a chance to be queen, had accepted the crown of Bohemia from a small group of Protestants, who did not legally have it to give. By rights the crown belonged to Ferdinand of Styria, successor to Matthias, Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, that confederation of German states part of which were Protestant and part Catholic. Quite overlooking the fact that there was a large Catholic party in Bohemia which had no desire for his company nor his sovereignty, Frederick blithely moved to Prague with his wife and their growing family, banking on James to help him out if there should be any difficulty with Austria, Spain, or any other Catholic country.

Elizabeth wrote a pretty letter to Buckingham (whom she had never seen), asking for English advice, which Frederick could not wait to take.

My Lord [she addressed Steenie], this worthy bearer will inform you of a business that concerns his master very much, the Bohemians being desirous to choose him for their King which he will not resolve of till he know his Majesty's [James's] opinion of it. The Baron of Dona [Frederick's] emissary will inform you particularly of all. The King hath now a good occasion to manifest to the world the love he hath ever professed to the Prince here. I earnestly intreat you to use your best means in persuading his Majesty to show himself now in his helping of the Prince here, a true, loving Father to us both. I am so assured by many testi-

monies of your affection to us both as I make no doubt but you will let this bearer have your best furtherance in this business. I therefore recommend it to your care and am ever Your most affectionate friend, Elizabeth.

Heidelberg, this 22nd of August, 1619.

James was very hesitant about this whole Bohemian situation. If Frederick accepted the crown, would he not be playing the rebel to Ferdinand, to whom it legally belonged by right of inheritance? This business of flouting the Divine Will as evidenced in the succession of a human dynasty had always aroused James's most particular wrath. He refrained from promising the Baron Dona anything, and so, without his father-in-law's advice, Frederick had himself crowned king. All during the winter of 1619-1620, he revelled in banquets and festivities. He also had the bad taste to remove some of the images from the Cathedral in Prague, which he had adopted as his own private Protestant chapel. The Catholics were enraged, and the German Protestant princes, upon whom Frederick had counted for support together with England, showed no signs of rallying round. On the contrary, when the Protestant Elector of Saxony saw that Maximilian of Bavaria and Frederick, the Emperor of the Romans, were preparing to unite against Frederick, he threw his lot in with them, rather than trust the grasping young man from Heidelberg, who might prove a dangerous neighbor.

European politics at this juncture were in a muddle which almost defies clarification. James certainly did not grasp the serious implications of his son-in-law's act, following as it did several years of religious and political unrest in Central Europe. He dillied, he dallied, he made wise speeches about peace, and failed to take any decisive stand. Presently England began to read the foreign dispatches with alarm. Spain had sent 24,000 troops to attack the Palatinate. The Elector of Saxony was invading Silesia. The Austrians and Bavarians were closing in on Prague. Actually, before James realized what was happening, Frederick had not only lost Bohemia but nearly all of the Palatinate as well. This put a different complexion on his son-in-law's pleas for help. The king was not at all inclined to ally himself with the young man in rebelling against the duly authorized succession of the Holy Roman Empire—

that smacked far too strongly of insubordination on the part of a subject against his prince—but he was willing to aid Frederick in protecting his own lawfully inherited possessions. He ordered a levy to be made, to see what monies could be raised in England for the sake of besieged Protestantism on the Rhine. Charles would help his sister out of his private income; Steenie was willing to add what he could, and such other affluent gentlemen about the court as wished to win Steenie's favor offered financial assistance. The City of London was willing to subscribe to such a fund, but the rest of the country was apathetic. Let the Continent stew in its own juice.

At last, in November, 1620, it was apparent that if Frederick were to expect any succor at all from his father-in-law, a Parliament would have to be called to discuss the raising of an army. James shrank from the thought of another Parliament as he shrank from the thought of another fit of the stone. But it had been six years since the knights and burgesses, the lords spiritual and temporal had sat in Westminster, and it had been ten years since he had had a parliamentary grant. He believed he had demonstrated severe economy, for even with Sir Lionel Cranfield's success in reforming expenditures, there were times when more money would have been quite welcome.

Therefore, upon the sixth of November, the king sent out a proclamation to his "well-affected subjects," craving their advice and assistance in "consideration of the present face of Christendom, so miserably and dangerously distracted at this Time," beside a number of other "great and weighty affairs" that he was about to resolve upon.

This proclamation, and the fact that James had refused Bacon's advice to temper some of his phrases and leave out such contentious words as "wrangling lawyers," was the talk of the day. No one could know (or presumably would have thought it of importance had he known) that three days after the issuance of the proclamation, a small company of Puritans, who had left Plymouth in September to seek religious freedom in the New World, had at last sighted land. They had intended to settle near the mouth of the Hudson, within the northern limit of the region assigned to the Virginia Company, and had obtained the Company's patent to do so. James himself had been petitioned to allow such a people to "enjoy their liberty of conscience

under his gracious protection in America, where they would endeavour the advancement of his Majesty's dominions, and the enlargement of the Gospel by all due means."

"This," James remarked sagely, "is a good and honest motion. What profits will arise in the part they intend to occupy?"

"Fishing, Sire," answered Sir Edwin Sands and Secretary Naunton, who had undertaken to help the little band of voluntary exiles to start their enterprise.

"So God have my soul!" cried the king, "'Tis an honest trade, and was the Apostles' own calling!"

But with this endorsement and the signing of a patent in November, 1620, his interest in the pilgrims waned, and presently he forgot all about the hundred and twenty zealots who were to plant the banner of Christ and the flag of James I in the New World, to the eternal glory of both. By the time reports of the "hideous and desolate wilderness, full of wild beasts and wild men" in which they had landed had reached their mother country, their king was in no mood to be concerned about them. He was being troubled with a stubborn Parliament, an ineffectual son-in-law, and a European religious war, rapidly spreading throughout Central Europe, fed by the little flames of hate which licked up not only between Catholics and Protestants but between Lutherans and Calvinists.

If Steenie's and Babie Charles's old gossip had suddenly donned his robes of state and ridden to Parliament, demanding £900,000 with which to equip an army and save the Palatinate during the next few months, he might have averted the long and dreary pillage known as the Thirty Years' War. If he had acted decisively, Spain (now nearly bankrupt) would have backed down, and the other small warring principalities would have been squelched before they got a good start. But how should James know this? Gondomar was back in England after a short absence. Gondomar kept whispering in his ear. Of course—it was plain on the face of it—if James interfered to save the Palatinate, with its few sorry towns, for Frederick, he would lose the infanta as a bride for Charles.

On the other hand, if he went ahead with the marriage negotiations, surely he could see that that would be a means of bringing about peace

between the husband of the sister of the King of Spain and *his* sister's husband? James sat in front of a charcoal fire, wrapped in a padded velvet down, with a nightcap over his thinning hair, and nodded sagely as Gondomar talked. He certainly did *not* want to give up either the Spanish dowry or the prospect of that benign peace which should settle down over the world once England and Spain were united. Gondomar could not bear to think of such a rich prize as England slipping away from the Catholic church. Moreover, he knew that once English troops were brought to the Palatinate, Spain would find herself with a war on her hands for which she could not afford to pay. So each of these elderly gentlemen, nodding by the fire, put forward his own special fantasy and dream. Each sipped his wine and let his imagination build up glorious pictures of his heart's desire. Gondomar's name would ring down through history as the champion of the faith who had won England back to Rome. James would be called blessed by future generations for having cemented eternal peace between two ancient enemies.

All the while there were hoarse cries in the London streets as Gondomar's litter was being carried to Whitehall to await the ambassador. "There goes the devil's dung cart," those bigoted Englishmen cried, but the king did not hear them. Walter Raleigh, dead, was more eloquent than James Stuart, living. In the Middle Temple, thirty of the most fashionable gentlemen of that ancient house, where many of England's best minds had studied law, took each a cup of wine in one hand and a drawn sword in the other, and so drank a toast to the "distressed Lady Elizabeth," and having drunk, each kissed his sword, laid his hand upon it, and took an oath to live and die in her service.

Poor Elizabeth! Now she was Queen Elizabeth only by courtesy, without her jewels, which she had sold to finance the war, a refugee in The Hague, with a petulant, disappointed husband and a growing brood of children. It might have solaced her, could she have known that one of her grandchildren would some day ascend the English throne as George the First.

Her plight was heartrending, without a doubt. Charles flung himself on his knees before his father and begged for permission to lead an army into Germany to save his sister's honor. James scratched his beard in perplexity. His daughter—of course he owed her some allegiance;

that is, he owed the Protestant cause to which her husband was attached, some allegiance. She herself had become very shadowy in his mind. The word "daughter" was most likely to remind him of Kate Buckingham's round pink face and blue eyes, and of the graceful little curtsy Steenie's young wife always dropped when she came into her old Dad's presence.

No, Charles could not go to his sister's rescue. Parliament had given only a small grant to supply men and arms for troops for the Palatine, and it did not behoove a Prince of England to go ramping about the Continent exposing his precious life to danger.

Oddly enough, although the Commons hated Spain, and asked for the complete abrogation of any marriage treaty with her, they did not at once recommend an entangling alliance with Protestant Europe. If James was shortsighted and provincial, so was Parliament. What that body really wanted to do was to air home grievances and shout again, more loudly than ever, that no king could take from them their right of free speech. They also thundered against those ever-recurrent bugbears, monopolies, and produced evidence to prove that two of Buckingham's proteges, to whom the privilege of issuing licenses for taverns had been granted, had grossly abused this monopoly, suppressing honest alehouses with excessive fees while encouraging the growth of houses of ill fame. A patent for making gold and silver lace, which had been farmed out to Steenie's half-brother, was also brought into question, since the goldsmiths had refused to abide by the conditions of the patent and pay fees to Edward Villiers. Steenie was treading on red-hot ground. He took the advice of the sagacious John Williams, Dean of Westminster, who had been so successful in converting Kate to Protestantism, and was the first to introduce a bill for reform. Distasteful monopolies should be revoked, cried Steenie, in the loudest voice of all, and the king should leave those who abused his confidence to their own punishment.

Having got themselves into a belligerent and inquisitive state of mind, the Commons then proceeded to take a step which should have rocked the foundations of English government, but did not. They brought charges of bribery and corruption against the Lord Chancellor, Francis Bacon, newly created Baron Verulam, Viscount St. Albans.

A committee of the Commons, appointed to inquire into abuses in the courts of justice, had unearthed certain malpractices on the part of the registrars in chancery. These discoveries in turn led to evidence which could only be read one way. My Lord Chancellor had not only taken presents of some value from interested parties, after he had given judgment; he had also accepted gifts of great value, amounting to nearly ten thousand pounds, while cases were pending. It was not a new idea on the part of English judges to take advantage of Justice's blindness; probably every Lord Chancellor before Bacon had at one time or another been the recipient of slight tokens from grateful litigants. But no Lord Chancellor before Bacon had suffered for thirty years from neglect and the contumely of his powerful relatives. No one had been so long getting his chance; and no one had had to impress a Robin or a Steenie with the magnificence of his establishments, nor had felt it necessary to figure so boldly as a brilliant figure at the court.

Bacon was already a sick man when his unsavory malfeasances were brought to light, and when a deputation of lords came to him to learn whether the signature on "the humble confession and submission of me, the Lord Chancellor," was genuine, he received them with weak grovelings.

"My lords, it is my act, my hand, my heart," he admitted freely. "I beseech your lordships to be merciful unto a broken reed."

Within another few days, the lords sent again, this time to take away the Great Seal of England. Bacon was still abject.

"The king's favor gave me this, and it is my fault that he hath taken it away," he told the deputation, while the king, to whom it was delivered, was honestly perplexed.

"Now by my soul, I am pained at my heart where to bestow this," he remarked, taking it out of its white leather casing, "for as for my lawyers, I think they be all knaves!"

Shortly afterwards, Dr. John Williams, Dean of Westminster and later Bishop of Lincoln, Steenie's friend, was entrusted with the keeping of the sacred die, and was sworn Lord Keeper.

Bacon pleaded from his sickbed for leniency and mercy, but the spectacle of the once highest legal authority in England sniveling and whining was not one calculated to soften the hearts of the Lords Tem-

poral and Spiritual; and on the third of May, 1621, they adjudged, "That the Lord Viscount St. Albans, Lord Chancellor of England, shall undergo fine and ransom of £40,000. That he shall be imprisoned in the Tower during the King's pleasure. That he shall forever be incapable of any office, place or employment in the state or commonwealth; that he shall never sit in Parliament, nor come within the verge of the court."

He had stayed in the Tower only a few days when the king ordered his release, and Francis Bacon crept into his country house at Gorham-bury, there to occupy himself with his writings—notably a history of Henry VII and the second part of his *Novum Organum*. When he was not engaged in penning some of the most profound and searching thoughts ever to come out of an English mind, he was busy writing begging letters, to the king, to Steenie, to the prince, to the Earls of Oxford, Arundel, and Southampton—to anyone who might help him once more to shine in the light of royal favor. The man who "moved the intellects which have moved the world" was a born sycophant, and he continued his boot-licking until the day he died.

Once he was banished from the court, the waters of oblivion closed over his head, and within three months men had ceased to speak of my Lord of St. Albans. Parliament had adjourned in June, and James, on a leisurely summer progress, had come to a halt at Burley, Steenie's wonderful newly acquired mansion. He had no intention whatsoever of allowing the querulous complaints of a disgraced Lord Chancellor to disturb his enjoyment of Steenie's entertainment, nor his pleasure in the *Masque of the Metamorphosed Gipsies*, composed by Ben Jonson for this special occasion.

The king's joy at being once more in his family circle was beautiful to behold. He loved the *Masque* (it was presented before him three times); he loved pretty Kate Buckingham; he loved her sirupy old mother-in-law; he positively doted on Steenie. With such a stimulus, he called upon his old Muse to help him express his felicity in verse.

*The heavens that wept perpetually before,
Since we came hither, show their smiling cheer,
This goodly house it smiles and all this store*

*Of huge provisions smiles upon us here.
The bucks and stags in full they seem to smile,
God send a smiling boy within a while.*

To these six lines he added "a vow of rish for the felicity and fertility of the owners of this house."

*If ever in the April of my days,
I sat upon Parnassus forked hill,
And there inflamed with sacred fiery still
And there proclaimed our great Apollo's praise,
Grant glistening Phoebus with thy golden rays,
My earnest suit, which to present thee here,
Behold my . . . of this blessed couple dear,
Whose virtues pure no tongue can duly blaze.
Thou by whose heat the trees in fruit abound,
Bless them with fruit delicious, sweet and fair,
That may succeed them in their virtues rare;
Firm plant them in their native soil and ground.
Thou Jove, that art the only god indeed,
My prayer bear; sweet Jesus intercede.*

Jove and Jesus had heard. On the twenty-second of the following January, Lionel, Lord Cranfield, advanced to a barony and the under-treasurership of England, received the following remarkable letter, written all with his Majesty's own hand:

Milord, shame stayed me from refreshing your memory concerning Buckingham's business upon Sunday last, having so oft and earnestly dealt with you in it before; but now upon the occasion of his wife's going to London, his mother put him in mind of preparing things for her lying-in, which I chancing to overhear, I asked him to tell me the truth of his estate, for ye know how loath he is to do it. And alas, I find he must pay twenty thousand pounds for his land at Burley and these provisions for her lying-in and meubling [furnishings] are like to cost ten thousand, besides three thousand for his new house, and all this he must borrow. I need say no more. If he once run in arrear he will ever go backward. Do

quickly therefore what ye are to do for him and remember that a thing done in time is twice done. Comfort me with some present good news in this point for till then I protest I can have no joy in the going well of my own business. And so I conclude either now or never. God bless your labours. James R.

His own daughter could be writing piteously, pleading with him to send help to her husband, to whom only a single town in the Palatinate now remained loyal; his Parliament had composed a protestation against his infringement of their rights of free speech and freedom from impeachment, so vehement in its tone that he had torn it out of the Journal of the House in front of his whole Council and his Judges, crumbling the paper in his hand. These were matters entirely secondary in importance to dear Kate's approaching confinement and to the care he must take of Steenie's debts. No records survive of the meublings which Kate and her mother-in-law assembled for the Buckingham firstborn; but they must have been extraordinarily luxurious to require the expenditure of what today would be nearly \$300,000!

James was as excited over Buckingham's baby as he had been over the prospect of an heir in his own family. A wrangling Parliament was unhappily dissolved. The Spanish marriage marked time. The red hand of war spread over the Continent. But James spent his time worrying over the health of Kate Buckingham.

My only sweet and dear child [he wrote hurriedly to Steenie], the Lord of Heaven bless thee this morning, and thy thing, my daughter, and the sweet little thing that is in her belly. I pray thee as thou loves me, make her precisely observe these rules. Let her never go in a coach upon the street, nor never go fast in it. Let your mother keep all hasty news from coming to her ears. Let her not eat too much fruit, and hasten her out of London after we are gone. If thou be back by four in the afternoon, it will be good time and prepare thee to be a guard to me, for keeping my back unbroken with business before my going to the progress. And thus God send me a joyful and a happy meeting with my sweet Steenie this evening. James R.

Sometime toward the end of February or the beginning of March, a little girl was born to Kate and Steenie, and James went into ecstasy.

Unfortunately he could not hang over the little one's cradle as often or as affectionately as he could have wished, for affairs of state were now demanding his attention. If he were ever to spread abroad the glory of his title as Peacemaker of Europe, now was the time to do it.

The predicament of Elizabeth and Frederick at last dawned upon him in its actual and serious light. He could see that help would have to be given; he saw but one way to do it: The alliance with Spain must be pushed, and Philip IV, who had succeeded to the throne of Spain in 1621, must be persuaded anew that Babie Charles was the predestined husband for demure Infanta Maria. Again and again he returned to the idea that once England and Spain were united by marriage, Philip would hand the Palatinate back to Frederick, as a sort of wedding present.

Honest John Digby, elevated to the peerage as Earl of Bristol, was sent back to Madrid to bring this dangling alliance to a firm and satisfactory conclusion. Philip and his prime minister, Olivares, did not view the arrival of this gentleman with much satisfaction. He was clever, he was conscientious, he was well informed, and he had long ago torn asunder the impractical web of idealism through which James viewed foreign affairs. Although Gondomar had done sterling work in England in keeping James stirred up against his Parliament, so that a sufficient grant was never made for protecting the Palatinate, Bristol's presence in Spain called for a master diplomat's skillful hand. If anybody could stalemate Bristol, and still seem to be making progress, old Don Diego was the man, and so Don Carlos Coloma was sent to England to replace him, and after taking an affectionate and private farewell of James, Gondomar set out from London for Plymouth, his litter accompanied by the Duchess of Lennox and fifty carriages filled with ladies and gentlemen of the court. He wore upon his finger a diamond ring that the king had given him, as token of everlasting love, and he revolved in his mind a promise that he had received from Charles—a most unusual, exciting promise.

The pale prince, influenced by his father's and Steenie's love of Spain,

gazing upon a feather of the infanta's, which it was said he possessed, heaved lovesick sighs for this Spanish donna whom he had never seen, and told Gondomar that if it were necessary, he himself would come to Madrid to fetch his bride. To the prince, the prospect of such a journey seemed like a romantic crusade. To Gondomar it seemed like a heaven-inspired opportunity to win Charles over to Rome. He could shut his eyes and fairly see the baptismal ceremony, which would be held in the chapel at the Escorial, as Charles, Prince of England, was welcomed to the Holy See.

All summer long Charles and Steenie kept their secret, and by Christmas time found that Bristol had so nearly succeeded in whipping the marriage treaty into acceptable shape that they might venture to lay their plans. At first they told James that it was only right that my Lord High Admiral of England should bring the prince's bride to England in person, and that it would be taken as a token of Charles's love for his dark-eyed señorita if he were to accompany Steenie on such an errand. James shuddered at the thought of his Babie and Steenie trusting their beloved persons to the dangerous seas, but could not find the heart to say no. After all, he had crossed the North Sea himself during the month of October to bring his own wife home from Denmark.

Twisting and turning with pain, wincing with the weight of the sheets over his poor gouty feet, James found it hard to think back to that time, when he had sighed so dolorously at Craigmillar, and had at last, driven by pangs which he could not stifle, leapt on board ship and gloriously, carelessly, dangerously, set forth to seek his bride.

His son Charles, who had never been outside England and Scotland, could hardly control his own impetuosity; and one day in February, although he knew his father's temper was gout-ridden and his mind beclouded, he confided Gondomar's plan. He, Babie Charles, with Steenie by his side, should ride into Madrid, and in view of all the world claim his spouse. James listened dully, while the pains shot from his knees to his toes and back again. Plague take it, he would never be able to hunt if this kept up! Babie Charles was talking of going to Madrid—well, that way he would surely bring the Spaniards to terms. . . .

It was only after his dear boys had left his chambers that the full

meaning of their proposal flashed across his brain. Leave England, ride through France, ride into Spain? With highwaymen and robbers infesting every road? With Spanish bandits infesting every plain? James groaned and beat his poor stiff hands against the quilts. They were mad; they would kill him; they would ruin England; they would, by their very presence, give Olivares such an advantage that he could make what he liked out of the marriage terms, and if Charles did not agree, take him prisoner. The heir to the English throne imprisoned in Spain? His mental anguish was more acute than his physical suffering at the thought.

Next morning, when Steenie and Charles appeared, all fresh and blithe, to make arrangements for the journey, their old Dad spoke to them seriously. It could not be. It was too great a risk to run.

"If any evil befall Babie Charles," he said, turning to Steenie, "bethink thee, it is at thy door that the blame will be laid, and thy ruin will be unavoidable."

Tears trickled down the old man's cheeks.

"Sweethearts!" he cried, "do not press me to a thing so mischievous in every way, the execution of which will surely break your old Dad's heart."

"Sire," said Charles seriously, "remember the promise you gave us yesterday. If you forbid me to go into Spain now, I will never marry at all." He could not bear to have his romantic adventure thwarted by such senile common sense.

"Sire," said Steenie haughtily, "if you break your promise in this way, no one will ever believe you again. You have, I verily believe, spoken of this to some one. If the rascal who has suggested such pitiful reasons be discovered, the prince will never forgive him, of that be sure."

"No, no!" cried James piteously, "I've spoken naught of it—only I cannot bear to think of my dear boys going so far. . . ."

"Now," said Steenie, just as though the king had made no objections at all, "I think it would be best that we travel very slender. We will take Cottington, your secretary, your Highness," turning to Charles. "He is a wise, prudent man, and knows the Spanish court to a hair.

And we will take Mr. Endymion Porter, who has lately been at Madrid. Those and no others."

"Send for Cottington," begged James, who yearned for support in his protest. "He will make us clear over this business."

Francis Cottington, who had been made Charles's secretary after long and able service abroad, was accordingly summoned.

"Cottington," said the king, "here are Babie Charles and Steenie, who have a great mind to go by post into Spain, to fetch home the infanta, and will have but two more in their company, and have chosen you for one. What think you of the journey?"

The secretary could hardly believe his ears. At last he managed to stammer that he could not think well of it.

"Your Majesty," he pleaded, "it will render everything that has been done fruitless. As soon as the Spaniards have the prince in their hands, they will be certain to propose new articles [to the marriage treaty], especially with respect to religion."

James felt the pain of these words go straight to his heart.

"I told you so before!" he cried passionately, flinging himself back upon his pillows and strangling with tears, "I am undone. I shall lose Babie Charles!"

Steenie swung round at Cottington. "It is your pride," he said to him fiercely, "which hath led you to condemn the journey, because you have not been sooner consulted. No one hath asked you for your voice in matters of state. The king only wishes to know the best road to Madrid."

Steenie would not be moved. Charles steadfastly refused to give up his projected knight-errantry. He *would* go to Spain. He had told Gondomar he would come. His beloved infanta was awaiting him. It would be the adventure of an otherwise uneventful existence. Nothing should hold him back. Had he only known it, the infanta viewed the prospect of becoming his wife with as much dread as if he had been a legendary ogre, instead of a mediocre young man with a serious disposition and a taste for fine paintings. She had been carefully and strictly brought up in a convent, by earnest nuns, who took every opportunity of picturing to her the horrors of the life she would lead as the bedfellow of an heretic condemned to fry eternally in hell. She had already de-

clared to her father, and then to her brother, that she could not possibly go through with such a marriage, and had been led to believe that they did not intend to marry her off to Charles but were merely going through these negotiations for purposes of political strategy. If she could have known with what amorous eagerness Charles anticipated printing a chaste kiss upon her lips, she would surely have gone into a nunnery on the spot.

The secret of the journey was so well kept, however, that no one but the king, Cottington, who had hastily been made a baronet, and Mr. Endymion Porter knew anything about the mad scheme, until two young men who called themselves Tom and John Smith arrived at Dover in false beards. They had already encountered a slight hitch in their travels. The Lord Mayor of Canterbury, suspecting that they were political refugees, tried to stop them. Steenie had had to pull down his beard, identify himself as the Lord Admiral, and tell the apologetic mayor that he was on his way to Dover to make a secret inspection of the fleet. Sir Francis Cottington, Charles's confidential attendant, Sir Richard Graham, and Porter had a boat ready and waiting for them, and these five adventuresome gallants finally set sail for Boulogne.

In the first hours of their absence, James had thought his heart would stop beating. That every moment should carry Babie Charles and Steenie farther from him—it was almost more than he could bear. But in a brave and pathetic effort to carry out the play-acting maneuvers which had so intrigued the young men, he had taken no special leave of them, and forced himself to hunt as well as his aching leg would let him, at Newmarket, pretending that they would join him shortly.

But somehow the news leaked out, and within a day all London, all England was in an uproar. Prayers were said in all the churches for Charles's preservation, and hatred against Steenie flared up hot and fierce. He was guilty of high treason, they said, for carrying the prince out of the realm, and would one day have to answer to Parliament for what he had done. Steenie was loving, Steenie was generous, Steenie was faithful to his master and to Babie Charles, but Steenie was high-handed and overbearing. Some day he would not only have to answer to Parliament, but would feel the sharp thrust of an assassin's knife in

his heart for the lofty arrogance which was just now cropping out in his behavior. Even James was a little fearful of his humble dog's good sense. The history of kings' favorites was apparently not to find an exception in Steenie, the Duke of Buckingham.

"Sweet Boys," James wrote hurriedly after them, "The news of your going is already so blown abroad, as I am forced for your safety to post this bearer [reliable old James Hay, Earl of Carlisle] after you, who will give you his best advice and attendance in your journey. God bless you both, my sweet Babes, and send you a safe and happy return."

Babie Charles and Steenie had no desire for the Earl of Carlisle's company at the moment. They were engaged upon a glamorous sky-larking frolic which furnished them both the gayest amusement, and which, when it leaked out, gave the English Privy Council heart failure. They junketed gaily over to Paris, where Steenie was perfectly at home, and where Charles had never set foot. It was not for a sight of the Cathedral of Notre Dame that they went, nor for the wonderful view from the Sacré Coeur. Nothing of the kind. Disguised in periwigs, Steenie led Babie Charles straight to court, and there, without detection, they watched "the young Queen, little Monsieur and Madame at the practising of a Mask that is intended by the Queen to be presented to the King, and in it there danced the Queen and Madame (the Queen Mother) with as many as made up nineteen fair dancing ladies."

His Majesty's most humble and obedient son and servant Charles, and his humble slave and dog Steenie sent this bulletin by way of reassurance, and also added that they had seen the Princess Henrietta Maria. If James had only been able to rid himself of that hallucination of the gold in Spain's coffers, and if Charles had not been so enthralled with Gondomar's description of the infanta, he might have saved himself an enormous amount of trouble and sorrow, since fate had decreed that it was the Princess Henrietta of France and not Marie of Spain who was one day to be crowned Queen of England.

No one, however, could foretell the future—least of all James and the two headstrong young men. The king was gradually becoming reconciled to their absence, and made himself very busy with correspondence.

Dear dad and gosspes/
We have reasond this offer
to be right iustice becaus it brings
the good news of the coming of
the dispensation, if it be ~~not~~
clagd with the conditions
then wee right by Carli'e
so some as we gett notice if
it you shall be advertised, till
which time wee rest and crave
your blessing

Your M^{ost} humble
slave and doyle

Steenie

Your M^{ost} humble
obedient son & servant

Madrid the 25 of April
1623 Charles

LETTER FROM CHARLES AND BUCKINGHAM TO
JAMES I

British Museum

James I of England

My Sweet Boys and dear venturous Knights, worthy to be put into a new Romanso [began his next letter], I thank you for your comfortable letters, but alas think it is not possible ye can be many hours undiscovered [in France] for your parting was so blown abroad that day ye came to Dover as the French Ambassador sent a man presently thither, who found the ports stopped. . . . Your household, Baby, have taken care to save a good deal of your ordinary charges in your absence. Kirk [one of Charles's grooms], and Gabriel will carry Georges and Garters to you both with speed, but I dare send no jewels of any value to either of you by land, for fear of robbers, but I will hasten all your company and provision to you by sea. Noblemen ye will have enow, and too many. Carlisle and Montjoy already gone. Andover goes presently and Rocheford by land. Compton goes by sea and I think Percy, Arran and Denbigh [Steenie's brother-in-law] by land. . . . Sir Francis Crane desires to know if my Babie will have him to hasten the making of that suit of tapestry that he commanded him.

I have written three consolatory letters already to Kate, and received one fine letter from Kate. I have also written one to Sue [Steenie's sister] but your poor old Dad is lamer than ever he was, both of his right knee and foot, and writes all this out of his naked bed. God almighty bless you both, my sweet boys, and send you a safe, happy return. But I must command my Babie to hasten Steenie home, how soon ye can be assured of the time of your homecoming with your mistress, for without his presence, things cannot be prepared here. And so God bless you again and again. James R.

Things were indeed at a standstill in England, for after the first shock of learning that the prince had gone, men's minds were "struck in a dead dump, some out of the dislike of that match, and some others and the most out of a fear they had of some peril by the way and of some mischance." The whole country waited with bated breath to hear if the two young men had arrived in Spain safely, and how they were received.

As it turned out, they passed through France undiscovered, and although Steenie was very weary and saddle-sore, they got to Madrid

and cantered up to Bristol's house without detection. Bristol's heart sank within him at the sight of his royal guest, but he bade Babie Charles welcome with as much cordiality as he could muster. He must think what to do, how to handle a diplomatic situation such as this, which surely was without precedent. How should he let the King of Spain know of the Prince's arrival?

Bristol might have spared himself any concern on that score. Within an hour after Charles and Steenie had dismounted, Gondomar learned the truth, and rushed to Olivares. Olivares rushed to the king. In the mind of all three Spaniards this unparalleled event had but one meaning. Babie Charles meant to embrace the Catholic church, and the marriage which Philip had staved off for so long could really be accomplished. The poor infanta might have to be Charles's bedfellow after all, for if he did turn Catholic, and James could be got to acknowledge the Pope as the head of Christendom, this fantastic mating might yet unite Spain and England.

Babie Charles and Steenie, infants in the devious ways of Continental diplomacy, ignorant of the sanguine plotting of the Spaniards, flounced about Madrid, delighted with themselves and with everybody else. They found the King of Spain full of kindness and compliments. They discovered Olivares to be a gentleman who typified "real courtesy." (How did the English king feel about acknowledging the authority of the Pope?) As for the infanta—Steenie rhapsodized in a letter to the Best of Masters, "Without flattery, I think there is not a sweeter creature in the world. Babie Charles himself is so touched at the heart, that he confesses all he ever yet saw is nothing to her." Charles had not, in fact, spoken to her, but had glutted his eyes upon the sight of the embarrassed girl as she passed him in her carriage, and now he was fathoms deep in love.

Part of their news encouraged James, but part of it made him wrinkle his brow in bewilderment.

I know not what ye mean by my acknowledging the Pope's spiritual supremacy. I am sure ye would not have me to renounce my religion for all the world, but all I can guess at your meaning is, that it may be ye have an allusion to a passage in my book

against Bellarmine, where I offer, if the Pope would quit his god-head and usurping over Kings, to acknowledge him for the Chief Bishop to whom all appeals of churchmen ought to lie *en dernier resort*; the very words I send you here inclosed, and that is the furthest that my conscience will permit me to go upon this point, for I am not a Monsieur, who can shift his religion as easily as he can shift his shirt when he cometh from tennis.

To the consternation of the Spaniards, it eventually became indisputably clear that Charles was not a "Monsieur" either, and while he had no intention of shifting *his* religion, he still wished to carry the infanta back with him to England. At this, Spanish brows were wrinkled in bewilderment. Philip and Olivares found themselves in the embarrassing dilemma of having to entertain a guest whom they did not want and of not being able to get rid of him without international complications. If Charles refused to turn Catholic, then all this talk about a marriage was utter nonsense in their eyes. They were forced to resort to the worst kind of prevarications. They sent off to the Pope for a dispensation, outwardly urging it, and under cover quietly doing everything they could to keep him from granting it. In the meantime they entertained Charles and Steenie with masques and tilts, and tried to keep peace between the English retinue which had come out to join the prince, and the hot-headed, Protestant-hating Spaniards at Philip's court.

The two English dupes were completely hoodwinked by this superficial courtesy, and wrote glowing letters home, full of such cheering phrases as "we never saw the business in a better way than now it is. Therefore we humbly beseech you lose no time in hasting the ships, that we may make the more haste to beg that personally, which we now do by letter, your blessing."

James, with Steenie's picture hung on a blue ribbon under his waistcoat, was transported with joy at these tidings, and began sending out all the jewels he could lay his hands on, for the personal adornment of his sweet boys and as presents to the hospitable Spaniards. He was very particular in his instructions as to the gifts Charles was to make to the infanta. She was to have a good looking-glass, adorned with a

picture of James's own bearded face, and it must be presented to her with a speech, in which Charles was to tell her that the mirror was "enchanted by art magic, as whensoever she shall be pleased to look in it, she shall see the fairest Lady that either her brother or your father's dominions can afford."

Whether Charles ever got off this piece of creaking gallantry, we can never know. It is hardly likely, for the donnas of the court were so extremely chary about allowing him to see his cherished Mistress that Kate Buckingham, out of compassion, later sent him "perspective glasses, the best I could get," that he might form a more accurate estimate of her charms. His heart still throbbed for her, and he fancied himself to be fatally smitten. The harassed Maria had been set to learning English, and in addition to her heartache at the thought of having to marry this foolish, sententious youth, who had so suddenly appeared on her virginal horizon, was now struggling with the hazards of "come, came, come," and "go, went, gone."

Across the Bay of Biscay, James was busier than ever, stilling Kate's fears, instructing her as to the advisability of weaning little Mall, soothing the baby's fretting over her "fowre teeth," arranging for Charles's and Steenie's tilting armor to be sent them, raking a navy together for Rutland to command, and writing, writing, writing. He reported progress in every letter.

"My Babie shall receive his tilting stuff now bravely set forth," he promised, "and fit for a wooer, but in good faith the weather will be so hot there, before ye can use it, that I would wish you rather to forbear it, for a fear my Babie may catch fever by it; and my Steenie-Gossip must be coming home before the horses can be ready to run. My sweet Babies, for God's sake, and your dear Dad's, put not yourselves in hazard by any violent exercise as long as ye are there." He added another paragraph promising to send more jewels, hopefully assuming that they would make good parting presents.

Steenie wrote back a peremptory letter, expressing dissatisfaction with the Best of Master's precious stones, and added on a separate sheet an astonishing postscript, in his most characteristic orthography, which is here reproduced exactly as it was written:

Sir,

foure asses you I have sent
 tow hees and tow shees
 five cameles
 too hees tow shees with a yong one
 and one ellefant which is
 worth your seeing, thees
 I have impudentlie beged
 for you,
 there is a barbarie hors comes
 with them I think from wat aston
 my lord bristow sayeth he will
 sand you more camills when wee come
 oureselves wee will bringe you horses and asses enoughe
 if I may know whether you desier mulls or
 not I will bring them or dere of this
 cuntrie eyther and I will lay waite for
 all the rare coler burds that can be hard of
 but if you doe not send your babie
 iewells enough Ile stope all other presents Therefore louke to it.

While James's honor was being compromised at the court of Spain, and the Pope, Philip, and Olivares were making gulls of the English king and prince, Steenie was intent upon impressing the Spaniards with jewels, and worrying over camels. If he had not been quite so eager to have James part with his best hatband and his best rope of pearls, he might have seen the trap into which he and Babie Charles had fallen. Olivares had deliberately tried to hold up the Pope's dispensation for the marriage, without which no good Catholic could be wed; and when it came had managed to have it so "clogged with hard conditions" that no diplomat in his right mind would have considered accepting it.

The Spaniards were demanding harsh-sounding promises on every hand. In perplexity Charles asked his father for "somewhat under your Majesty's hand to show, whereby that ye engage yourself to do whatsoever I shall promise in your name."

Was it the glitter of that gold which he still believed lay heaped up

in Spanish vaults? Was it the thought of that wonderful peacemaker dream which still surged up in his mind that prompted him? Without delaying an instant, James took his goose quill in hand.

I send you, my Babie, here inclosed, the power ye desire. It were a strange trust that I would refuse to put upon my only son and upon my best servant. I know such two as ye are will never promise in my name but what may stand with my conscience, honour and safety, and all these I do fully trust with any one of you two. . . . Now I put the full power in your hands. With God's blessings on you both, praying him still that after a happy success there ye may speedily and happily return and light in the arms of your dear Dad, James R.

Within two weeks after the penning of this dangerous document, a Junta of Theologians in Madrid finally handed down an opinion and clarified the conditions upon which his Catholic Majesty Philip of Spain could allow his sister to go to England as an heretic's wife.

The infanta must remain in Spain at least a year after the marriage ceremony, preferably in company with her husband; within which time the suspension of the penal laws and the concession to the Catholics of the free exercise of their religion in private houses must be publicly acclaimed in England. The king, the prince, and the Privy Council must swear that the favors thus accorded would never be withdrawn; and finally, they must either obtain the assent of Parliament within the year to what they had done, or they must assure Spain that there would be no doubt that it would be obtained.

Charles was dumbfounded, and Steenie was furious, when they were presented with these impossible demands by an oily and smiling Olivares.

"There has been nothing but trickery and deceit in the whole business!" cried Buckingham, hot and raging.

"It would have been better, my Lord," replied Olivares suavely, "if you had never meddled with it, but had left it in my Lord of Bristol's hands."

Charles thought of his father. He thought of his sister Elizabeth, waiting for help, and then he thought of the infanta. He could not,

would not go home without her, no matter what Steenie said, nor how tricky Olivares had been. His father had already begun to build a chapel for the future Catholic queen in England, and Inigo Jones was busy remodeling Denmark House and St. James for the happy bride. The happy bride!

At this point the sedate young man, who had carried himself with such circumspection in England, felt such a passion burn within him that only a kiss from his lady could quench his ardor. How to reach her, how to penetrate the cordon of donnas and grandees which was always flung tightly about her? In the most romantic way, of course. Go to her garden at night, listen for the sound of her soft voice (would she be practicing English when he came, prettily adding "e" to the beginning of words beginning with "s"—"My lover ees een Spain?"), leap over the garden wall, snatch her to his heart, and drink in the soft fragrance of her body. . . . Charles's head whirled. He must see his bride alone.

He found her garden, he climbed the wall, he dropped into the orchard with an unprincely thud, and there his dream stopped. The infanta was not practicing her English. The infanta did not fly to rest her head on his bosom. Maria gave a loud shriek as the intruder dropped at her feet, and still screaming ran into the house, while the old marquis who had been her companion, kneeled to Charles, begging him with tears in his voice to go away.

James's Babie certainly felt a fool, but, after all, Maria was young and inexperienced. When once she were his wife, ah, then it would be different. No matter what the Junta said, what his father said, or what Steenie said, he would marry her if it took all year.

Steenie was not consumed with such steadfast resolution. In a few days Cottington was to go back to England, and he would have to carry to James the Junta's decisions. Steenie (who by this time had been made Duke of Buckingham by his grateful sovereign) sent the first discouraging news.

"We send away this bearer," he confessed in a short note to Secretary Conway, "only because his Majesty should not be tortured no more, as I am sure he was once, with expectations."

James's answer to the final terms of the Spaniards, and to their suggestion that Charles stay a year in Madrid is blotted and smudged,

with words scratched out and quavering letters, which tell all too plainly of the aching right arm which penned them and of the emotional stress under which they were written. It is as piercing a wail of woe as ever sprang from a disillusioned old man's heart.

My Sweet Boys [he cried] Your letter by Cottington hath stricken me dead. I fear it shall very much shorten my days, and I am the more perplexed that I know not how to satisfy the people's expectations here, neither know I what to say to our Council, for the fleet, that stayed upon a wind this fortnight, Rutland and all aboard, must now be stayed, and I know not what reason I shall pretend for the doing of it. But as for my advice and directions that ye crave, in case they will not alter their decree, it is in a word, to come speedily away, and if he can get leave, and give over all treaty. And this I speak without respect for any security they can offer you, except ye never look to see your old Dad again, whom I fear ye shall never see, if you see him not before Winter. Alas, I now repent me sore, that ever I suffered you to go away. I care for match, nor nothing so I may once have you in my arms again. God grant it, God grant it, God grant it! Amen, amen, amen! I protest ye shall be as heartily welcome, as if ye had done all things ye went for, so that I may once have you in my arms again, and God bless you both, my only sweet son, and my only best sweet servant, and let me hear from you quickly with all speed, as ye love my life; and so God send you a happy joyful meeting in the arms of your dear Dad, James R.

James and his two sweet boys had entangled themselves in a net of chicanery and deception which it would take much skillful manipulation on Bristol's part to break. For the nonce, in a desperate effort to pull the brand from the burning, since Charles would not come away without his bride, James and the Council did actually take an oath before the Spanish ambassador to allow Catholics to practice their religion in England, although it was unthinkable that Charles stay in Spain.

"Since it can be no better, I must be contented," James confessed, "but this course is both a dishonour to me, and double charges if I must

to come speedie away, if ye can gette leave, & give
over all creature, & this I speak without respect
of any securitie, thave can offer you, excepte ye never
look to see youre olde dade againe, quhome I feare ye
shall never see, if ye see him not before winter, alace

I now repente me sore that ever I suffered you to go
awaye, I care for matche nor nothing, so I maye once
have you in my armes againe, god graunte it, god gra
it, god graunte it, amen, amen, amen, I proteste ye shal
be as hartely wellcome, as if ye hadde done all thing
ye went for, so that I maye once haue you in my
armes againe & so god blesse you both my onlie sweet
sonne & my onlie best sweete servant & lette me hea
from you quitley woth all speede, as ye love my lyfe,
& so god sende you a happy meeting in the armes
of youre deere dade.

James

from greene wilde the xij of iune.



LETTER FROM JAMES TO CHARLES AND BUCKINGHAM
IN SPAIN

British Museum

send two fleets [one for Charles and Steenie now and another for the infanta].”

His hopes surged up a little after the taking of the oath, and he sent further good advice to his son, “Upon my blessing, lie not with her in Spain, except ye be sure to bring her with you, and forget not to make them to keep their former conditions anent the portion, otherwise both my Babie and I are bankrupt for ever.”

But now that James had actually done the improbable and sworn an oath which Olivares had satisfied himself the English king would never take, there was real consternation at the Escorial to scramble together some other method of putting off this irksome Englishman, whose presence was becoming intolerable and who would not be insulted. The priests at court took exception to some of the gentlemen who attended Charles, whereupon Philip requested that all Protestants in Charles’s train be dismissed.

Steenie and Charles swallowed this affront and waited. Charles still would not leave Spain without the infanta. He learned that Philip did not have, and never had had, the slightest intention of restoring the Palatinate to Frederick, nor of quarreling with Ferdinand, the Holy Roman Emperor, on the King of England’s behalf.

Still he refused to budge without his bride.

James was by this time writing that if they did not hasten home, “I apprehend I shall never see you, for my extreme longing will kill me; but God bless you both my sweet boys, upon this good day [the fifth of August, anniversary of the Gowrie conspiracy] and he that delivered me from so great a danger upon it, preserve you and grant you a speedy happy and comfortable return in the arms of your dear Dad. Amen, amen, amen.”

Ten days later he expressed himself directly and unequivocally to Charles:

My Dearest Son, I sent you a commandment long ago, not to lose time where ye are, but either to bring quickly home your mistress, which is my earnest desire, but if no better may be, rather than to linger any longer there, to come without her; which for many important reasons I am now forced to renew; and therefore

I charge you upon my blessing, to come quickly, either with her or without her. I know your love to her person hath enforced you to delay the putting in execution of my former commandment. I confess it is my chiefest worldly joy that ye love her; but the necessity of my affairs enforceth me to tell you, that you must prefer the obedience to a father to the love ye carry to a mistress. And so God bless you. James R.

James's patience was worn thin; Bristol was almost at the breaking-point, trying to keep peace between Englishmen and Spaniards; the *infanta* was showing no signs of echoing Charles's ardent emotions; and Steenie had grown so insolent that he had offended everybody in sight, from Olivares down. He sat upon the prince's desk in a dressing gown, he wore his hat in the royal presence, he turned his back on Charles when he felt like doing so, and he went about "chirping the ends of sonnets" in the most unconcerned manner.

At last Philip took matters into his own hands. He told Charles in so many words that it was useless to hang about waiting for the final dispensation from the Pope (Gregory XV was on his deathbed), and that really, everyone would be happier if the prince would go back home and consult with his father. He could swear to the marriage treaty, leave his proxy with Bristol, and marry Maria just as well from England as he could in Madrid.

What Olivares's "trickery and deceit" had not done, what James's pitiful pleading had not accomplished, what even Maria's personal rebuffs had failed to drive home, at last penetrated Charles's stubbornness. He would have to go without this Spanish girl upon whom he had set his heart. It had become a matter of pride with him to prove that this harebrained adventure would have a gloriously successful end. His father, Cottington, Bristol, and many others had assured him he could never carry off the Spanish princess as he had seen himself doing. He had wanted, with all the strength of an unyielding character, to prove they were wrong. When at last even he read defeat into Philip's words, his love cooled as quickly as if it had been plunged into ice-water. This dark-eyed girl with the long Hapsburg nose—what an ass he had been to think that he ever loved her.

He said good-bye to the Spanish king; he swallowed a farewell Spanish banquet; he mumbled adieu to the wet-checked infanta in the queen's presence. Woman-like, she was beginning to view this young man more favorably as soon as it was apparent he was losing interest.

Three days after he had left Madrid, he sent Bristol a letter, ordering him to withhold the proxy until there had been sufficient assurance that the infanta would not save herself from him by getting her to a nunnery. This was his last word on the question of his marriage to Maria. He would go home now, to that doting old Dad whose heart was breaking in his absence, and together they would teach Spain what it meant to make a fool of England's prince.

Steenie took the precaution to write ahead and pave the way.

"Sir," he added in a postscript to the king, "I'll bring all things with me you have desired, except the Infanta, which hath almost broken my heart, because your's, your son's, and the nation's honour is touched by the miss of it; but since it is their fault here and not ours, we will bear it the better; and when I shall have the happiness to lie at your feet, you shall then know the truth of all and no more."

At Santander the two gallant Argonauts, their spirits lifted by the thoughts of home, actually met the English fleet. Charles embarked on the Prince Royal, with Steenie by his side, and set sail, after waiting four days for a favorable wind. At last "all the linen bravery of swelling sails courting the winds" speeded them on their journey. The St. Andrew, the Swiftsure, the St. George, the Defiance, the Bonaventure, the Rainbow, the Antelope, the Charles, and the Seven Stars convoyed the Prince Royal, and on the fifth of October, the Prince of Wales and my Lord Duke of Buckingham were set ashore at Portsmouth.

By eight the following morning they were in London. A swift meeting with the Privy Council, a mouthful of food, and they set off for Royston. As they entered the hall, their spurs clanking on the stone pavement, their cloaks flapping about them, they saw a figure on the stairs, a bent figure, which came painfully towards them, limping and shuffling.

Charles and Steenie rushed forward, up the few steps which should take them to James's feet, and there they knelt while their dear Dad fell upon their necks, and they all three wept for joy.

The Palatinate was still unsaved; his daughter was still kingdomless and homeless; the Spaniards had played his sweet boys a scurvy trick in withholding Babie Charles's mistress from him on such ridiculous pretexts, and, what was worse, delaying the dowry. He saw through them, the knaves. A pox on them for the way they had diddled his Babie! But even through his tears, as he sobbed first on one shoulder and then on another, James thought he could hear some great celestial organ pealing in honor of Europe's Peacemaker, and thought he could catch just faintly the far-off gleam of gold.

XIII. ECLIPSE

WINE flowed in the London gutters. Astonished cart horses were freed from their shafts and their loads, carts and all, turned into bonfires to flame against the skies. People danced on the streets, and the taverns and coffee-houses resounded with the gaiety of the celebrating throngs. Charles, their darling prince, was back, safely out of the clutches of the dastardly Spaniards. What better excuse for merriment and jubilation?

Meanwhile the prince and Steenie were pouring into their dear Dad's incredulous ears the true story of Spain.

The Spaniards were double dealers; Philip and Olivares were false and treacherous; the infanta was ugly; Bristol was insolent; and there was no chance, no, not the slightest, of getting the Spanish king to withdraw his troops from the Palatinate, or subdue the Emperor Ferdinand.

Outside the church bells of Royston were pealing joyously. The prince was home, the prince was home! They sounded like a dirge to James, for now, in the flood of explanations with which Steenie and Charles deluged him, he could see at last that not one shining golden ducat would ever find its way from Spanish coffers into England's treasury. The eagles of the Hapsburgs and the lions of England could never be painted upon the same coat-of-arms. His dearest dreams collapsed under his sweet boys' stinging words.

Ah, if they had never gone, thought the king, flinging his tortured arms up over his pillow, if they had only listened to me when I told them not to go. But it was too late now. He must try and pull together some of the pieces which they had scattered broadside in their wake, some of the plans which had been so carefully made and which were to lead to such great things for England.

But where should he begin? His sweet Steenie Gossip and his dear Babie Charles would help him—thank God they were safe in his arms, amen! But what, for example, could be done about unhappy, unlucky Elizabeth? It had already come to his ears what men were saying: the English king loved Spain better than he did his children.

And now his boys were telling him that he should make war on Spain, should humble Philip's arrogance, should make him disgorge the Palatinate by force of arms. It was very hard to know. . . . James was truly floundering in a sea of the deepest confusion. He could hardly believe that his long and carefully laid plans were hopelessly wracked and that turbulent, tempestuous Europe, boiling with rival factions and torn with hatreds, was paying no slightest attention to the profound pronunciamientos of the King of England. He had seen himself hovering over Germany, Spain, and France like a snowy angel of peace, spreading tranquillity, stilling the murder in men's hearts. He had imagined that the words which fell from his lips would produce a hushed silence, and then respectful, reverent obedience.

And what had happened? Spain had not restored the Palatinate; his son-in-law Frederick had not renounced the crown of Bohemia with apologies to its rightful owner for its usurpation. Hostilities along the Rhine had not ceased, pending the semi-divine judgment of James Stuart. Even in England, his subjects had refused to heed that well-known axiom that only a monarch should meddle with the intricacies of diplomacy, and had interested themselves violently in foreign affairs. They had not appreciated his great desire for peace, nor the broadness, not to say pragmatism of his tolerance toward Catholics. They saw in him, what for the first time he suspected he might be, a stubborn old man who for the last twenty years of his life had been playing with ideas instead of facts, hopelessly out of touch with the world.

As he later confessed: "Before this journey [of Charles and Steenie] things came to me as raw as if I had never heard of them before. I was as disappointed of my ends as if I had been waked out of a dream. Now I have been put into a certainty, and whereas I walked in a mist before I have now brought it to light."

This was not a veracious statement, for between the gout and perplexity as to his next step, he was now more befuddled than ever, more

puzzled as to how to bring order out of the chaos on the Continent, or how to restore his rightful possessions to his son-in-law.

It was hard, he whined, both to himself and to others, that in his old age such grievances should come to disturb his well-earned rest and keep him from being trotted out in his litter, to watch the gerfalcons fly and the bright-eyed deer roam bravely past. What should he do, he asked Babie Charles and Steenie, how should he manage?

Those brash, inexperienced, and courageous young men had plenty of suggestions as to his future policies. First, they told him, write to Bristol in Madrid, and say that the marriage cannot take place until Philip gives satisfaction regarding the Palatinate. Philip answered that he could guarantee nothing, but could only urge restitution to Frederick's descendants.

Then, they advised, send off a dispatch touching the vital subject of the dowry. James himself was not inclined to give up all hope of that dowry, although he took the most certain means of losing it. He ordered Bristol to convey the message that the whole amount would have to be paid in ready money, and ordered the ambassador to leave Madrid, unless this demand was complied with in twenty days. James had always had an exaggerated notion of the Spanish wealth. While it was true that treasure fleets from the Indies were unloading cargoes of fabulous wealth in Cadiz and Seville, it was also true that the government expenditures had been so enormous and so wasteful that it was these shipments alone which kept Spain from going bankrupt with a crash. Philip could no more have paid the infanta's dowry of five hundred thousand pounds in cash than he could have been converted to Protestantism.

With this demand, the whole fabric of the marriage plans fell into a hundred pieces. Maria was abruptly ordered to stop worrying over the terrors of English spelling, and the twenty-ninth of November, 1623, which was to have been her wedding day, passed by uncelebrated by incense, white satin and marriage vows.

When it was discovered to what sharp enmity Charles's pique had led him, all the courtiers and others who had been in Spain began to remember how badly they had been treated in Madrid, and what dogs the Spaniards were. Mr. Chamberlain wrote to Carleton that they now began to open their mouths and "speak liberally of the coarse usage and

entertainment where they found nothing but penury and proud beggary, besides all other discourtesy. . . . This journey hath wrought one unexpected effect, that whereas it was thought the Spaniards and we should piece and grow together, it seems we are generally more disjointed and further asunder in affections than ever."

Babie Charles and Steenie were the heroes of the hour for at last joining in the ancient hymns of hatred against Spain, which Englishmen continued to identify with patriotism, and which James had spent twenty years trying to obliterate.

The men who had raged at Steenie for taking Babie Charles overseas now applauded and commended "his carriage in the business." The prince himself was conceded to be a very fine gentleman, who never "looked or became himself better in his life." Their enmity to Spain made them friends of the English people. While their poor old Dad and Gossip was thrown into such a state of distemper that the court was forced to remove every day for ten or twelve days to keep pace with him in his agitated transfers from one house to another, and continued in "much trouble in his mind," his Babie and his sweet servant saw themselves looked upon with such favor that they resolved to take instant advantage of their popularity and have the king call a Parliament.

Bristol, the poor scapegoat, was to be brought back from Spain in order to pay the penalty of the prince's and Buckingham's failure. Holland was to be invited to ally herself with England in a league against the Hapsburgs. Denmark, Sweden, and several North German princes were also to join in this combination. And just to show the world that the Spanish match was dead, dusty and forgotten, that Maria was merely a silly, pasty-faced girl with whom Charles had never been in the least infatuated, an ambassador was sent to France to see what kind of a wife the Princess Henrietta Maria, sister of the king, might make for the Prince of Wales.

James observed this whirlwind of activity with a kind of inept apprehension. He still did not quite see how to preserve peace in Europe on the one hand and that extremely sensitive honor of his on the other. He allowed the two boys to talk him into a Parliament (how he wished Parliaments had never been invented!) and even went to open it on the

nineteenth of February, 1624, in a mellow and acquiescent mood. He warned the knights and burgesses that he was about to confer a great favor on them: he was going to ask their advice. Moreover, he would abide by it, once given, and thus they could see what wonderful kindness he, who had been their ruler for so long, felt for them. They should vote him money, but they should have the say-so as to how, in the proposed help to the Palatinate, it was to be spent.

"But," he added, "*where* I shall send twenty thousand pounds, or ten thousand pounds, whether by sea or land, east or west, by diversion, or otherwise, by invasion upon the Bavarian or Emperor, you must leave that to your King."

That, of course, was exactly what the Commons did not wish to leave to their king, and his two impetuous young advisors. They were anxious to aid the cause of Protestantism abroad, but insisted that the "infinite charge" of defending the Palatinate made all the implications of that problem unfit for the consideration of the House. The king had asked for subsidies amounting to approximately £780,000. They voted him less than half that amount, on condition that he would break off all negotiations with Spain, repair English fortresses, strengthen the garrisons in Ireland, fit out a fleet, send supplies in some measure to the Low Countries, and permit such monies as needed to be disbursed to be spent under the direction of a War Council.

The strong anti-Spanish attitude of Parliament disappointed James and pleased his son. Charles was already beginning to carry himself in the "popular manner" and applauded "all or the most part of their [Parliament's] doings, which I [James's old schoolfellow Thomas Erskine, now Earl of Kellie] assure you [his cousin Johnnie Slaites] many think he shall never recover again, come to the crown whensomever it shall please God which I pray God may not be so long as I shall live."

With the prince, Buckingham, and the Commons working together, Parliament was at last able to act in the manner of a modern, unhampered law-making body. Aside from voting the monies which were to be spent in advancing the cause of Protestantism, they accomplished two more far-reaching strokes of business. They impeached Lionel Cranfield, Earl of Middleton, at Charles's and Steenie's instigation. Middle-

sex was still for the Spanish match, in spite of the prince's bitterness, and said so plainly. It was not hard to prove charges of corruption against him, and the most able financier of James's reign was dismissed from his office, fined fifty thousand pounds and, like Bacon, was not to take seat in Parliament again or come within verge of the court.

This was another bitter blow to James. By some legerdemain Middlesex had been able to supply him with money, and had managed to pay his household bills. He knew he was losing a diligent and efficient servant, and he said so to his two sweet boys.

"You," he told Steenie, "are a fool. You are making a rod with which you will be scourged yourself. And you," he added, turning to Babie Charles, "will live to have your bellyful of impeachments." Here James, as he had done so often throughout his life, showed a flash of innate good sense. He had always sought to make friends rather than enemies of men of brains and ability.

Parliament's second great act was also repugnant to James. Monopolies were made void, and all questions of what constituted a monopoly were to be judged in the courts of common law. No longer would men like Sir William Garway and Sir Nicholas Salter be permitted to collect the customs on silks, velvets, lawns and cambrics, at a rent of sixteen thousand pounds a year, a sum which might or might not find its way into the exchequer. No more would Edward Peshall and Edward White of London be allowed to collect two shillings on every pound of tobacco imported into England, for which privilege they were to pay the king seven thousand pounds a year and were empowered to name the persons allowed to sell this commodity. Medieval commercial makeshifts were to be ended, and England's imports and exports, manufacturing and production of raw materials were at last to be taken out of absolute control of private individuals, never too scrupulously honest, who for some reason or another had won favor at court. The king would no longer be able to reward his friends with monopolies, or to deprive his enemies of these sources of income.

However, this Parliament came to a more amicable end than had any of its predecessors because James was so badly bewildered that he did not know how to oppose his lawmakers, and partly because they

themselves were put into a fairly jovial humor by the new anti-Spanish feeling which was flaming more hotly every day.

On the twenty-ninth of May, 1624, James limped to the throne in the Hall of Lords, and with robed and crowned peers surrounding him, met the Commons, headed by their Speaker. He heard this gentleman thank him for his goodness in according Parliament their ancient privileges, and in allowing them to enjoy freedom from arrest for plain speaking. He encouraged James to make his own sword his sheriff in putting his son-in-law in possession of the Palatinate (after Parliament had failed to vote enough money to do so), and ended by humbly craving pardon for himself and his own errors committed in this session.

It is likely that James answered him sitting on his throne; for his right leg and foot were still very painful, and the weight of crimson velvet on his shoulders pressed upon him as heavily as it had upon Elizabeth twenty-two years before.

He could still speak extemporaneously, however, and marshal his words sonorously. Britain's Solomon, with none of the acerbity of his usual Parliamentary addresses, and with a new note of friendliness in his quavering voice, spoke to his Parliament for the last time.

"Mr. Speaker," he began, "and you the gentlemen of the Lower House. . . . The subsidies are granted to my grandchildren, whose case, I must confess, is somewhat desperate; I pray God I may see that good end there of that I wish, for I know not how it may please God to dispose of those things, whether peaceably or by force, it may please him to repay unto me the wrong done unto them. But as I said at first, so I pray again, I desire not to live; nay, I wish to God never to have been born, rather than such a blot should lie on me as not hope to see a restoration of the Palatinate, or at least a possibility of it, before God close up mine eyes."

He touched lightly upon his sorrow that they had proceeded so harshly in the matter of patents, assured them that seditious and heretical books, Popish on one side and Puritan on the other, should be suppressed, and concluded with a startling sentence.

"And now I pray you," was his peroration, "take in good part my thanks and admonitions both; and I assure myself you will take my fatherly admonitions, as well as my thanks in good part, as you ought

to do from a King who ever was, and still will be the Father of your Country."

He was always the shepherd; England was his flock. He was omniscient and benevolent; his subjects were helpless and benighted. His honesty, his foresight, his ability, his care for them should still be their salvation. For that wisdom which God had given him alone, they must trust him and put their fortunes in his hands. The turn which events had taken had proved to any blind man that this was palpably not so. But James had lived too long with his godlike conception of himself, he had beaten off too many perplexities with the self-donated wand of Divine Power, to change his weapons against reality.

At fifty-eight, he thought of himself as an old man, and he actually was, both mentally and physically. He must have wondered why God chose to try him, now that he was old and feeble, with some of the most critical and vexatious decisions of his whole reign. The Dutch East India Company was now in serious straits. In 1619 a treaty had been signed between the English and the Dutch, whereby they agreed to trade amicably side by side. Apparently this disposition was not to be final. The Dutch traders were inimical to the English, in spite of pacific and loving treaties. The Dutch burned English ships and tortured their crews. They interfered in every way possible with the loading of pepper and cloves. In fact, they behaved so outrageously that the directors of the East India Company screamed for England's armed intervention in the Far East. Here was a dilemma. How could James send men-o'-war to Java and at the same time make allies of the Dutch Republic at home in order to win back the Palatinate? English feeling at home was too hot against the Spaniards to permit of withdrawing from a Dutch alliance. The poor traders in the Spice Islands were neglected for the nonce. James and Buckingham, by a slightly unethical squeeze, wrung ten thousand pounds apiece out of the Dutch East India Company, and England obligated herself to pay a body of six thousand volunteers for two years to help win independence for Holland.

All this talk of war! All this thirst for bloodshed! James hated it now as he had always hated it. If he could have bent his stiffened knees, he would have gone down upon them to ask Deity, who had always seconded him so nobly, to stop this furore in men's hearts and make them

see the advantages of peace. Nothing could be gained by killing (barring an execution now and then, of course); no lasting good could come of murder on a large scale. The sight of one dead man lying in his blood could make James physically ill. The thought of thousands slaughtered on some far-off European battlefield aroused his staunchest and stoutest resistance. He was obliged to send an army of some sort to Holland, but he hoped against hope that the mere show of force would be sufficient to make the Holy Roman Empire give way and hand Frederick back his County Palatine.

It was not so simple as that. The Catholic King of France, upon whom James and the Dutch relied as a friend, and who, although he was eager to humble Spain, was not at all anxious to do too much for the Protestant cause, sent Count Mansfield, an old adventurer of the swashbuckling type, into England to recruit troops. If James could let Mansfield have ten thousand foot soldiers, three thousand horse, and twenty thousand pounds a month for their support, he, Louis, would raise as many. There was obviously not enough money in the English treasury to meet this demand, since Parliament had been so niggardly, but London greeted Mansfield with great enthusiasm just the same. He was lodged in the chamber at Whitehall which had originally been intended for the infanta, and was promptly made Knight of the Garter.

A certain Captain John Bargrave became so excited over the prospect of England's going to war at last that he offered to furnish the army with dark lanterns to use in case of attempting a surprise. Mansfield's cause, rather than his person, so inflamed English hearts that he carried with him "all manner of contentment and many presents."

James gave him a jewel reputed to be worth four thousand pounds, but could not view his recruiting with much approval. If it had to be, it had to be, but he wished most ardently that he had never allowed himself to be forced to draw the sword. If only the Spanish match . . . no, Steenie and Babie Charles had killed all hope of mediation from that source.

The French match, too, was not proceeding smoothly. James had promised Parliament never again to grant the Catholics leniency, as the Spanish treaty had demanded, and here was Louis, and behind him the adamant Cardinal Richelieu, asking the very same tolerance, if Henrietta

Maria were ever to be sent to England. What should he do, what should he do? Babie Charles said promise them in a letter, so that the articles about the Catholics do not appear in the marriage treaty itself. Parliament cannot object to that. James groaned; he even sobbed a little (the tears seemed to come so easily now; and he sent the Spanish ambassadors home with a curt farewell, indicating that as between Spain and France, England would every time choose France, and finally he set his stamp upon the marriage treaty. Since the middle of the summer he had been using a metal die engraved with the familiar "James R," for his crippled hand could no longer grasp a quill. A few days afterwards, the Earl of Kellie wrote to Johnnie Slaites, the Earl of Mar, "This one thing I have heard. There is direction given to our Treasurer, that no more processes go out against recusants [Catholics] and such be recalled that are out, and their bands taken back that was given. This makes men believe that the same course goes on now with the French that was concluded with the Spaniard. How pleasing these things shall be to the Parliament, men are doubtful. . . ."

And as if there were not enough trouble in the world already, first James had had words with Steenie—actually had quarreled with his sweet Gossip, and had accused him of uttering "cruel Catonic words," and then had nearly lost him through a very hazardous fever. The quarrel was instigated by the Spanish ambassadors early in the year. They had by then recognized Steenie as an implacable enemy, and did all they could to discredit him with the king. But the bond of affection was too strong between the master and his humble dog and slave. Even the poisoned words of Coloma and Inojosa could not destroy James's love for this friend whom he cherished so dearly, and this servant, who, if he was peremptory at times, surely meant it all for the best interests of his master.

When Steenie fell ill in May, James had so far forgotten Coloma's insinuations that he nearly went wild with anxiety.

Alas, sweetheart [read one of the last letters he ever wrote with his own hand], Thy letter yesternight made my heart to bleed. For God's sake, be as wary as thou can with drugs and physicians, for they are but for cases of necessity. I can take no pleasure in Theo-

bald's park till thou come. If thy health may permit thee to be here tomorrow night. It will be a great comfort unto me, that thou and thy Countess may see me hunt the buck in the park upon Friday next, and if thou show me not all the devices in this park, before I go from hence, I shall never have comfort in it. I have sent Conway [secretary of state] to thee as thou desired. God ever bless thee and all thine and send thee health and heart to the comfort of thy dear dad.

Like Elizabeth, James insisted upon hoisting his ailing body on horseback as long as he could sit in the saddle. But a note from Secretary Conway to Steenie in August, 1624, told a sad story. "At Court," he admitted, "we hunt and miss and miss and hunt and kill, as round as a ball."

Four months later, the Earl of Kellie wrote to his usual confidant, Johnnie Slaites, that his Majesty was very well in his health but began to be more falconer than hunter, though it dare not be said so.

At Christmas time, the king kept to his chamber, not even going to chapel. He did manage to drag himself to the *Masque of the Fortunate Isles and their Union*, which Ben Jonson had written especially to please his old patron, and heard the stout, lusty poet wish his

. . . *subject's heart's be all on flame*
While thou 'dost keep the earth in firm estate,
And 'mongst the winds dost suffer no debate;
But both at sea and land our powers increase,
With health and all the golden gifts of peace.

James's uncertain lips expanded in a smile. There were still some who could appreciate the "Rex pacificus"; there were still some for whom his efforts at peace were the noble, crowning acts of a temperate and happy reign.

He forgot that the "golden gifts of peace" were at that very moment made up of hunger and illness for the poor wretches whom Mansfield was forcing into ships at Dover. He forgot that Englishmen, not under English command, but under the doubtful leadership of a foreign opportunist, were being sent to die of cold and starvation on the open road-

ways in the Low Countries. He forgot, when he gave Steenie a New Year's gift of thirty thousand pounds, that the golden gifts of peace could only be maintained by gold sent to those who needed it most; that it was as hard for the younger sons, broken-down soldiers of fortune, malcontents, and unfortunate peasants and apprentices in Mansfield's pathetic army to die of starvation and disease as it was to die of powder and shot.

His imagination was dulling lately. He could not visualize the rabble of "raw and poor" rascals plodding along freezing roads, their bare and bloody feet wrapped in makeshift bandages. It was not thought fit for the king's ear that one man who was pressed into service hanged himself for fear; that another ran into the Thames until the water came up over his head and he drowned, rather than go with Mansfield; that one desperate fellow cut off all the fingers of one hand, and another put out one of his eyes with salt. The king could not hear the groans of the dying, nor the sneering comments made by other nations about the paltry way England went to war. His physical eyes saw only the flight of hawks above the brook at Theobald's, his physical senses felt only the hot twinges of pain in his own arms and legs as he snuggled into the soft, warm cushions of his litter.

He had been so long in continual pain that nothing could penetrate his consciousness very deeply. The Pope (his ancient bane) was demanding that he give a public written assurance of religious freedom to English Catholics, if he wanted Charles to marry Henrietta Maria. That he could never do—even Louis of France admitted it. Babie Charles's wedding to the "lovely sweet young creature" could not be postponed forever, and for once everybody was in accord except the Holy Father. Either the Pope must agree to strike out that clause, or the Prince of England and the Princess of France would be married without the Vatican's dispensation.

Babie Charles and Steenie were talking marriage journeys again. . . . Had it been only two years ago that he had heard the same kind of ebullient plans from the same lips? This time it was definitely decided that Charles should go no farther than Dover; but Steenie, with all the gold and silver embroidery, all the shining satins, all the state jewels (which had luckily been retrieved from Madrid), and all the

diamonds he could find, should journey to Paris, and bring back the fifteen-year-old French girl with the bright eyes and the "perfect shape."

The king could not rouse any great enthusiasm at the thought of her. He was glad Babie Charles was getting a wife. He had always thought early marriages a good thing. What was it he had told Henry in the *Basilikon Doron* so long ago? A man must marry to stay lust, to procreate children, to get a helper like himself. If what his old friend James Hay, Earl of Carlisle, wrote from Paris was true, Charles would be getting a good girl, a healthy girl, not of his own religion, but still a princess of the first rank. There had already been issued a warrant for payment of £5,700 for the building of a new chapel, a bedchamber, rooms and a tennis court at Theobald's, which should be done by the spring, in time for her occupancy. Well, that should please her; and there James's thoughts about her ended.

His mind was more inclined to wander to long-forgotten recollections of his old friends. Tom Erskine, Earl of Kellie, and Johnnie Slaites back in Scotland, guarding her treasury as well as he could—they were still with him. Only a day or two ago, Johnnie Slaites had sent down some earth dogs (terriers) with the drollest names. He would have to use them when the weather grew warm enough to hunt. He would wait for the spring sunshine this year. In times gone by he had not minded the March winds so much, but this year he would keep warm. . . .

But it was a sickly winter, full of the plague and strange diseases. James Hamilton, the marquis to whom he had restored all the ancient honors of the house of Hamilton, in recognition of the services he had rendered his Highness' dearest mother—how long ago it had been since he had heard that phrase! . . . What was it about the Marquis of Hamilton? Ah, yes. He had died of a malignant spotted fever . . . and he was young enough to have been James's son.

"If the branches thus be cut down," cried the poor king, "the stock cannot continue long."

Esmé's son Ludovic was dead, too, dead of an apoplexy, and his wife, distracted woman, had cut off her hair for grief. Ludovic's son, that would be Esmé's grandson, had come to see him lately, a pretty lad, so very like his father. Old Nottingham was dead at last—the proud

Admiral who had vanquished the Armada; Chechester, his faithful lieutenant, who had ruled Ireland, and well, for so many years, but had not succeeded in stamping out Catholicism, he was dead. The only one out of his past who still lived, though ignominiously, was Robin. Somewhere down in Surrey he was—James remembered granting him permission to change his residence because of ill health. The sprightly witch, Frances, ah, yes, she would be with him, too; she had not died, either.

His mind now played continuously with thoughts of death, and at last he came to see why men prayed for it, begged God to take them home. With such pain as he was having to bear, the thought of death was losing its terrors.

That play-acting fellow, Shakespeare, had gone, ten years ago. Bacon was as good as gone, rotting at Gorhambury. His Little Beagle . . . sometimes he thought he saw his Little Beagle's sharp eyes fastened on him, and saw his Little Beagle's thin lips twitch in disapproval. But that could not be, of course, for Salisbury had been dead twelve years and more—Salisbury and Henry and Anna, and those other two little ones in Westminster Abbey, Mary and Sophia. Mary had been a cunning little girl—someone had told him she had lisped, "I go, I go—away I go," upon her deathbed.

"I go, I go, away I go!" Did this burning, blazing torture that had descended upon him mean that he was going? What was it the stupid doctors had said? A tertian ague?

"An ague in the spring is a physic for a king," said one of the grooms of the bedchamber, brightly.

James frowned through the sudden chill which was making his teeth rattle in his jaw.

"Yea," he answered heavily, "true, but the saying is meant for a young king."

But presently the fit passed and he was better again. They gave him broth, which he drank, and warm wine. The fever and chills had left him, and although he was so weak he could scarcely stand unsupported, he felt himself purified and clarified by the great struggle which had been waged by his body against dissolution. He felt himself to be well enough to be moved to Hampton Court for a change of air, but

before he went, he listened to the advice of Steenie's mother, that fussy old countess, and allowed them to send to a certain country doctor for a special posset which would do him worlds of good, and a special plaster to be laid on his wrists and stomach. Steenie and his mother applied them without consulting the attending physicians, and the king at once grew worse. It would be impossible for him to leave Theobald's now, and he was just as well content. If he were to die this time, he would prefer to die here, in this fine, high-ceilinged room, with the windows opening so free and wide upon his park, and the birds in the trees planted in the great hall singing so sweetly just outside his door.

It seemed to the doctors that Buckingham's plaster had all but killed the king, for he grew better the moment it was taken off, and instantly worse for the second time when he insisted upon having it applied again. It passed through his clouding brain that people would say Steenie had poisoned him. It would be proven, of course, that he had not; for did not Steenie love him beyond all men, and did he not love Steenie better than anyone in the world with the exception of Babie Charles? Had he not raised Steenie from the lowliest to the highest and all his family with him? As the king looked about him, he could see nothing but Villiers. There was Susan, Steenie's sister, and her husband, Denbigh, who had been made Master of Wardrobe; there was Kit, Steenie's brother, drunk as usual, who was gentleman of the bedchamber and an earl to boot. There were cousins of Steenie's to the farthest degree, who had had their fortune from the court. No, his humble dog and slave could never say that the best of masters had failed to provide for him, and having all to lose by his dear Dad's death, could never think of hurrying him out of the world.

James must have felt that he should like to lie and rest and drowse in between the attacks which the physicians so despairingly diagnosed as the ague, but which in all probability were connected with the increasing failure of his kidneys. In any life as long and as varied as his had been, there are moments to be remembered and relived; moments to be resavored and slowly relinquished.

He must have wanted to think about Stirling; about the clear pure air, and the crystal cool winds sweeping from the north. Was that the battle cry of a clansman he heard—the *Creagan Igarbh!* of the Stuarts?

Was that a bonnet laird standing beside him? No, it was only Babie Charles, paler than ever, to tell him that the Lord Keeper, Bishop Williams, was there.

"Aye," said James, and closed his eyes again. There were so many to see before it came the Lord Keeper's turn—the grim Regents Morton and Moray, Lady Minny, stiff old Buchanan. . . .

There was Maitland—how many years since he had thought of Maitland, smiling and scraping before Tycho Brahe on the island of Hveen? There was that traitor Bothwell—a pox on his heart roots!—last seen in a tavern brawl in Spain, and finally laid in a pauper's grave in Naples. With the name Bothwell, a memory of his mother surged up—the man for whom she had given up her kingdom to him, her son, had been a Bothwell, too. His dearest mother, resting at last in Westminster Abbey, beside that harridan who had hounded her to death. His dearest sister—ah, that was a long and tangled thread of memory to unravell! What could he think of her now, as he lay motionless, his tongue swelling in his mouth and his legs growing numb? She had fought off death like a tiger; had stood up to him, defiant, until her worn-out body literally crumbled. He was not of such heroic stuff; if death wanted him, let him come.

Elizabeth Regina! How did she sleep, the great Gloriana, with her sister Mary's coffin beneath her and her cousin Mary's coffin in the next tomb? Had the long course of her plotting in Scotland, had the thousand and one small malices which she had practiced toward that poor nation troubled her as she lay dying?

"Sir," said Babie Charles, "my lords of Canterbury and Lincoln are still here, and wish to know will you receive Communion?"

"I had rather see Bishop Andrews," James murmured faintly.

"My Lord Bishop of Winchester is ill of the stone," they told him, "and cannot attend."

So Williams, who had converted Kate Buckingham from Catholicism to the true faith, knelt beside his bed, and paved the way into Heaven for England's moribund king.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that I shall rise out of the Earth in the last day," he intoned.

"I believe that I shall see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living." The response from the sickbed was instant but feeble.

"As by Adam all die, so by Christ shall all be made alive."

"Say unto my soul, I am thy Salvation. There is no other belief, no other hope." The words came in with a Scottish twang, broad and rough.

"Will your Majesty have me read the Absolution?" asked the bishop.

There was a momentary flash in James's dulling eyes.

"As it is practiced in the English Church, I ever approved it; but in the dark way of the Church of Rome, I do defy it!"

Those Papists! As the bishop's voice droned on, James might almost have smiled to himself to think how staunchly and to the end he had defied the Pope. Some people said that James Hamilton had died a Catholic. How many hints there had been that Anna had dabbled in Popery before she died! No one could say that the King of England had ever wavered from the true faith for one moment. His son might marry a Catholic for reasons of state, but he, James, would die as he had lived, a Protestant. And no Puritan either! A wonder that he had had a throne to sit on, when he thought back to the ministers of the Kirk who would have taken it from him if they could. Andrew Melville, his old debater, John Knox—had their argumentative tongues won them any higher place in Heaven? Did they sit nearer to God because they had tried to rule not only the Kirk but the kingdom of Scotland? Proud and ambitious, he had called them in the *Basilikon Doron*—very pests in the commonwealth.

"In my defense, God me defend"—that had been the motto on the cover, gold on purple. "God me defend . . ." God would surely defend him, for he had championed God so stoutly all his life. He had never claimed that the Scottish or English throne was his; he had always avowed freely, and with deep gratitude in his heart, that any throne was a loan, and that he sat upon it only as a lieutenant.

"Remember therefore in all your actions, of the great account that ye are one day to make. . . ." He had written that, too. He was shortly to make that great account. He knew it, and strangely was not afraid. He could stand before God and say, "I have kept your kingdoms at

peace. I have ever tried to keep my subjects from the evils of self-willed actions. I have considered not the common will but the common weal, since mine was the superior wisdom."

"Sir." It was Steenie at his elbow. "My Lord Bishop of Lincoln wishes me to tell you that he is here beside you and will so remain while you need him."

That lilting voice—how many times it had brought gladness to his heart. How often he had longed to hear it. Now that the darkness was closing in, it was good to know that Steenie was with him too.

"Employ every man as ye think him qualified," he had advised Henry once, "but use not one in all things, lest he wax proud and be envied by his fellows."

He had not known Steenie when he wrote that. Steenie was envied by his fellows, but he was not proud. He had not been too lofty to come to his plain old Dad, to hunt with him, to sleep in his bedchamber, to listen to his troubles. Without Steenie life would not have been bearable, the very thought that such a gay, beautiful, self-assured person should take any notice of him had often lifted James's old heart and stiffened his drooping self-esteem.

"I am now ready to be offered . . ." It was Williams' voice again, ". . . and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight. I have fulfilled my course—I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day, and to all that love his coming."

How strange that through the resounding, familiar prose, odd bits of poetry should float through his brain, lines he had labored over forty years ago and more, sonnets that he had almost forgotten had ever flowed from his pen.

*Not oriental Indus crystal streams,
Nor fruitful Nilus that no banks can thole,
Nor golden Tagus; where bright Titans beams
Are headlongst hurled, to view the Antarctic Pole;
Nor Ladon (which sweet Sidney doth extole)
While it, th' Arcadian Beauties did embrace;*

*All these cannot thee, nameless thee, control;
 But with good right, must render and give place:
 For whilst sweet she, vouchsafest to show her face,
 And with her presence honours thee each day;
 Thou sliding seemest to have a slower pace,
 Against thy will, as if thou went away;
 And loath to leave, the sight of such a one
 Thou still imports thy complaints to every stone.*

He could not remember who "sweet she" was; it did not matter. The lines rang well, and scanned truly.

"Commendo me tibi, Domini Jesu. . . ."

He could hear Babie Charles chiming in with the bishop, Babie Charles, his son. With a great effort, James opened his eyes, moved his hand to beckon Charles to him, and tried to move his tongue. There was something urgent he must say to Babie Charles before he died.

It was no use. He could not say it, and his head rolled feebly on the pillow. Waves of poison from his destroyed kidneys had been reaching toward his brain for days.

The pictures began to fade; the words began to sound farther and farther off. For a time he slept, woke, and slept again, then awoke for the last time to hear the bishop's voice—"Mecum eris in Paradiso."

"Vox Christi." The watchers at the bedside caught the slight movement of James's lips, "Veni, Domine Jesu."

Babie Charles, before whom the title of "Majesty" loomed imminent, leaned over his father. The eyes were closed, the nostrils motionless, the pulse was still.

James had gone to render to God that great accounting which he had never considered it necessary to give to the English people.

* * *

For two hundred years it was taken for granted that he had been laid to rest in Westminster Abbey with his wife. His subjects who had known him thought of their "owld King" sleeping lethargically beside the Danish Anna, and were inclined to forgive him his insistence upon

royal prerogative. They had forgotten his curious pertinacity when it came to kingdoms. In the middle of the nineteenth century the Dean of Westminster Abbey found out where James really rested. By his own command, the leaden coffins of his great great grandparents, Henry VII and Elizabeth of York, founders of the Tudor dynasty, had been shoved aside to make room for the first King of Great Britain.

APPENDIX

BASILIKON DORON

DIVIDED INTO THREE BOOKS

EDINBURGH

PRINTED BY ROBERT WALDEGRAVE
PRINTER TO THE KING'S MAJESTY 1599

BASILIKON DORON
OR
HIS. MAJESTY'S INSTRUCTIONS TO HIS DEAREST SON,
HENRY THE PRINCE *

SONNET

*"God gives not Kings the style of Gods in vain,
"For on his Throne his Scepter do they sway:
"And as their subjects ought them to obey,
"So Kings should fear and serve their God again,
"If then ye would enjoy a happy reign,
"Observe the Statutes of your heavenly King,
"And from his Law, make all your Laws to spring:
"Since his Lieutenant here ye should remain,
"Reward the just, be steadfast, true and plain,
"Repress the proud, maintaining aye the right,
"Walk always so, as ever in his sight,*

* The entire treatise is too long to be incorporated. The following excerpts are used without marks of omission in order not to interrupt its even flow. A few minor changes have been made in punctuation and spelling.

*"Who guards the godly, plaguing the profane:
 "And so ye shall in Princely virtues shine,
 "Resembling right your mighty King Divine."*

"To Henry, My Dearest Son, and Natural Successor.

"Whom-to can so rightly appertain this Book of the institution of a Prince in all the points of his calling, as well general, as a Christian towards God; as particular as a King towards his people? Whom-to, I say, can it so justly appertain as unto you, my dearest Son? Since I the author thereof, as your natural Father, must be careful for your godly and virtuous education, as my eldest Son, and the first fruits of God's blessings towards me in my posterity; and as a King must timely provide for your training up in all the points of a King's Office; since ye are my natural and lawful successour therein; that being rightly informed hereby, of the weight of your burthen, ye may in time begin to consider that being born to be a king, ye are rather borne to *onus*, than *honos*: not excelling all your people so far in rank and honour, as in daily care and hazardous painstaking, for the dutiful administration of that great office, that God hath laid upon your shoulders. Laying so a just symmetry and proportion betwixt the height of your honorable place, and the heavy weight of your great charge: and consequently, in case of failing, which God forbid, of the sadness of your fall, according to the proportion of that height. I have therefore for the greater ease to your memory, and that ye may, at the first cast up any part that ye have to do with, divided this whole book in three parts. The first teacheth you your duty towards God as a Christian: the next, your duty in your Office as a King; and the third informeth you how to have yourself in indifferent things, which of themselves are neither right nor wrong, but according as they are rightly or wrongly used: and yet will serve according to your behaviour therein, to augment or impair your fame and authority at the hands of your people. Receive and welcome this book then, as a faithful Preceptour and Counsellour unto you: which, because my affairs will not permit me ever to be present with you, I ordain to be a resident faithful admonisher of you. And because the hour of death is uncertain to me, as unto all flesh, I leave it as my Testament, and latter will unto you: charging you in the presence of GOD, and

by the fatherly authority I have over you, that ye keep it ever with you, as carefully as *Alexander* did the *Iliads* of *Homer*. Ye will find it a just and impartial counsellour; neither flattering you in any vice, nor importuning you at unmeet times. It will not come uncalled, neither speak unspeared at: and yet conferring with it when you are at quiet, ye shall say with *Scipio* that ye are *nunquam minus solus, quam cum solus*. To conclude then, I charge you, as ever ye think to deserve my fatherly blessing, to follow and put in practise as far as lyeth in you, the precepts hereafter following: and if ye follow the contrary course, I take the Great GOD to record, that this Book shall one day be a witness betwixt me and you; and shall procure to be ratified in Heaven, the curse that in that case here I give unto you; for I protest before that Great GOD I had rather not be a Father, and childless, nor be a Father of wicked children. But hoping, yea even promising unto myself that God who in his great blessing sent you unto me, shall in the same blessing, he hath given me a Son, so make him a good and godly Son, not repenting him of his mercy shewn unto me, I end this preface with my earnest prayer to GOD, to work effectually into you the fruits of that blessing which here from my heart I bestow upon you.

FINIS

ANENT A KING'S CHRISTIAN DUTY TOWARDS GOD

THE FIRST BOOK

As he cannot be thought worthy to rule and command others that cannot rule and danton [restrain] his own proper affections and unreasonable appetites: so can he not be thought worthy to govern a Christian people, knowing and fearing God, that in his own person and heart, feareth not and loveth not the Divine Majesty. Therefore (my Son) first of all things, learn to know and love God, whom-to ye have double obligation; first for that he made you a man; and next, for that he made you a little god to sit on his Throne, and rule over other men. Remember that as in dignity he hath erected you above others, so ought ye in thankfulness towards him go as far beyond all others.

Remember also, that by the right knowledge and fear of God (which

is the beginning of Wisdom, as Solomon saith) ye shall know all the things necessary for the discharge of your duty, both as a Christian, and as a King, seeing in him as in a mirror the course of all earthly things, whereof he is the spring and only mover.

Now the only way to bring you to this knowledge is diligently to read his word, and earnestly to pray for the right understanding thereof: *Search the Scriptures*, sayeth Christ, *for they will bear testimony of me*. I join to this, the careful hearing of the doctrine with attendance and reverence. But above all, beware ye throw [twist] not the word to your own appetite, as over many do, making it like a bell to sound as ye please to interpret; but by the contrary frame.

As for the particular points of Religion, I need not to dilate them; I am no hypocrite, follow your Father's footsteps and your own education therein. I thank God, I was never ashamed to give account of my profession, howsoever the malicious lying tongues of some have traduced me; and if my conscience had not resolved me, that all my Religion presently professed by me and my kingdom was grounded upon the plain words of the Scripture, without the which all points of Religion are superfluous, as anything contrary to the same is abomination, I had never outwardly avowed it, for the pleasure or awe of the vain pride of some seditious preachers.

Now, as to Faith, which is the entertainer and quickener of Religion, it is a pure persuasion and apprehension of the promises of God, applying them to your soul and therefore may it justly be called the golden chain that linketh the faithful soul to Christ; and because it groweth not in our garden but is the free gift of God (as Paul sayeth), it must be nourished by prayer, which is nothing else but a friendly talking with God.

Use often to pray when ye are quietest, especially in your bed; for public prayer serveth more for example than for any particular comfort to the supplicant.

In your prayer, be neither over strange with God, like the ignorant common sort that prayeth nothing but out of books, nor yet over homely with him, like some of our vain Pharisical puritans, that think they rule him upon their fingers. The former way will breed an uncourth coldness in you towards him, the other will breed in you a contempt

for him. But in your prayer to God speak with all reverence; for if a subject will not speak but reverently to a king, much less should any flesh presume to crack [gossip] with God as with his companion.

I would not have you pray with the Papists to be preserved from sudden death, but that God would give you grace so to live as ye may every hour of your life be ready for death; so shall ye attain to the virtue of true fortitude, never being afraid for the horror of death, come when he list.

To conclude then, the first part of this book: Keep God sparingly in your mouth, but abundantly in your heart. Be precise in effect, but social in shew. Kytte [display] more by your deeds nor by your words the love of virtue and hatred of vice. Apply to all your outward actions Christ's command, to give alms secretly: so shall ye on the one part be inwardly garnished with true Christian humility. And on the other part, ye shall eschew outwardly before the world the suspicion of filthy proud hypocrisy and deceitful dissimulation.

ANENT A KING'S DUTY IN HIS OFFICE

THE SECOND BOOK

But as ye are clothed with two callings, so must ye be alike careful for the discharge of them both: that as ye are a good Christian, so ye may be a good King, discharging your office in the points of justice and equity: which in two sundry ways ye must do: the one in establishing and executing (which is the life of the Law) good laws among your people: the other by your behaviour in your own person.

For the making and executing of laws, consider first the true difference betwixt a lawful good King and an usurping Tyrant: and ye shall the more easily understand your duty herein. The one acknowledgeth himself ordained for his people, having received from God a burden of government whereof he must be countable: the other thinketh his people ordained for him, a prey to his passions, as the fruits of his magnanimity.

And therefore as their ends are directly contrary, so are their whole actions as means whereby they press to attain to their ends. A good King,

thinking his highest honour to consist in the due discharge of his calling, employeth all his study and pains to procure and maintain (by the making and executing of good laws) the welfare and peace of his people; and as their natural father and kindly master, thinketh his greatest contentment standeth in their prosperity and his greatest surety in having their hearts, subjecting his own private affections and appetites to the weal and standing of his Subjects, ever thinking common interest his chiefest particular.

And therefore to return to my purpose anent the government of your subjects, by making and putting good laws to execution, I remit the making of them to your own discretion, as ye shall find the necessity for new-rising corruptions to require them: besides, that in this country we have already more good laws than are well executed, and aim only to insist in your form of government anent their execution. Only remember, that as Parliaments are only ordained for the making of laws, so ye abuse not their constitution, in holding them for any men's particulars. For as a Parliament is the honourablest and highest judgment in the land (as being the King's head Court) if it be well used, which is by making good laws in it; so is it the in-justest judgment seat that may be being abused to men's particulars: irrevocable decrees against particular parties, being given therein under colour of general laws and oft-times the Estates not knowing themselves whom thereby they hurt. And therefore hold no Parliaments but for necessity of new laws, which would be but seldom. For few laws and well put in execution are best in a well-ruled commonweal.

And when ye have by the severity of Justice once settled your countries and made them know that ye can strike, then may ye thereafter all the days of your life mix justice with mercy, punishing or sparing, as ye shall find the crime to have been wilfully or rashly committed, and according to the by-past behaviour of the committer. For if otherwise ye kythe [shew] your clemency at the first, the offences would soon come to such heaps and the contempt of you grow so great that when ye would fail to punish, the number of them to be punished would exceed the punishers; and ye would be troubled to resolve whom-to to begin, and against your nature would be compelled then to wrack many, which the chastisement of few in the beginning might

have preserved. But in this my over-dear bought experience may serve you for a sufficient lesson: for I confess where I thought by being gracious at the beginning to win all men's hearts to a loving and willing obedience, I by contrary found the disorder of the country and the tinsell [loss] of my thanks to be all my reward.

But as this severe justice of yours upon all offences would be but for a time, so is there some horrible crimes that ye are bound in conscience never to forgive: such as Witch-craft, wilfull murder, incest, sodomy, poisoning and false coin. As for treason against your own person or authority, since the fault concerneth yourself, I remit to your own choice to punish or pardon therein, as your heart serveth you.

And although the crime of oppression be not in this rank of unpardonable crimes, yet the over-common use of it in this nation, as if it were a virtue, especially by the greatest rank of subjects in the land, requireth the King to be a sharp censurer thereof. Be diligent therefore to try and awful to beat down the horns of proud oppressors: Embrace the quarrel of the poor and distressed as your own particular, thinking it your greatest honour to repress the oppressors.

Here now speaking of oppressors and of justice, the purpose leadeth me to speak of Highland and Border oppressions. As for the Highlands, I shortly comprehend them all in two sorts of people: the one, That dwelleth in our main land that are barbarous and yet mixed with some shew of civility: the other, that dwelleth in the Isles, and are utterly barbarous, without any sort or shew of civility. For the first sort, put straightly to execution the laws made already by me against their overlords and the chiefs of their clans, and it will be no difficulty to danton them. As for the other sort, think no other of them all than as wolves and wild boars: and therefore follow forth the course that I have begun, in planting Colonies among them of answerable inland subjects, that within short time may rout them out and plant civility in their rooms.

But as for the Borders, because I know if ye enjoy not this whole Isle, according to God's right and your lineal descent, ye will never get leave to brook this North and barrenest part thereof, no, not your own head whereon the Crown should stand. I need not in that case trouble you with them, for then they will be the middest of the Isle, and so as easily ruled as any part thereof.

And that ye may the readier with wisdom and justice govern your subjects by knowing what vices they are naturally most inclined to, I shall therefore shortly note unto you the principal faults that every rank of the people of this country is most subject unto. And as for England, I will not speak by guess of them, never having been among them, although I hope in that God, who ever favoreth the right, before I die to be as well acquainted with their fashions.

And first, that I prejudice not the Church of her ancient privileges, reason would she should have the first place for order's sake in this catalogue. The Reformation of Religion in Scotland being made by a popular tumult and rebellion, some of our fiery ministers got such a guiding of the people at that time of confusion, as finding the gust [taste] of government sweet, they began to fantasy to themselves a Democratic form of government: and after usurping the liberty of the time in my long minority, settled themselves so fast upon that imagined Democracy as they fed themselves with the hope to become *Tribuni plebis*: and so in a popular government by leading the people by the nose, to bear the sway of all the rule.

And because there was ever some learned and honest men of the ministry that were ashamed of the presumption of these seditious people, there could be no way found out so meet for maintaining their plots as Parity in the Church: whereby the ignorants were emboldened to cry the learned, godly and modest out of it: Parity the mother of confusion and enemy to Unity which is the mother of order.

Take heed therefore, my Son, to these Puritans, very pests in the Church and commonweal of Scotland, whom by long experience I have found no deserts can oblige, oaths nor promises bind, breathing nothing but sedition and calumnies, aspiring without measure, railing with reason, and making their own imaginations the square of their Conscience. I protest before the great God, and since I am here as upon my Testament, it is no place for me to lie in, that I never found with any Highland or Border thieves so great ingratitude and so many lies and vile perjuries, as I have found with some of them: and suffer not the principals of them to brook your land, if ye like to sit at rest; except ye would keep them for trying your patience, as Socrates did an evil wife.

And for preservative against their poison, entertain and advance the godly, learned and modest men of the ministry, whomof, God be praised, there lacketh not a reasonable number: And by their preferment to Bishoprics and Benefices ye shall not only banish their Parity which cannot agree with a Monarchy, but ye shall also reestablish the old institution of three Estates in Parliament, which can no otherwise be done: but in this I hope, if God spare me days, to make you a fair entry, always where I leave, follow ye my footsteps.

And to end my advice anent the Church estate, cherish no man more than a good Pastor, hate no man more than a proud puritan, thinking it one of your fairest styles to be called a loving nourish-Father to the Church: seeing all the Churches within your dominions planted with good Pastors, the doctrine and discipline preserved in purity, according to God's word.

The next estate now that by order cometh in purpose is the Nobility. The natural sickness that I have perceived this estate subject to in my time, hath been an arrogant conceit of their greatness and power; drinking in with their very nourish-milk, that their honour stood in committing three points of iniquity: to thrall by oppression the meaner sort that dwelleth near them to their service and following: To maintain their servants and dependers in any wrong and for any displeasure that they apprehend to be done unto them by their neighbor and without respect to God, King or commonweal, to bang it out bravely he and all his kin, against him and all his.

For remedy to these evils in their estate, learn your Nobility to keep your laws as precisely as the meanest. Fear not their orping [fretting] nor taking the pet as long as ye rule well. And for their barbarous feuds, put the laws to due execution made by me there-anent; beginning ever rathest [sharpest] at him that ye love best, and is most obliged unto you; to make him an example to the rest. For ye shall make all your reformatiōns to begin at your elbow and so by degrees to flow to the extremities of the Land, and rest not until ye root out these barbarous feuds. For your easier abolishing of them put sharply to execusion my laws made against Guns and traiterous Pistolets: thinking in your heart, terming in your speech and using by your punishments all such as wear and use them, as brigands and cut-throats.

And as to the third and last estate which is our Burghs, they are composed of two sorts of men: to wit, Merchants and Craftsmen: every one of these sorts being subject to their own infirmities.

The Merchants think the whole commonweal ordained for making them up, and accounting it their lawful gain and trade, to enrich themselves upon the loss of all the rest of the people, they transport from us things necessary; bringing back sometimes unnecessary things, and sometimes nothing at all. They buy for us the worst wares, and sell them at the dearest prices: and suppose the victuals fall or rise of their prices, according to the abundance or scantness thereof, yet the prices of their wares ever rise, but never fall. They are also the special cause of the corruption of the coin, transporting all our own and bringing in foreign, upon what price they please to set on it. For order putting to them, put good laws in execution that are already made anent these abuses; but especially do three things. Establish honest, diligent but few searchers [inspectors] for many hands make slight work; and have an honest and diligent Treasurer to take count of them. Permit and allure foreign Merchants to trade here: so shall ye have best and best cheap wares, not buying it at the third hand. And set every year down a certain price of all things; considering first, how it is in other countries, and the price set reasonably down, if the merchants will not bring them home on the price, cry foreigners free to bring it.

And the Craftsmen think we should be content with their work, how bad and dear soever it be: and if they in any thing be controlled, up must the blue blanket go.* But for their part, take example by England how it hath flourished both in wealth and policy, since the strangers Craftsmen came in among them. Therefore not only permit, but allure strangers to come here also.

But unto one fault is all the common people of this Land subject, as well Burgh as Land, which is, to judge and speak rashly of their Prince, setting the commonweal upon four props as we call it, ever wearying of the present estate and desirous of Novelties. For remedy whereof, besides the execution of the laws that would be used against unreverent speakers, certain days in the year would be appointed for delighting the people with public spectacles of all honest games and

* The banner of the sixteenth-century Scottish guilds.

exercise of arms, as also for convening of neighbors, for entertaining friendship and heartiness, by honest feasting and merriness. And this form of alluring the people hath been used in all well governed Republics.

Ye have also to consider, that ye must not only be careful to keep your subjects from receiving any wrong of others within: but also ye must be careful to keep them from the wrong of any foreign Prince without. Since the sword is given you by God not only to revenge upon your own subjects the wrongs committed upon others, but farther, to revenge and free them of foreign injuries done unto them; And therefore, wars upon just quarrels are lawful: but above all, let not the wrong cause be on your side.

But omitting now to teach you the form of making wars, because that art is better learned by practise than speculation, I will only set down to you here a few precepts therein.

Let first the justness of your cause be your greatest strength. Consult with no Necromancer nor Prophet upon the success of your wars, but keep your land clean of all Sooth-sayers, according to the command in the Law of God.

As I have counselled you to be slow in taking on a war, so I advise you to be slow in peace-making. Before ye agree, look that the ground of your wars be satisfied in your peace; and that you see a good surety for you and your people: otherwise an honourable and just war is more tolerable than a dishonourable and disadvantageous peace.

But it is not enough to a good king, by the scepter of good Laws, well execute, to govern his people, if he join not therewith his virtuous life in his own person and in the person of his Court and company. And therefore, my Son, since all people are naturally inclined to follow their Prince's example, let your own life be a Law-book and a mirror to your people; that therein they may read the practise of their own Laws; and therein they may see by your shadow what life they should lead.

And this example in your own life and person, I likewise divide in two parts: The first, in the government of your Court and followers, in all godliness and virtue: The next, in having your own mind decked and enriched so with all virtuous qualities, that therewith ye may worthily rule your people.

First then, as to the government of your Court and followers. Choose them wisely and carefully rule them whom ye have chosen.

All your servants and Court must be composed partly of minors, such as young Lords to be brought up in your company, or Pages and such like: and partly of men of perfect age, for serving you in such rooms as ought to be filled with men of wisdom and discretion. For the first sort, ye can do no more but choose them within age, that are come of a good and virtuous kind. And as for the other sort that ought to be of perfect age; first see that they be of a good fame and without blemish, and next, that they be indued with such honest qualities as are meet for such offices as ye ordain them to serve in; that your judgment may be known in employing every man according to his gifts.

But here I must not forget to remember, and according to my Fatherly authority, to charge you to prefer specially to your service so many as have truly served me, and are able for it.

The rest, honourably to reward them, preferring their posterity before others, as kindest. Use them therefore after my death as the testimonies of your affection toward me; trusting and advancing those farthest whom I found faithfulest. And on the other part, as I wish you to kythe [show] your constant love towards them that I loved, so desire I you to kythe in the same measure, your constant hatred to them that I hated: I mean, bring not home, nor restore not such, as ye find standing banished by me.

Specially take good heed to the choice of your servants, that ye prefer to the offices of the crown and estate. Choose for all these Offices, men of known wisdom, honesty and good conscience; well practised in the points of the craft that ye ordain them for, and free of all factions and partialities. And specially choose honest, diligent men, but mean men to be your receivers in money matters. Mean, I say, that ye may when ye please, take a sharp account of their intromission, without peril of their brewing any trouble to your estate; for this hath been the greatest wight [cause] of my mis-thriving in money matters. Especially, put never a foreigner in any principal office of estate: for that will never fail to stir up sedition and envy in the countrymen's hearts, both against you and him.

Now as to the other point, anent your governing of your servants

when ye have chosen them. Make your Court and company to be a pattern of godliness and all honest virtues to all the rest of the people. Be a daily watchman over your servants, that they obey your laws precisely: for how can your laws be kept in the country, if they be broken at your lug [ear]? Be homely or strange with them, as ye think their behaviour deserveth and their nature may bear with. Think a quarrelous man a pest in your company. Employ every man as ye think him qualified, but use not one in all things lest he wax proud, and be envied by his marrowes [fellows]. Love them best, that are plainest with you and disguise not the truth for all their kin. Suffer none to be evil-tongued nor backbiters of them they hate. And shortly, maintain peace in your Court and banish envy. Cherish modesty, banish debauched insolence, foster humility, repress pride; that when strangers shall visit your Court, they may with the Queen of *Sheba*, admire your wisdom in the glory of your house, and comely order among your servants.

But the principal blessing that ye can get of good company will stand in your marrying of a godly and virtuous wife. For she must be nearer unto you than any other coompany, being *Flesh of your flesh and bone of your bone*. And because I know not but God may call me before ye be ready for Marriage, I will shortly set down to you here my advice therein.

First of all consider, that Marriage is the greatest earthly felicity or misery that can come to a man, according as it pleaseth God to bless or curse the same. Since without the blessing of God ye cannot look for a happy success in Marriage, ye must be careful both in your preparation for it, and in the choice and usage of your wife, to procure the same. By your preparation I mean that ye must keep your body clean and unpolluted till ye give it to your wife, whomto only it belongeth. For how can ye justly crave to be joined with a pure virgin if your body be polluted? Why should the one half be clean and the other defiled? And because we are all of that nature, that sibbest [the most related] examples toucheth us nearest; Consider the difference of success that God granted in the Marriages of the King, my Grandfather and me your own Father. The reward of his harlotry, proceeding from his evil education, being the sudden death at one time of two pleasant young Princes; and a daughter only born to succeed him whom he had never the hap so

much as once to see or bless before his death. And as for the reward of my continency, yourself and sib [related] folks to you are, (praise be to God) sufficient witnesses.

As for your choice in Marriage, respect chiefly the three causes, wherefore Marriage was first ordained by God; and then join three accessories, so far as they may be obtained, not derogating to the principals.

The three causes it was ordained for are, for staying of lust, for procreation of children, and that man should by his Wife get a helper like himself. The three accessories, which as I have said ought also to be respected without derogating to the principal causes, are Beauty, Riches, and friendship by alliance, which are all blessings of God. For beauty increaseth your love to your Wife, contenting you the better with her, without care for others: And riches and great alliance do both make her the abler to be a helper unto you. But if, over great respect being had to these accessories, the principal causes be overseen, which is over oft practised in the world, as of themselves they are a blessing being well used; so the abuse of them will turn them in a curse: for what can all these worldly respects avail when a man shall find himself coupled with a Devil, to be one flesh with him, and the half Marrow [one of a pair] in his bed? Then (though too late) shall he find that beauty without bounty, wealth without wisdom, and great friendship without grace and honesty are but fair shows and the deceitful masques of infinite miseries.

Beware to marry one not one of your own Religion; her rank and other qualities being agreeable to your estate. For disagreement in Religion bringeth ever with it disagreement in manners, and the dissension between your Preachers and hers will breed and foster a dissension among your subjects, taking their example from your family; besides the peril of the evil education of your Children: Neither pride you that ye will be able to frame and make her as ye please: that deceived *Solomon*, the wisest king that ever was; the grace of Perseverance not being a flower that groweth in our Garden.

When ye are Married, keep inviolably your promise made to God in your Marriage; which all standeth in doing of one thing, and abstaining from another, to treat her in all things as your Wife, and the half of your self, and to make your body, which then is no more yours,

but properly hers, common with none other. I trust I need not to insist here to dissuade you from the filthy vice of Adultery. Have the King my grandfather's example before your eyes, who by his adultery bred the wrack of his lawful daughter and heir; in begetting that Bastard [James Stuart, the Regent Moray], who unnaturally rebelled and procured the ruin of his own Sister; and what good her posterity hath gotten since, of some of that unlawful generation, Bothwell's tricks can bear witness [Bothwell's father was John, Lord of Coldingham, an illegitimate son of James V].

And for your behaviour to your Wife, the Scripture can best give you counsel therein: Treat her as your own flesh; Command her as her Lord; Cherish her as your helper; Rule her as your pupil; Please her in all things reasonable; but teach her not to be curious in things that belongeth her not: ye are the head, she is your body: it is your office to command, and hers to obey; but yet with such a sweet harmony as she should be as ready to obey as ye to command; as willing to follow as ye to go before; your love being wholly knit unto her, and all her affections lovingly bent to follow your will.

And to conclude, keep especially three rules with your Wife: first, suffer her never to meddle with the Politic government of the Commonwealth, but hold her at the Economic rule of the house; and yet all to be subject to your direction; Keep carefully good and chaste company about her, for women are the frailest sex; And be never both angry at once, for when ye see her in passion ye should with reason danton yours. For both when ye are settled ye are meetest to judge of her errors, and when she is come to herself she may be best made to apprehend her offence and reverence your rebuke.

And as your company should be a pattern to the rest of the people, so should your person be a lamp and mirror to your company; giving light to your servants to walk in the path of virtue. I need not to trouble you with the particular discourse of the four Cardinal virtues, it is so trodden a path: but I will shortly say unto you: make one of them, which is Temperance, Queen of all the rest within you.

Use Justice, but with such moderation as it turn not in Tyranny. And as I said of Justice, so I say of Clemency, Magnanimity, Liberality, Constancy, Humility, and all other Princely virtues.

But above all virtues, study to know well your own craft, which is to rule your people. And when I say this, I bid you know all crafts: For except ye know every one, how can ye control every one? which is your proper office. Therefore besides your education, it is necessary ye delight in reading, and seeking the knowledge of all lawful things; but with these two restrictions: First, that ye choose idle hours for it, not interrupting therewith the discharge of your office: and next, that ye study not for knowledge nakedly, but that your principal end be, to make you able thereby to use your office; practising according to your knowledge in all the points of your calling.

First of all, then, study to be well seen in the Scriptures, as well for the knowledge of your own salvation, as that ye may be able to contain your Church in their calling. For ruling them well, is no small point of your office, taking specially heed that they vague not from their text in the Pulpit; for if ever ye would have peace in your Land, suffer them not to meddle with the estate or policy in the Pulpit, but snib sickerly [punish severely] the first that minteth [presumeth] to it. Do nothing towards them without a good ground and warrant, but reason not much with them; for I have else overmuch bursten [surfeited] them with that. And suffer no Conventions nor meetings among Churchmen, but by your knowledge and permission.

Next the Scriptures, study well your own laws: for how can ye discern by the thing ye know not? But press to draw all your laws and processes to be as short and plain as ye can: assure yourself the longsomeness both of rights and processes breedeth their unsure looseness and obscurity, the shortest being ever both the surest and plainest form, and the longsomeness serveth only for the enriching of the advocates and clerks, with the spoil of the whole Country. And therefore delight to haunt your Session, and spy carefully their proceedings; taking narrow tent [good heed] if any bribery be tried among them, which cannot over severely be punished. But when ye are there, remember the throne is God's and not yours, that ye sit in, and let no favour nor whatsoever respects move you from the right.

Be an ordinary sitter in your secret Counsel: that judicature is only ordained for matters of estate and repressing of insolent oppressions. Make that judgment as compendious and plain as ye can; and suffer

no Advocate to be heard there with their dilatours, but let every party tell his own tale himself. Remit every thing to the ordinary judicature for eschewing of confusion: but let it be your own craft to take a sharp account of every man in his office.

Embrace true Magnanimity, not in being vindictive, but by thinking your offender not worthy of your wrath. Foster true Humility in banishing pride not only towards God but also towards your Parents, because it is likely by the course of nature that my Wife shall outlive me; as ever ye think to purchase my blessing, Honour your mother: set *Beersheba* in a throne on your right hand: Offend her for no thing, much less wrong her: remember her and that your flesh and blood is made of hers: and begin not, like the young lords and Lairds, your first wars upon your Mother; but press ever earnestly to deserve her blessing.

Use true Liberality, in rewarding the good, and bestowing frankly for your honour and weal; but provide how to have and cast not away without cause: and especially enrich not yourself with exactions upon your subjects, but think the riches of your people your best pose [possession].

And to conclude my advice anent your behaviour in your person: Consider that God is the author of all virtue, having imprinted in men's minds by the very light of nature, the love of all moral virtues. And press then to shine as far before your people in all virtue and honesty as in greatness of rank; that the use thereof in all your actions may turn, with time, to a natural habitude in you; and as by their hearing of your Laws, so by their sight of your person, both their eyes and their ears may lead and allure them to the love of virtue and hatred of vice.

ANENT A KING'S BEHAVIOUR IN INDIFFERENT THINGS

THE THIRD BOOK

It is a true old saying, That a King is as one set on a scaffold, whose smallest actions and gestures all the people gazingly do behold; and therefore although a King be never so precise in the discharging of his

Office, the people who seeth but the outward part, will ever judge of the substance by the circumstances. Be careful then, my Son, so to frame all your indifferent actions and outward behaviour as they may serve for the furtherance and forth-setting of your virtuous qualities.

To begin first then at the things necessary: One of the public-est and indifferent actions of a King and that maniest, especially strangers, will narrowly take heed to, is his manner of refection at his Table and his behaviour thereat. Therefore, as Kings use oft to eat publicly, it is meet and honourable that ye also do so, as well to eschew the opinion that ye love not to haunt company, as likewise that your delight to eat privately be not thought to be for private satisfying of your gluttony, which ye would be ashamed should be publicly seen. Let your Table be honourably served; but serve your appetite with few dishes; which both is wholesomest and freest from the vice of delicacy, which is a degree of gluttony. And use most to eat of reasonably rude and common meats; as well for making your body strong and durable as that ye may be the heartier received by your mean Subjects in their houses, when their cheer may suffice you. Let all your food be of simples without composition or sauces, which are more like medicines than meat. But beware with using excess of meat and drink; and chiefly, beware of drunkenness which is a beastly vice, namely in a King. But specially beware with it, because it is one of those vices that increaseth with age. In the form of your meat eating, be neither uncivil like a gross Cynic, nor affectedly mignard [delicate] like a dainty dame; but eat in a manly, round and honest fashion. It is no ways comely to dispatch affairs, or to be pensive at meat: but keep then an open and cheerful countenance, garring [causing] them read pleasant histories unto you, that profit may be mixed with pleasure: and when ye are evil disposed, entertain pleasant, quick, but honest discourses.

And because meat provoketh sleeping, be also moderate in your sleep, for it goeth much by use: and remember that if your whole life were divided in four parts, three of them would be found to be consumed in meat, drink, sleep and unnecessary occupations. But albeit ordinary times would commonly be kept in meat and sleep, yet use yourself whiles so that any time in the four and twenty hours may be

alike to you for any of them; that thereby your diet may be accommodate to your affairs, and not your affairs to your diet.

Let not your Chamber be throng and common in the time of your rest, as well for comeliness, as for eschewing of carrying clatters [rumors] out of the same. Let them that have the credit to serve in your Chamber be trusty and secret; for a King will have need to use secrecy in many things; but yet behave yourself so in your greatest secrets as ye need not be ashamed suppose they were all proclaimed at the Mercat Cross.

Next followeth to speak of raiment, the on-putting whereof is the ordinary action that followeth next to sleep. Be also moderate in your raiment, neither over superfluous, like a debauched waster; nor yet over base like a miserable peddler; not artificially trimmed and decked like a Courtesan; nor yet over sluggishly clothed like a Country clown; not over lightly like a candie [hilarious] soldier or a vain young Courtier; nor yet over gravely like a Minister. But in your garments be proper, cleanly, comely and honest: wearing your clothes in a careless, yet comely form. And shortly, in your Clothes keep a proportion, as well with the seasons of the year, as of your age: in the fashions of them being careless, using them according to the common form of the time, whiles [sometimes] richlier, whiles meanlier clothed, as occasion serveth, without keeping any precise rule therein. But especially eschew to be effeminate in your clothes, in perfuming, preening, or such like. And fail never in time of wars to be galliardest [gayest] and bravest, both in clothes and countenance. And make not a fool of yourself in disguising or wearing long your hair or nails, which are but excrements of Nature and betray such misusers of them, to be either of a vindictive, or a vain light nature.

The next thing that ye have to take heed to, is your speaking and language; whereunto I join your gesture, since action is one of the chiefest qualities that is required in an orator.

In your language be plain, honest, natural, comely, clean, short and sententious, eschewing both the extremities, as well in not using rustical corrupt leid [expressions] as book-language and Pen and Ink-horn terms: and least of all mignard and effeminate terms. But let the greatest part of your Eloquence consist in a natural, clear and sensible form

of the delivery of your mind, builded ay upon certain and good grounds; tempering it with gravity, quickness, or merriness, according to the subject and occasion of the time.

Use also the like form in your gesture; neither looking sillily like a stupid pedant, nor unsettledly with an uncouth morgue [haughty pride] like a new come over Cavalier, but let your behaviour be natural, grave and according to the fashion of your country. Be not over-sparing in your courtesies, for that will be imputed to incivility and arrogancy; nor yet over-prodigious in joking or nodding at every step for that form of being popular, becometh better aspiring *Absalons*, than lawful Kings: framing ever your gesture according to your present actions; looking gravely and with majesty when ye sit in judgment, or give audience to Ambassadors: homely when ye are in private with your own servants: merrily when ye are at any pastime or merry discourse. And let your countenance smell of courage and magnanimity when ye are at the wars. And remember, I say over again, to be plain and sensible in your language. For besides that it is the tongue's office to be the messenger of the mind, it may be thought a point of imbecility of spirit in a King, to speak obscurely, much more untruly as if he stood awe of any in uttering his thoughts, except some unhappy mutiny or sudden rebellion were blazed up.

Now as to your writing, which is nothing else, but a form of en-registrate speech. Use a plain, short but stately style, both in your Proclamations and Missives, especially to foreign Princes. And if your engine [intellect] spur you to write any works, either in verse or in prose, I cannot but allow you to practice it; but take no longsome works in hand, for distracting you from your calling.

Flatter not yourself in your labours, but before they be set forth, let them first be privily censured by some of the best skilled men in that craft, that in these works ye mell [meddle] with. And because your writs [writings] will remain as true pictures of your mind to all posterities, let them be free of all uncomeliness and dishonesty.

I mean both your verse and your prose; letting first that fury and heat cool at leisure wherewith they were written; and then as an uncouth judge and censor, revising them over again.

If ye would write worthily, choose subjects worthy of you, that

be not full of vanity, but of virtue; eschewing obscurity, and delighting ever to be plain and sensible. And if ye write in verse, remember that it is not the principal part of a poem to rhyme right and flow well with many pretty words: but the chief commendation of a Poem is, that when the verse shall be shaken sundry [apart] in prose, it shall be found so rich in quick inventions and poetic flowers, as it shall retain the lustre of a poem, although in prose. And I would also advise you to write in your own language: for there is nothing left to be said in Greek and Latin already: and enow of poor scholars would match you in these languages; and besides that, it best becometh a King to purify and make famous his own language; wherein he may go before all his subjects; as it setteth him well to do in all honest and lawful things.

And amongst all unnecessary things that are lawful and expedient, I think exercises of the body most commendable to be used by a young Prince in such honest games or pastimes, as may further ability and maintain health. For albeit I grant it be most requisite for a King to exercise his engine [mind] which surely with idleness will rust and become blunt, yet certainly bodily exercises and games are very commendable, as well for banishing of Idleness, the mother of all vice, as for making his body able and durable for travel, which is very necessary for a King. But from this count I debar all rumling [rough] violent exercises; as the football, meeter for laming nor making able the users thereof: as likewise such tumbling tricks as only serve for Comedians and Gysares [buffoons] to win their bread with. But the exercises that I would have you to use, although but moderately, not making a craft of them, are running, leaping, wrestling, fencing, dancing and playing at the Catch. And the honourablest and most commendable games that ye can use are games on Horseback; for it becometh a Prince best of any man to be a fair and good horseman. And specially use such games on horseback as may teach you to handle your arms thereon, such as the Tilt, the Ring and low-riding for handling of your sword.

I cannot omit here the hunting, specially with running hounds; which is the most honourable and noblest sort thereof; for it is a thievish form of hunting to shoot with Guns and Bows; and greyhound hunting is not so martial nor noble a game.

As for hawking, I condemn it not, but I must praise it more sparingly, because it neither resembleth the wars so near as hunting doth in making a man hardy, and skilfully ridden in all grounds, and is more uncertain and subject to mischances; and, which is worst of all, is therethrough an extreme stirrer up of passions. But in using either of these games, observe that moderation that ye slip not therewith the hours appointed for your affairs, which ye ought ever precisely for to keep; remembering that these games are but ordained for you, in enabling you for your office, for the which ye are ordained.

And as for sitting house pastimes, I cannot utterly condemn them: since they may whiles supply the room which being tome [empty] would be patent to pernicious idleness. I will not therefore agree with the curiosity of Danaeus and most of the French ministers although other ways surely I reverence them as notable and godly men. Not that thereby I take the defence of vain Carders and Dicers that waste their moyen [means] and their time, whereof few consider the preciousness, upon prodigal and continual playing. But only I cannot condemn you at some times, when ye have no other thing ado, as a good King will seldom, and are weary of reading, or evil disposed in your person; then I say, may ye lawfully play at the Cards or Tables.

But in your playing, I would have you to keep three rules. First, ere ye play consider ye do it only for your recreation, and resolve to hazard the loss of all that ye play. And next, for that cause play no more nor ye care to cast among Pages. And last, play always fair play precisely, that ye come not in use of tricking and lying in mowes [jest]; otherwise if ye cannot keep these rules, my counsel is that ye utterly abstain from these plays. For neither a mad passion for loss nor falsehood used to gain with, can be called any play.

Delight not also to be in your own person a player upon instruments, especially on such as commonly men win their living with: nor yet to be fine of any Mechanic craft. But spare not sometimes by merry company to be free from importunity: for ye should be moved with reason, which is the only quality whereby men differ from beasts, and not with importunity. For the which cause, as also for augmenting your Majesty, ye shall not be so facile [easy] of access-giving at all times

as I have been; and yet not altogether retired or locked up like the King of Persia: appointing also certain hours for public audience.

And since my trust is, that God hath ordained you for more Kingdoms than this, as I have oft already said, press by the outward behaviour as well of your own person as of your court in all indifferent things, to allure piece and piece, the rest of your Kingdoms to follow the fashions of that kingdom of yours that ye find most civil, easiest to be ruled and most obedient to the Laws. For outward and indifferent things are ever the shadows and allures to virtue or vice. But beware of thraving [forcing] or constraining them thereto; letting it be brought on with time and a leisure; specially by mixing through alliance and daily conversation the men of every kingdom with another, as may with time make them to grow and weld all in one. Which may easily be done in this Isle of Britain, being all but one Isle and already joined in unity of Religion and language.

And for conclusion of this my whole Treatise, remember, my Son, by your true and constant depending upon God to procure a blessing to all your actions in your office; by the outward using of your office to testify the inward uprightness of your heart. And by your behaviour in all indifferent things, to set forth the true shadow of your virtuous disposition. And in respect of the greatness and weight of your burden, to be patient in hearing, keeping your heart free from preoccupation, cold in deliberation, ripe in concluding and constant in your resolution.

Forget not to digest ever your passion before ye determine upon anything; taking pleasure not only to reward but to advance the good, which is a chief point of King's glory, but make none overgreat, but according as the power of the country may bear, and punishing the evil, but every man according to his own offense.

And above all, let the measure of your love to every one, be according to the measure of his virtue, letting your favour to be no longer tied to any than the continuance of his virtuous disposition shall deserve; not admitting the excuse upon a just revenge, to procure over-right to an injury. For the first injury is committed against the party; but the party's revenging thereof at his own hand is a wrong committed against you, in usurping your office, whom to only the sword

belongeth, for revenging of all the injuries committed against any of your people.

Thus hoping in the goodness of God, that your natural inclination shall have a happy sympathy with these precepts, making the wise man's schoolmaster, which is the example of others, to be your teacher, according to that old verse

Felix quem faciunt aliens pericula cantum.

Eschewing so the over-late repentance by your own experience (which is the schoolmaster of Fools), I will for end of all, require you (my Son), as ever ye think to deserve my Fatherly blessing, to keep continually before the eyes of your mind, the greatness of your charge: making the faithful and due discharge thereof, the principal butt ye shoot at in all your actions, counting it ever the principal; and all your other actions but as accessories, to be employed as middises [means] for the furthering of that principal. And being content to let others excel in other things, let it be your chiefest earthly glory, to excel in your own craft.

SELECT BIBLIOGRAPHY

- Acts of the Privy Council of England, 1601-1604, 1613-1625.
 Abbotsford Club Publications: Letters and State Papers of James VI.
 Ancient Kalendars and Inventories of the Exchequer, Sir Francis Palgrave, ed.
 MSS Ashmole 1830, 1147, Malone 19 and 23, Tanner 74. Bodleian Library, Oxford.
 Bannatyne Club Publications.
 Camden Society Publications.
 Collection of Inventories and other records of the royal wardrobe and household, mcccclxxxviii-mdcvi. H.M. General Register House, Edinburgh.
 Den Milne MSS. National Library of Scotland. Edinburgh.
 Cockaine, Sir Thomas. A Short Treatise of Hunting. 1591. Shakespeare Association Facsimiles, No. 5.
 Dekker, Thomas. Plague Pamphlets, 1603-1630 (reprinted Oxford, 1925).
 Gardiner, Samuel R., History of England, 1603-1642. London, 1884.
 Great Britain Historical MSS Commission, published by H.M. Stationery Office. Reports on MSS in the collections of the Earl of Mar and Kellie, and the Duke of Buccleugh. Report on the Laing MSS.
 Hardewicke Miscellaneous State Papers, 1501-1726. London, 1778.
 Harleian MSS 6986, 6987, 7582, 6395. British Museum.
 James I. The Workes of the Most High and Mightie Prince James. By James, Bishop of Winton. London, 1616.
 Lusus Regius, Robt. S. Rait, ed. Oxford, 1901.
 Essayes of a Prentise in the Divine Art of Poesie, and His Maiesties Poeticall Exercises at Vacant Houres. R. P. Gillies, ed. 1814
 Daemonologie in Forme of a Dialogue. 1597. (Bodley Head Quarto No. 9 reprint)
 New Poems, ed. by Allan F. Westcott, from MS Add. 24195, British Museum, N. Y., 1911
 Basilicon Doron. Royal MS 18 B xv. British Museum.
 Paraphrases. Royal MS 18 B xiv. British Museum.
 Latin and English Poems. Royal MS 12A lxx. British Museum.

- Knox, John. *The Historie of the Reformation of the Church of Scotland*. London, 1644.
- *Treatise Against the Regiment of Women* (reprint Edinburgh, 1833).
- Logan, James. *The Scottish Gael*. Edinburgh, 1830.
- Maitland Club Miscellany. Edinburgh, 1833.
- Monmouth, Robert Cary, Earl of. *Memoirs to 1626, Written by Himself* (reprint London, 1905).
- Nichols, John. *Progresses of James I*. London, 1828.
- Register of the Privy Council of Scotland, 1545-1625. Scottish Historical Society Publications.
- Spedding, James. *The Life and Times of Francis Bacon*. Boston, 1880.
- State Papers, Domestic, James I. 1603-1625. Public Record Office, London.
- State Trials, 2nd edition. London 1730.
- Stow, John. *Survey of London, 1603* (reprint Oxford 1908).
- Turberville, George. *Booke of Hunting. 1576* (reprint Oxford 1908).
- Tytler, Patrick Fraser. *History of Scotland in Nine Volumes*. Edinburgh, 1841-43.
- Weldon, Sir Anthony. *Secret History of the Court of James I* (reprint Edinburgh, 1811).
- Wilson, A. *History of Great Britain: being the life and reign of James I*. London, 1653.
- Winwood, Sir Raleigh. *Memorials of Affairs of State in the Reigns of Elizabeth and James I* (reprint London, 1725).



UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY



120 875

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY